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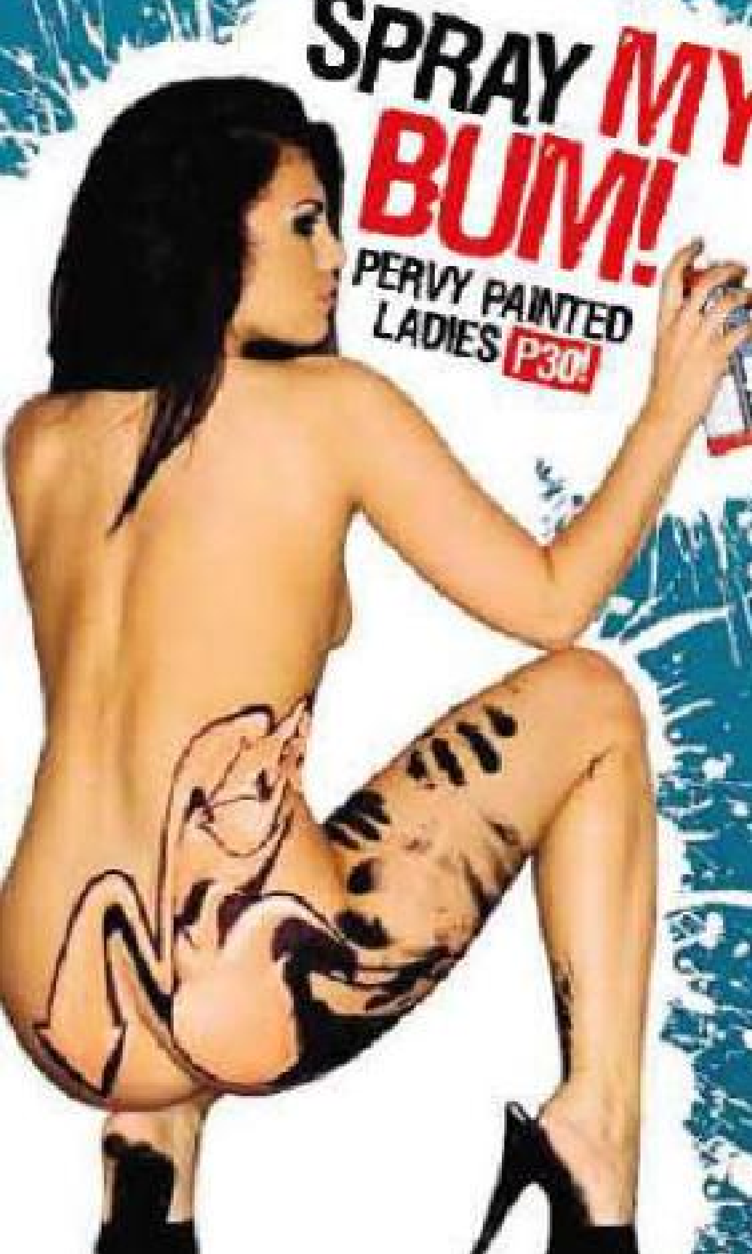

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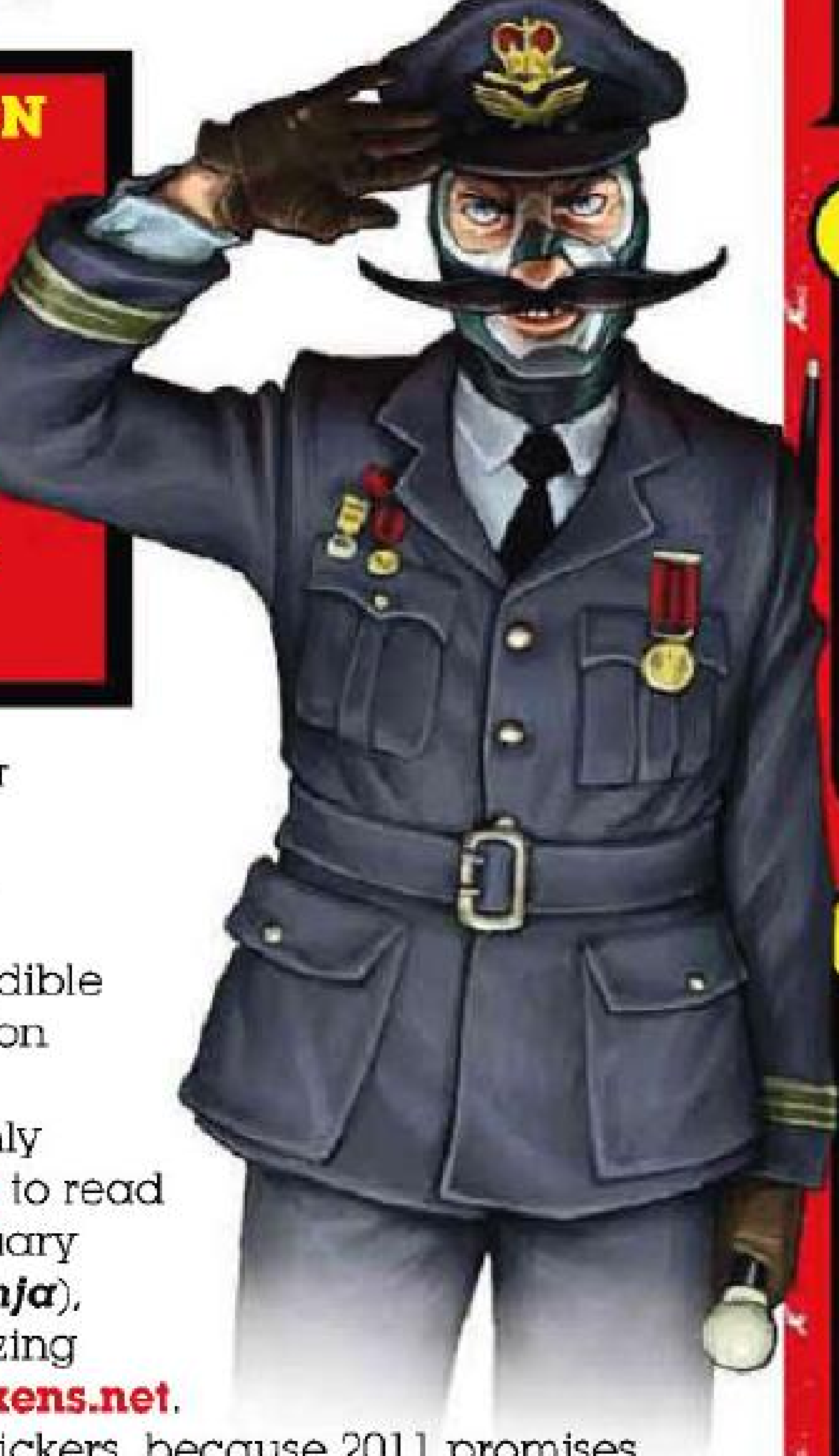
editor's letter

2011 belongs to Bizarre!

DR BLACKTHORN
Job **Bizarre Editor**
Favourite things **Twisted taxidermy, Lucha Libre, dirty garage rock**

Salute Dr Blackthorn at **Yourbizarre. bizarremag.com/ Dr_Blackthorn**, befriend him at **Tinyurl.com/drblack** or follow **Dr_Blackthorn**'s ramblings on Twitter



2010 was another monumental year for *Bizarre*. As well as taking the incredible Bizarre Ball outside London for the first time, we also launched our free monthly film club, **CUT!** (see **p121** to read about our exclusive January screening of ***Alien Vs Ninja***), and unleashed the amazing alt.girl photo site **UltraVixens.net**.

But hold on to your knickers, because 2011 promises to be even better for the Greatest Magazine On Earth!

As well as relaunching our twisted dating site **Savage Hearts** (log on and find the freak of your dreams at **SavageHearts.co.uk**), we'll have more exciting events coming your way to bring *Bizarre* screaming to life, and as always the magazine will be packed with debauched features, amazing people, and more eye-popping photographs than your puny human minds can handle.

We also have a few surprises up our sleeves, so stay tuned for more details on how *Bizarre* will rock your world in 2011.

Keep it weird, psychocats!

Dr Blackthorn

ILLUSTRATION: BEN NEWMAN (BENNEWMANART.BLOGSPOT.COM)

BIZARRE READER OF THE MONTH

This month's winner of a Box Of Crap* from the *Bizarre* office is Mr_Green_Genes, 28, from Portlaoise, Ireland. **"My fantasy is being fed chocolate by politician Mary Harney, with her forearm shoved up me like I'm an ice pop."**

BOX OF KRAP
WIN THIS!

WANT TO WIN?

Then sign up to YourBizarre (**YourBizarre.com**). We'll choose our favourite pic to appear here each month.

*BOX OF CRAP CONTENTS MAY VARY FROM THE ONE SHOWN HERE BUT IT WILL BE SHITE – GUARANTEED!

what the hell is... BIZARRE?

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COVER: KATIE VICE

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See *Bizarre* come to life at our amazing parties! The **Bizarre Ball** is our flagship event, and we're working on other parties and shows to bring the *Bizarre* experience to every corner of the UK.

STOP PRESS! The next London Bizarre Ball will be on **Saturday 21 May 2011**! Save the date, sickos! Stay tuned to **Bizarremag.com** for breaking news!

TURN OVER TO SEE WHAT WEIRDNESS WE HAVE IN STORE THIS MONTH...

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PICTURES: KATIE VICE; JOE PLUMMER; REX FEATURES; NADAU NEUHAUS; THE COMIC STRIPPER

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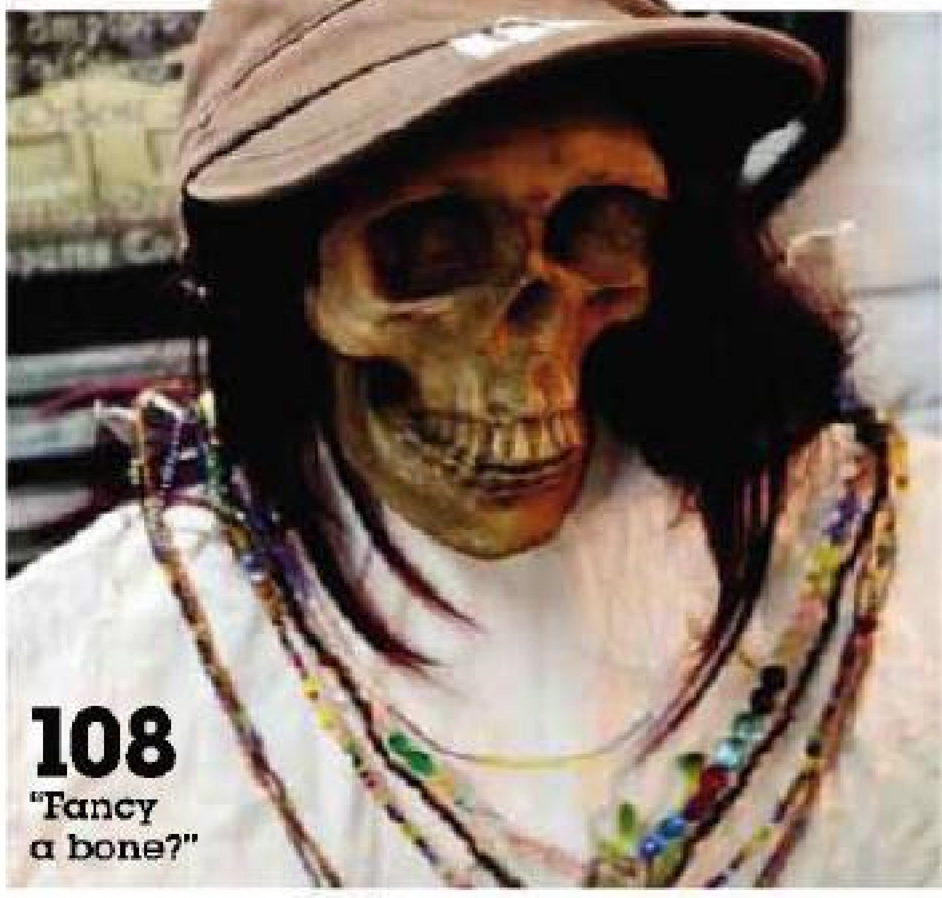

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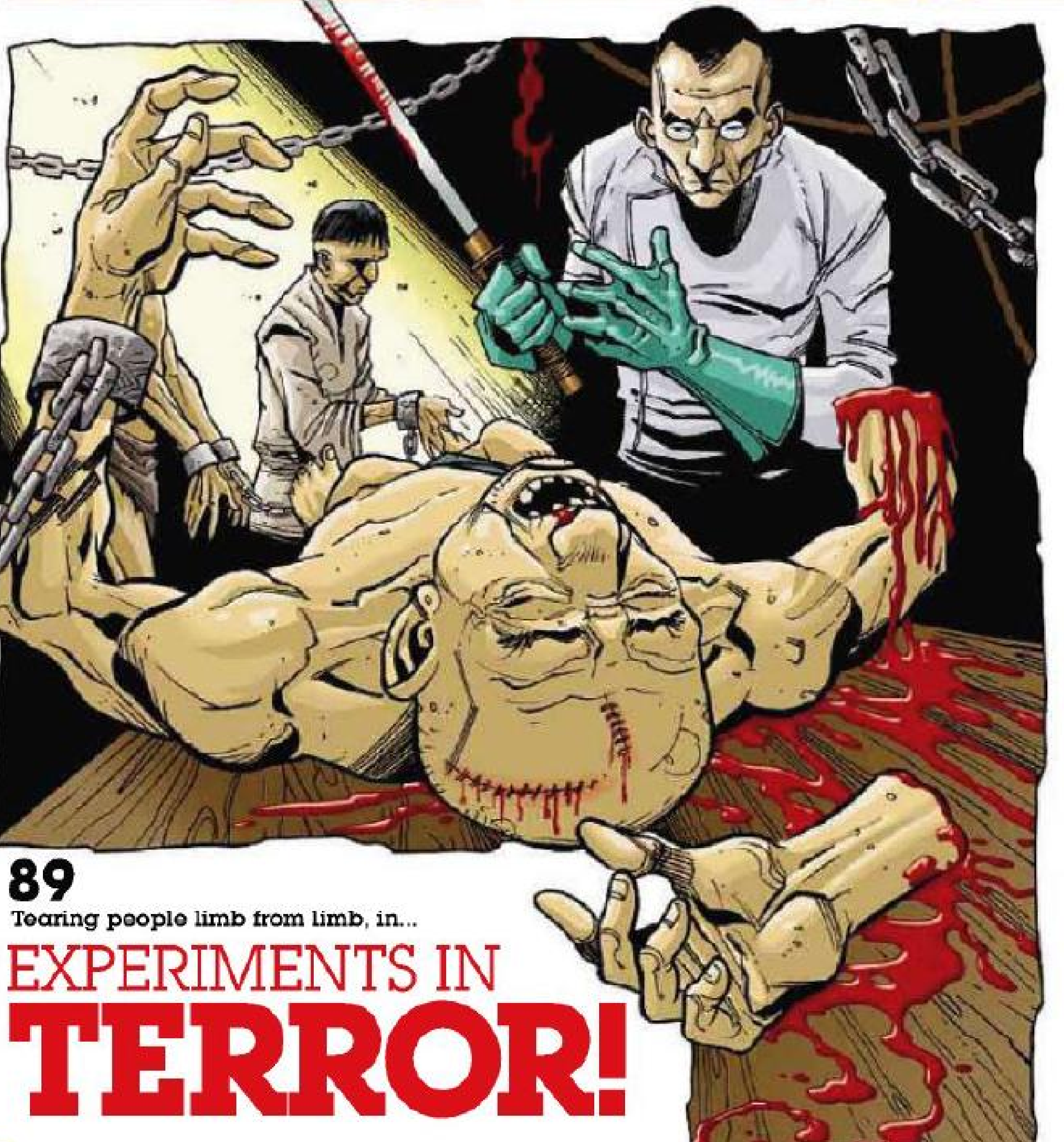

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BIZARRE

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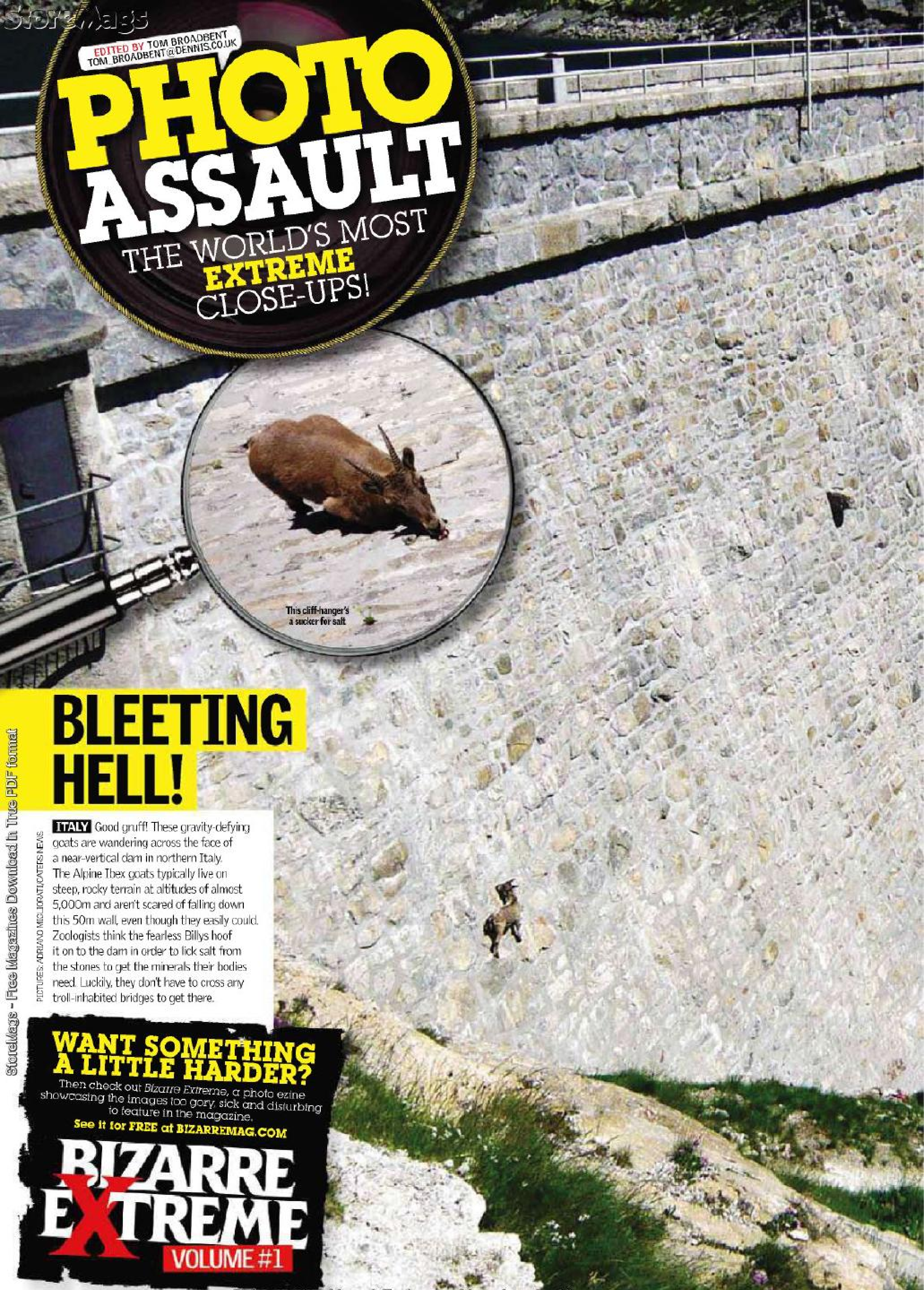

This cliff-hanger's a sucker for salt

BLEETING HELL!

ITALY Good gruff! These gravity-defying goats are wandering across the face of a near-vertical dam in northern Italy. The Alpine Ibex goats typically live on steep, rocky terrain at altitudes of almost 5,000m and aren't scared of falling down this 50m wall, even though they easily could. Zoologists think the fearless Billys hoof it on to the dam in order to lick salt from the stones to get the minerals their bodies need. Luckily, they don't have to cross any troll-inhabited bridges to get there.

PICTURES: ADRIANO MIGLIORATI/CATERS NEWS

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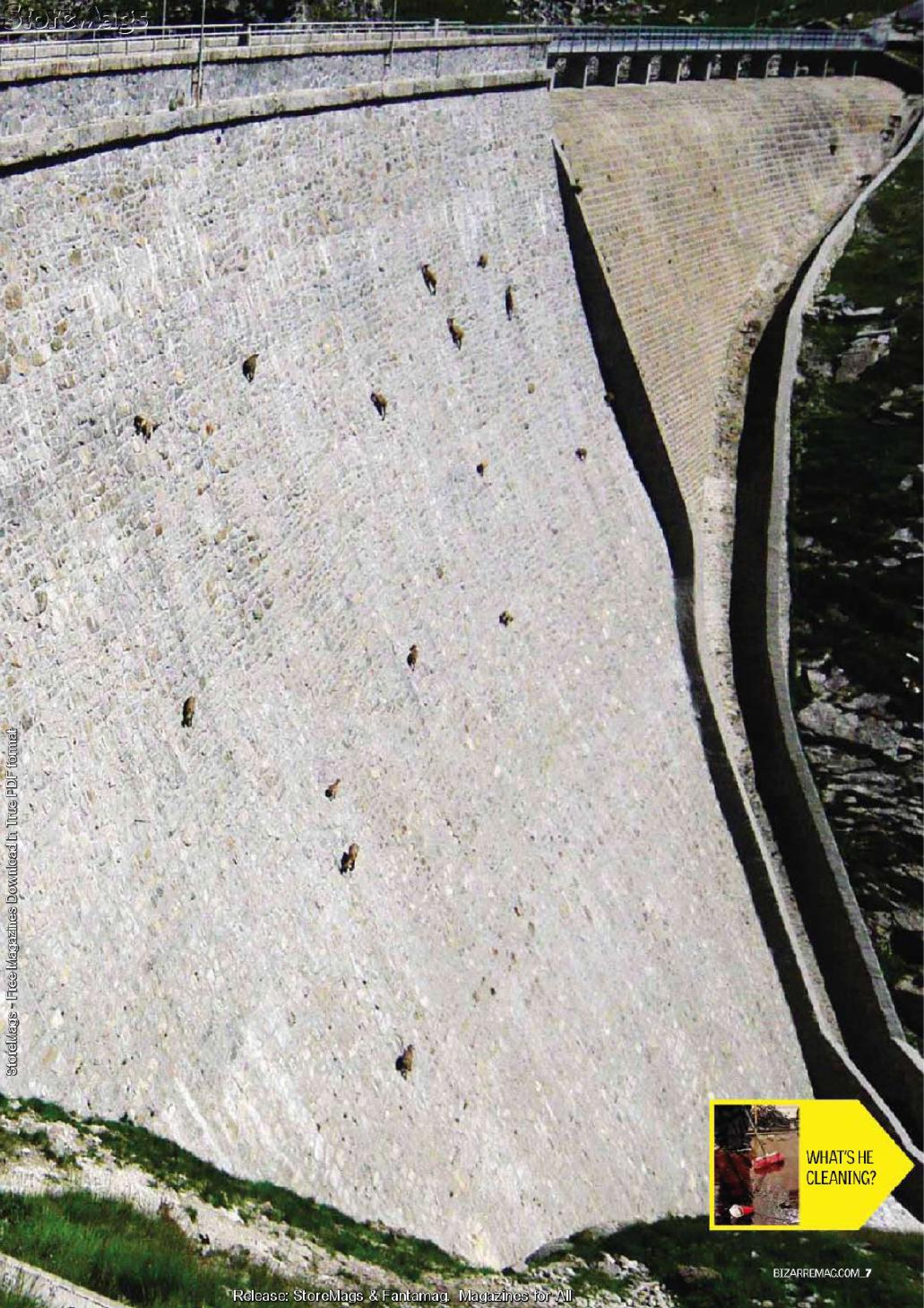
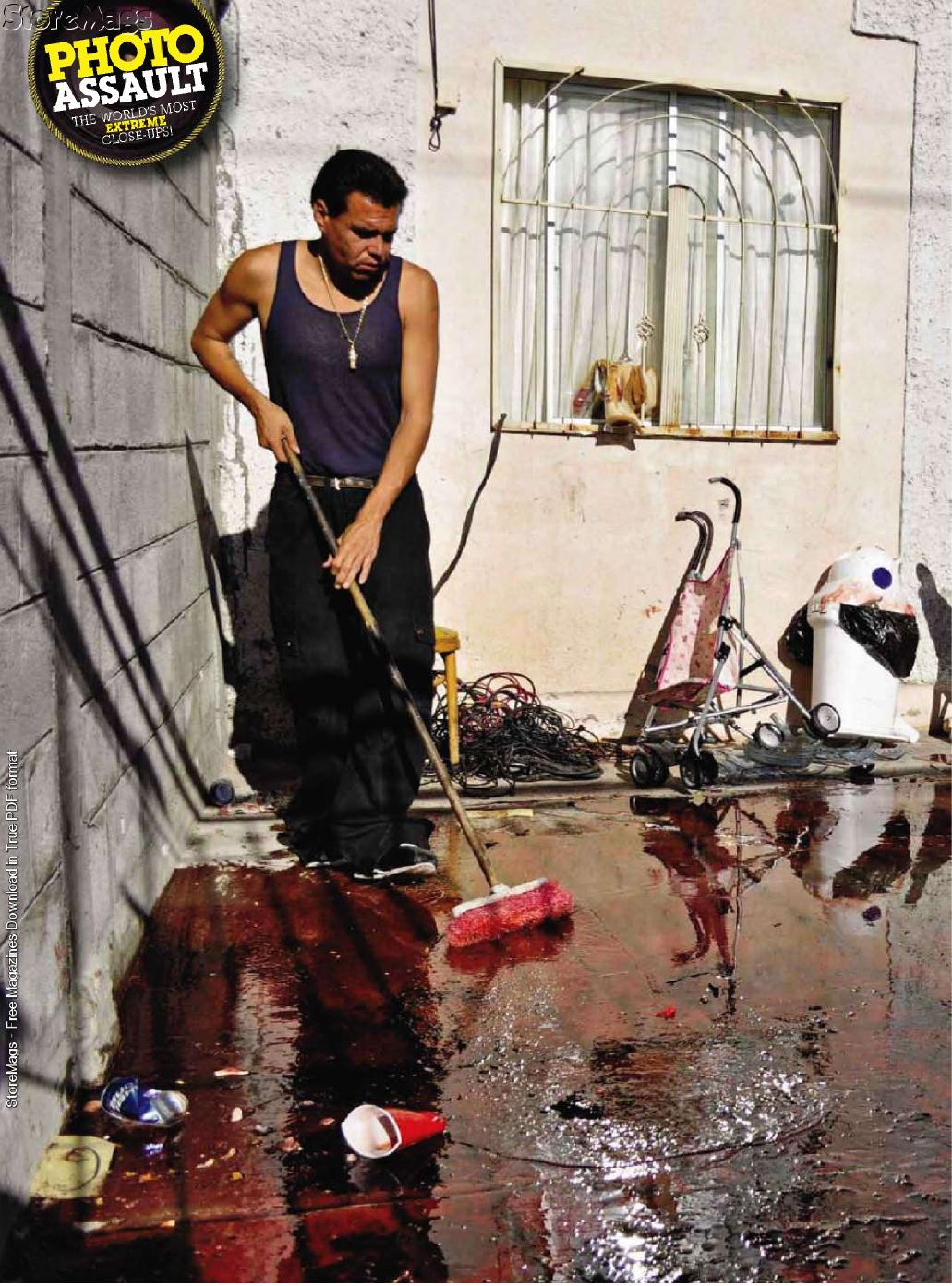
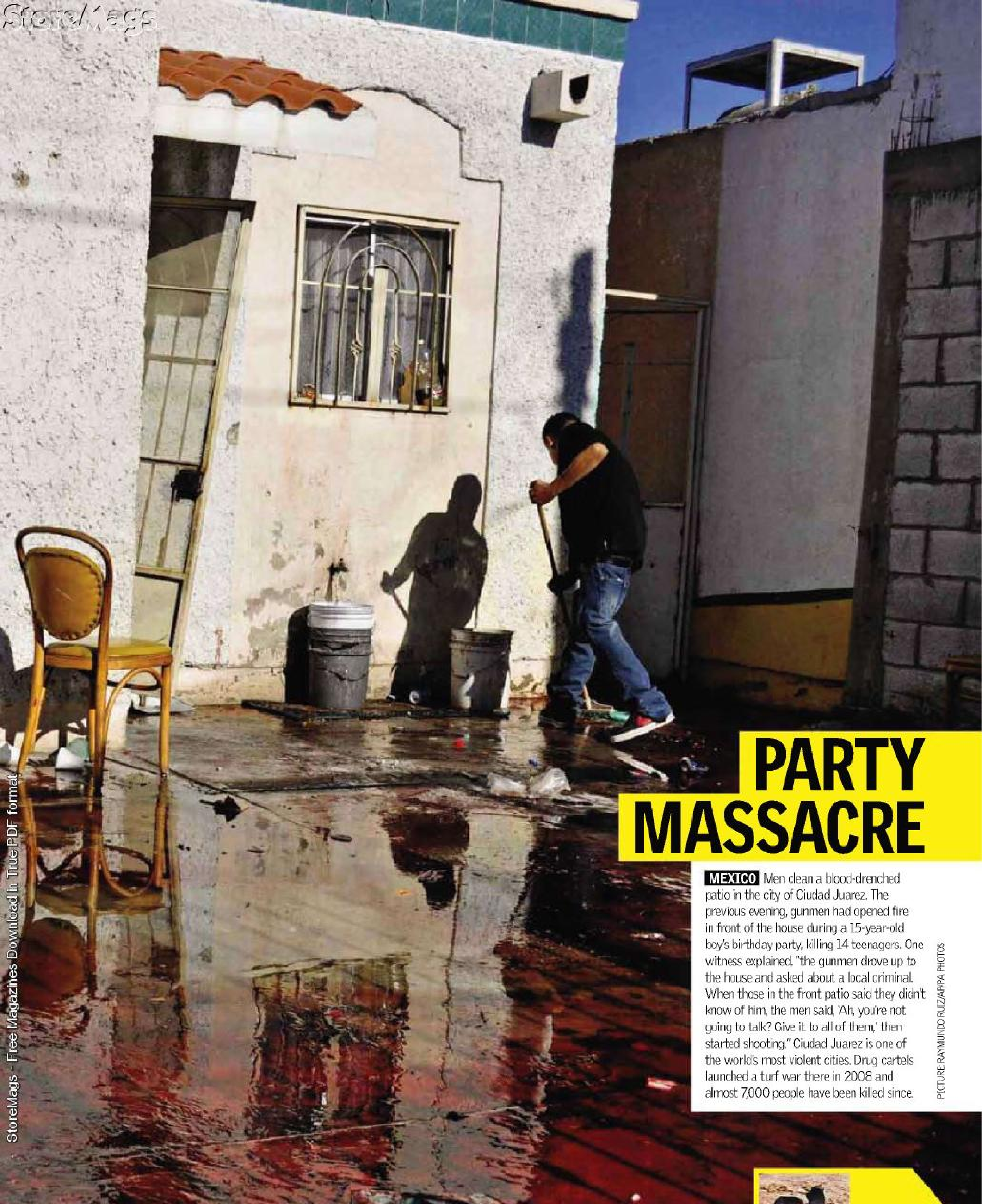


WHAT'S HE CLEANING?





PARTY MASSACRE

MEXICO Men clean a blood-drenched patio in the city of Ciudad Juarez. The previous evening, gunmen had opened fire in front of the house during a 15-year-old boy's birthday party, killing 14 teenagers. One witness explained, "the gunmen drove up to the house and asked about a local criminal. When those in the front patio said they didn't know of him, the men said, 'Ah, you're not going to talk? Give it to all of them,' then started shooting." Ciudad Juarez is one of the world's most violent cities. Drug cartels launched a turf war there in 2008 and almost 7,000 people have been killed since.

PICTURE: RAYMUNDO RUIZ/AP/PA PHOTOS

IS THIS ELEFUCKED?

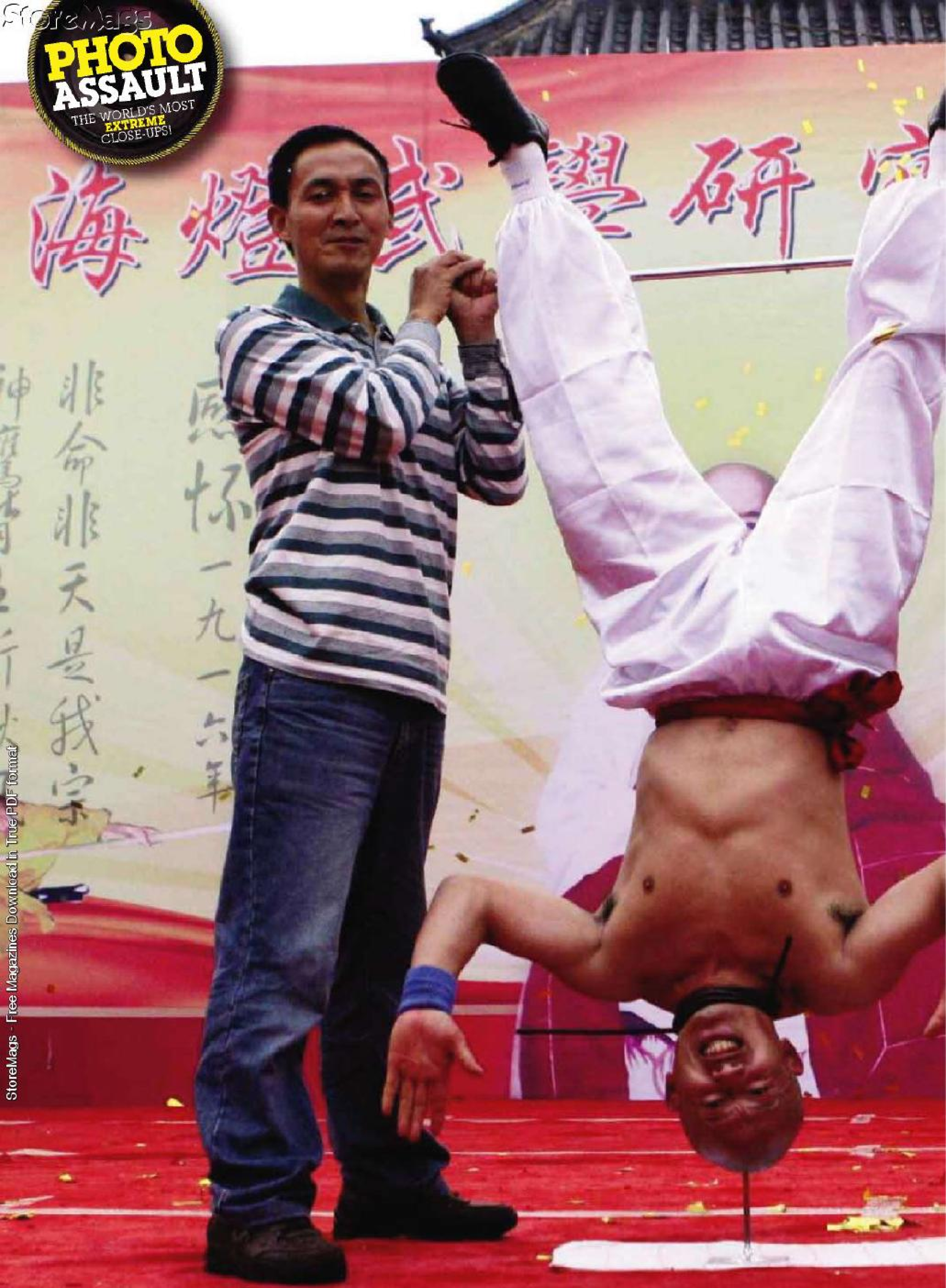
TRUNKATED

SOUTH AFRICA A baby elephant proves it's got junk in its trunk, after surviving a crocodile attack. The elephant got a shock when it broke away from its family in Kruger National Park, went to a watering hole to drink, and was locked in the jaws of a camouflaged croc that had been waiting beneath the murky water. Hearing the baby's distress calls, other elephants came to its rescue and scared off the croc by trumpeting and stamping around. After the baby had calmed down, the herd crossed the water together, just metres from where the crocodile had been hiding.

PICTURES: JOHAN OPPERMAN/REX FEATURES

The baby trumpeter's family come to the rescue

WHY IS HE UPSIDE DOWN?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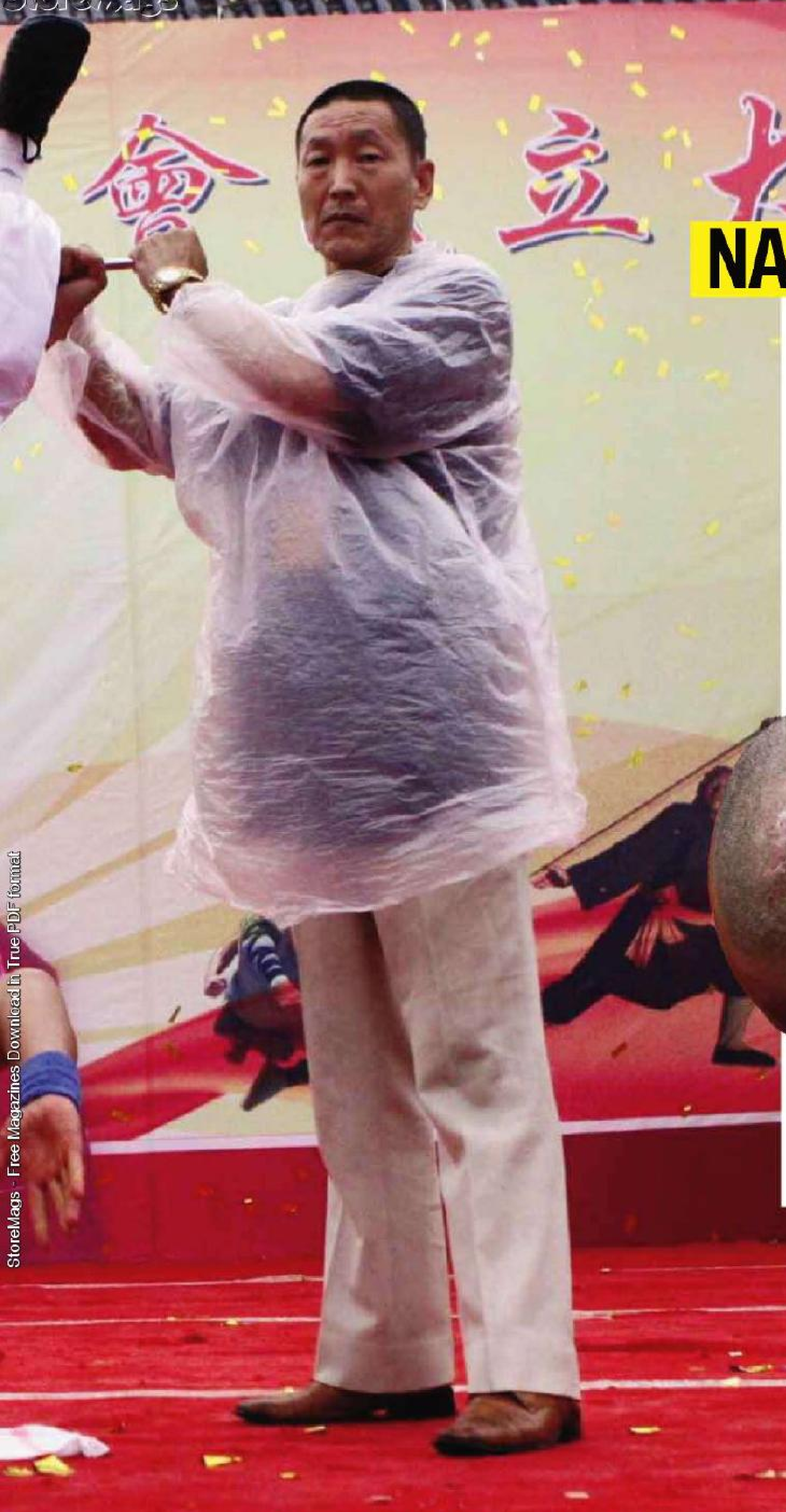
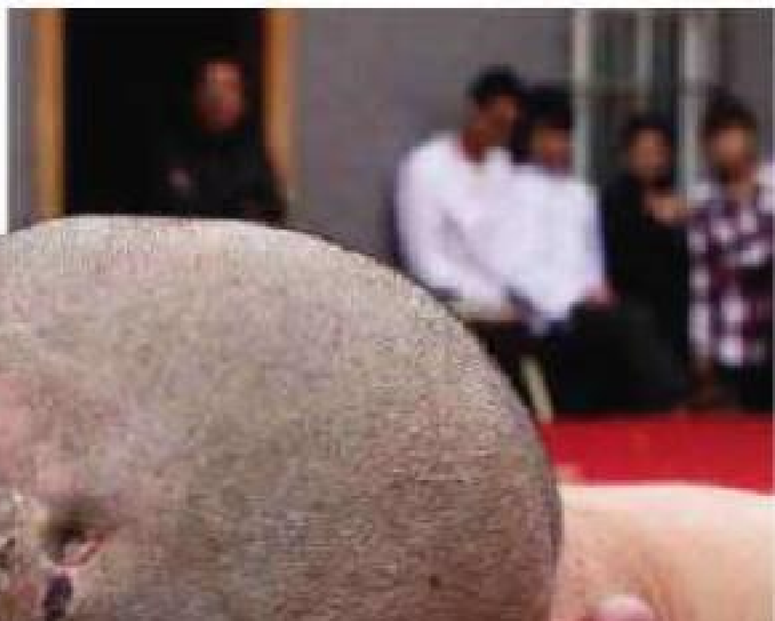


NAILING IT

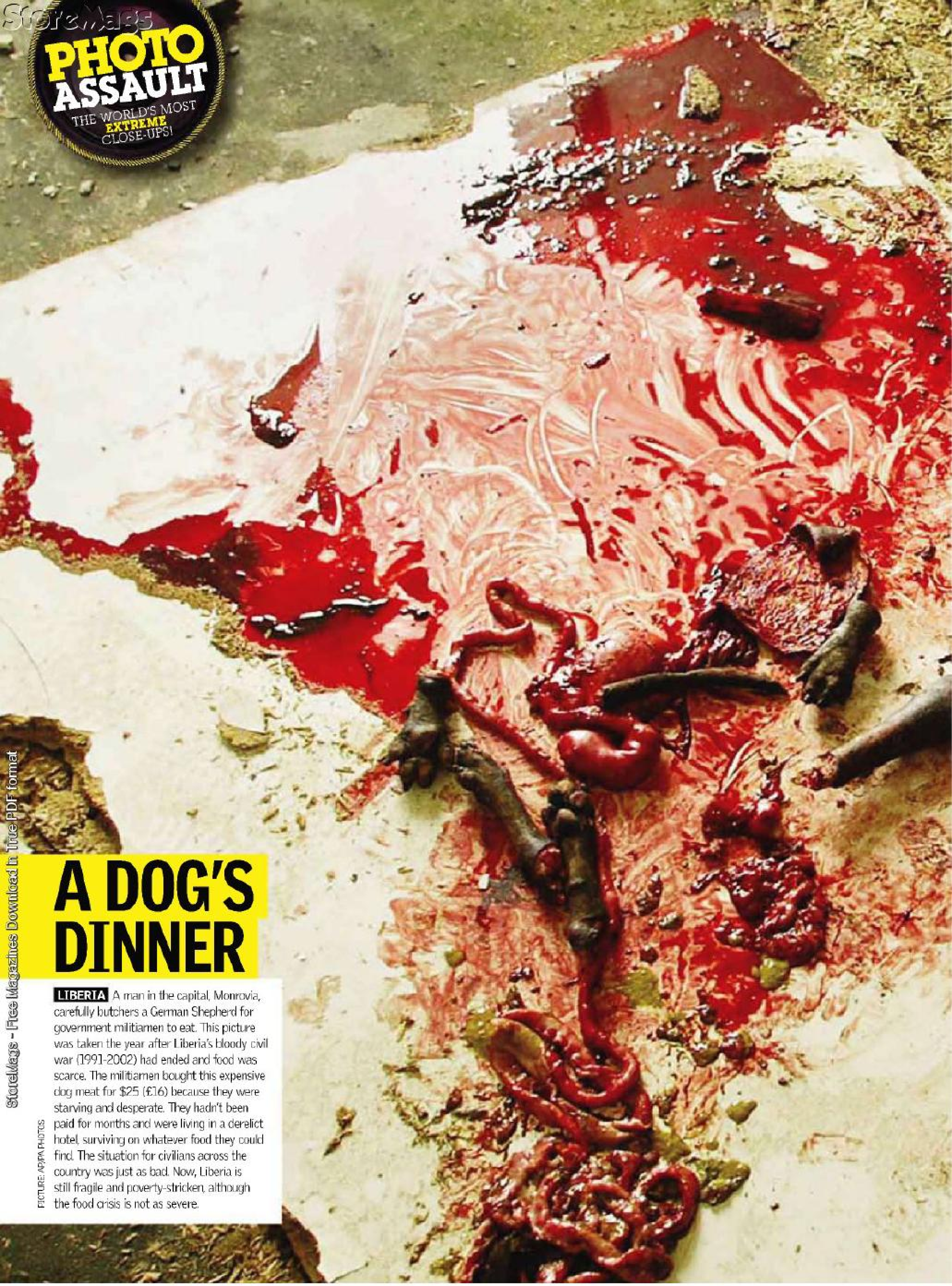
CHINA On the 'ed, son! Kung Fu master Li Xin does a headstand on a long nail with the help of two volunteers, leaving a lasting impression on the audience *and* his noggin. Xin is one of several Kung Fu masters who performed stunts to mark the inauguration of Taizhoui Hai Deng Martial Arts Association in Jiangsu Province, and another showman maintained a four-finger handstand for several minutes. The association is named after Hai Deng, who was a Buddhist monk, martial artist and 32nd abbot of the Shaolin Temple during the last century. He was famous for his one-finger Chan trick, in which he supported his body weight using just one digit.

PICTURES: REX FEATURES



It looks like he's hammered!

WHAT'S COOKING?

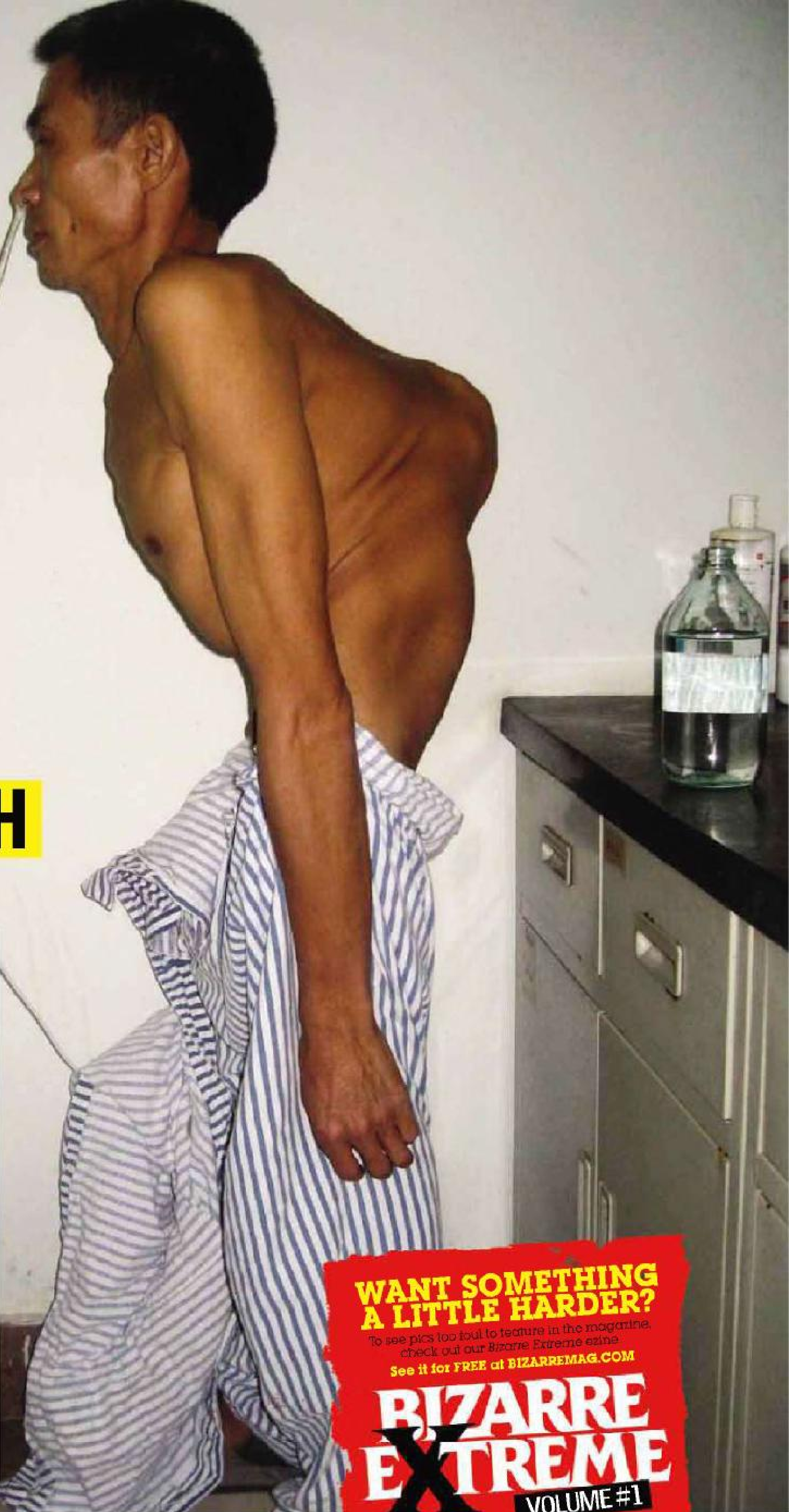


A DOG'S DINNER

LIBERIA A man in the capital, Monrovia, carefully butchers a German Shepherd for government militiamen to eat. This picture was taken the year after Liberia's bloody civil war (1991-2002) had ended and food was scarce. The militiamen bought this expensive dog meat for $25 (£16) because they were starving and desperate. They hadn't been paid for months and were living in a derelict hotel, surviving on whatever food they could find. The situation for civilians across the country was just as bad. Now, Liberia is still fragile and poverty-stricken, although the food crisis is not as severe.

PICTURE: AP/PA PHOTOS

WHO'S GOT THE HUMP?



STOMACH PAIN

CHINA Lao Guo, 53, is missing most of his stomach. Guo, from Chongqing, damaged his spine in an accident when he was seven. He didn't receive proper treatment at the time so his vertebrae became twisted, causing his stomach to contract. When Guo stands, his ribs appear to rest on his pelvis and his chest covers his belly. Guo was recently diagnosed with colon cancer and doctors were forced to carry out risky surgery. During the operation, surgeons could only let Guo lie on his right side and had to force his chest and pelvis apart to expose his withered gut. Guo has been released from hospital and is recovering.

PICTURES: REX FEATURES

Guo had to lie on his side for the operation

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THE GRINDER

BIZARRE PHOTO BLOWOUT!

Next month in The Grinder, all your favourite regulars including The Fox Hole, Spunk & Disorderly and the Mince Meater will be back. But for this issue only, gorge yourself on our feast of delicious photo stories...

EDITED BY ALIX FOX
ALIX_FOX@DENNIS.CO.UK

Your monthly mash-up of NEWS, VIEWS, OOZE and OOHS!

ADAM WHO'S SANE

Adam Ant chats exclusively to *Bizarre* in his first interview since he was sectioned in May

"DO YOU WANT A BEER OR A CUPPA, MacGyver?" asks Adam Ant chirpily, while I use a metal nail file from my handbag to unscrew the handle on his bathroom door. His new, Romanian cleaner has accidentally been locked inside the crapper for almost an hour, and Adam's sitting in a room cluttered with ceramic monkeys wearing Victorian dresses, a rubber ear covered in fake blood that's been glued to a Van Gogh print, and a Tank Girl sketch signed by creators Alan Martin and Jamie Hewlett, which Adam has tattooed on his arse cheek. It's a suitably bonkers start to a nutty-yet-pleasant afternoon with the man born Stuart Goddard, who had 16 hits and sold 15m records in his glam-punk heyday, but who also has bi-polar syndrome and related mental health issues that saw him sectioned earlier this year.

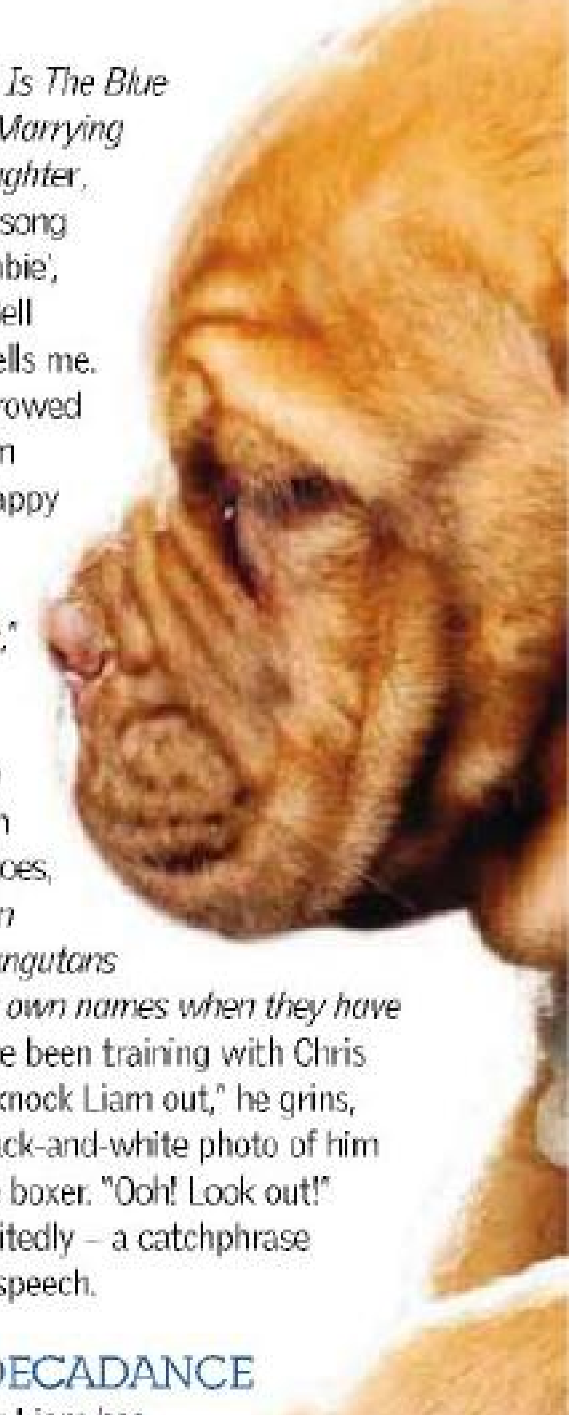
I'm the first journalist Adam has invited to his chaotic Kensington house since his latest manic episode, and I'm delighted to find that while he's certainly 'eccentric' and shows signs of being two bananas short of a fruit bowl, he's also cheerful, welcoming, and in admirable physical shape for his 56 years. He's also excited about new projects. "I've recorded a rough version of an album called *Adam Ant Is The Blue Black Hussar In Marrying The Gunner's Daughter*, which includes a song named 'Cool Zombie', featuring Andy Bell from Oasis," he tells me.

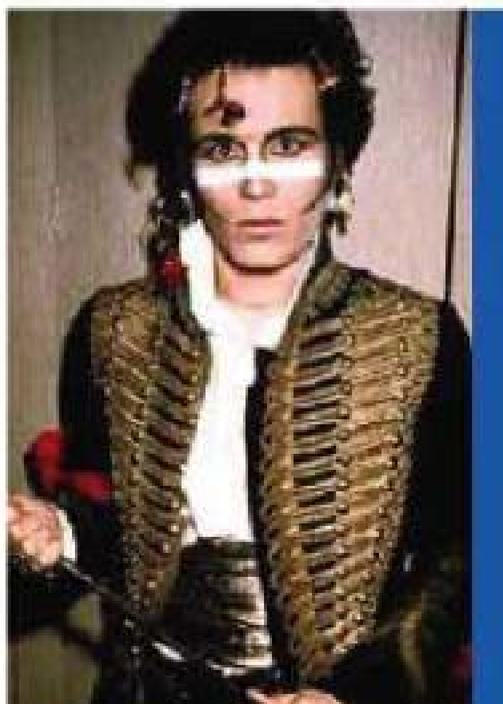
"That monobrowed Thunderbird, Liam Gallagher, isn't happy that Andy and I have been working together," he continues. "I've written a song about *him* too, called 'Gun In Your Pocket'. It goes, '*We don't like men who walk like orangutans / And shout their own names when they have orgasms.*' And I've been training with Chris Eubank so I can knock Liam out," he grins, showing me a black-and-white photo of him sparring with the boxer. "Ooh! Look out!" Adam shouts excitedly – a catchphrase that peppers his speech.

ANT AND DECADANCE

Adam's dislike for Liam has been well-documented by the music press, although it's unclear why Prince Charming finds "that Mancunian cunt" so royally offensive. But he likes other musicians, and tells me that Robbie Williams is a "nice fella who made me a lot of money by covering 'Ant Music'". Adam also tells me he plans to "open an orphanage", and "start a supergroup with Jimmy Page, called ÜberPunk".

While a cassette tape of fart sounds plays on the stereo, Adam winks at me conspiratorially, saying, "I've trained myself so my flatulence doesn't smell," then starts sifting through documents in his kitchen. →





ADAM'S ANTICS

A potted history of the 'Dandy Highwayman'

New romantic, post-punk musician Adam Ant became famous as the lead singer of Adam And The Ants, then became a solo artist. He had ten Top 10 hits between 1979 and 1983, including three Number Ones: 'Stand And Deliver', Prince Charming', and 'Goody Two Shoes'. Adam's flamboyant, trend-setting 'sexy pirate' style and genre-definingly lavish music videos made him an icon, and earned him legions of female fans who were struck down with 'Antfever'. He bedded everyone from Jamie Lee Curtis to Heather Graham. However, after successfully branching out into acting in 2002, Adam's long-term struggles with bi-polar syndrome resurfaced. That year he was briefly sectioned after confronting strangers at a pub with an imitation gun, and in 2003 he threatened a neighbour with a shovel and was put into a psychiatric hospital for six months. Following Adam's release, he attempted to put out a charity reworking of 'Stand And Deliver' called 'Save The Gorilla', and published an autobiography. After more than a decade off the stage, he got back into gigging and writing new music, but he was sectioned again in May this year. Adam now lives alone in London and is trying to stabilise his mental health so that he can release a new album and start touring again.

PICTURES: JOE PLUMMER

Adam works out how to light his ciggie without dropping his pooches, Elvis and Billy

Porcelain minstrel monkeys adorn Adam's eccentric London pad

"I've been training with Chris Eubank so I can knock out Liam Gallagher"

Every cupboard is plastered with magazine cuttings and papers that he finds funny or inspirational, including stunning images from Italian *GQ*, letters written in beautiful copperplate handwriting, and articles from *Bizarre*. "I bloody love your magazine – look!" laughs Adam, holding up a collage of cover model Scarlet Duggan, with the words 'Dirty Backstage Passage' painted on her boobs. There's also a note scrawled in crayon, saying, 'Thank you for putting me in bed, love Catherine'. It was written by a sweet woman, who later introduces herself as 'Adam's personal assistant', and who seems just as eccentric as him.

Then there are multiple photos of fat apes and obese children labelled 'Marco Pirroni', Adam's long-time musical collaborator. Marco helped get Adam sectioned during a previous low-point a few years ago, and it's hard to tell whether Adam's jibes about his mate's weight are jovial, or signs of a deeper rift. Finally, Adam finds what he's looking for: a beautiful print of a pirate-esque 'Blue Black Hussar' logo, along with promising details of plans to launch a clothing and make-up range to coincide with the new record.

While his pet puppies Billy and Elvis, who he's "training to like AC/DC, and is taking to Crufts next year" chew the ribbons on my shoes, Adam smokes pastel-coloured cocktail cigarettes that remind him of "weddings where everyone gets shit-faced, dances on their dad's shoes and tries to shag their favourite niece". Reflecting on his last gig, Adam says, "I played the Scala the day after the London Bizarre Ball in November and, although I got good reviews, I'd only give myself six out of 10. They tried to cut the sound off at 11pm due to licensing regulations. That's no way to treat the last punk-rocker standing! The music seemed to go down well, though. I think 'Gun In Your Pocket' will be the first single off the album. It's about Jonathan Ross and Russell Brand, and what they put poor Georgie through."

He's referring to the 'Sachsgate' scandal involving Georgina Baillie, who Adam knows via his close friend, drummer and former Satanic Sluts star Hayley Leggs.

"Hayley and I are good mates, although I think she's fit," Adam says. "Men are carnal beings; if a bloke had just come round in hospital after having his leg sawn off, and was in tremendous pain, he'd still go, 'Ooh! Look out!' and turn his head if a pretty nurse walked past."

With that, Adam selects an expensive Vivienne Westwood hat from his huge collection, plonks it on my head, and declares, "Wear that, enjoy it, and come outside – I'm taking you to a lovely Italian place I know, and then to meet my cobbler." He might be talking cobblers much of the time, but Adam Ant seems to be happy, and I reckon the Dandy Highwayman might make a proper comeback yet. **Alix Fox**

More pics online at Bizarremag.com

GOD
GRANT US THE
SERENITY TO
ACCEPT THE
THINGS WE
CANNOT CHANGE
COURAGE TO
CHANGE THE
THINGS WE CAN
AND WISDOM
TO KNOW THE
DIFFERENCE
AMEN

Note to self on Adam's arm

Left-right: Funky Foxy with the punk pirate, his assistant, Catherine, and Hayley Leggs

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on the net!
SHAKE & BAKE!
TUNA
Bird
Bird
Bird
Bird is
the word
GAME OVER
STOP FOLLOWING ME!
MAGAZINE COLLECTORS
TEND TO HAVE A LOT OF ISSUES
BAZINGA!
na na na na
na na na na
na na na na
na na na na
BATMAN!
first rule of
tea club:
never talk
about tea
club
rofl
I LOVE
LAMP
BUY 3
GET 1
FREE
(The model used is over 18 years of age)

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BACKPIECE OF THE ACTION

Jammy *Bizarre* reader wins a tattoo of *The Expendables* raven-and-skull logo, and £1,000!

BIZARRE READER KHAL HARRIS IS a bit of an action hero. A total petrol head, he's ridden to Africa and back on his motorcycle, revved around the Arctic circle with a Viking biker group, taken part in a 43-hour endurance race, and... um... had a horrendous accident after driving into a pile of horse shit at 65mph. He also collects snakes, lizards, and tarantulas.

Given that Khal and his hobbies are so hard'n'masculine that his farts should be bottled to make Lynx, *and* he can open super-tight pickle jar lids with his eyelashes, it seems appropriate that he won October's Bizarremag.com competition to bag a tatt of the logo from super-manly action film *The Expendables*, and a cool £1,000.

The raven-and-skull motif, which Mickey Rourke inks on Sylvester Stallone during the movie, was etched onto Khal's shoulder by Mo Coppoletta of upmarket London tatt studio The Family Business. It's not the first time the suave Italian ink-flinger has decorated Khal's hide; at The Prodigy's 20th anniversary gig in Milton Keynes in July, Mo tattooed gig-goers with the band's ant symbol to raise cash for charity, and Khal and his mate went under the needle. Khal also has a Latin joke on his left forearm that we can't be arsed to explain, and a traditional Arabic greeting on his right, which gets him "a lot of free takeaway chips and kebabs".

"I grew up on action films like *The Terminator* and *Universal Soldier*," says Khal. "I love the cheesy lines as much as the roundhouse kicks and explosions – like in *Commando*, when Schwarzenegger knocks his foe against a hot water pipe with smoke hissing out of it, and says, 'let off some steam!'" Hmm, we thought you'd go for his, "I need your clothes, your boots, and your motorcycle" line, Khal...

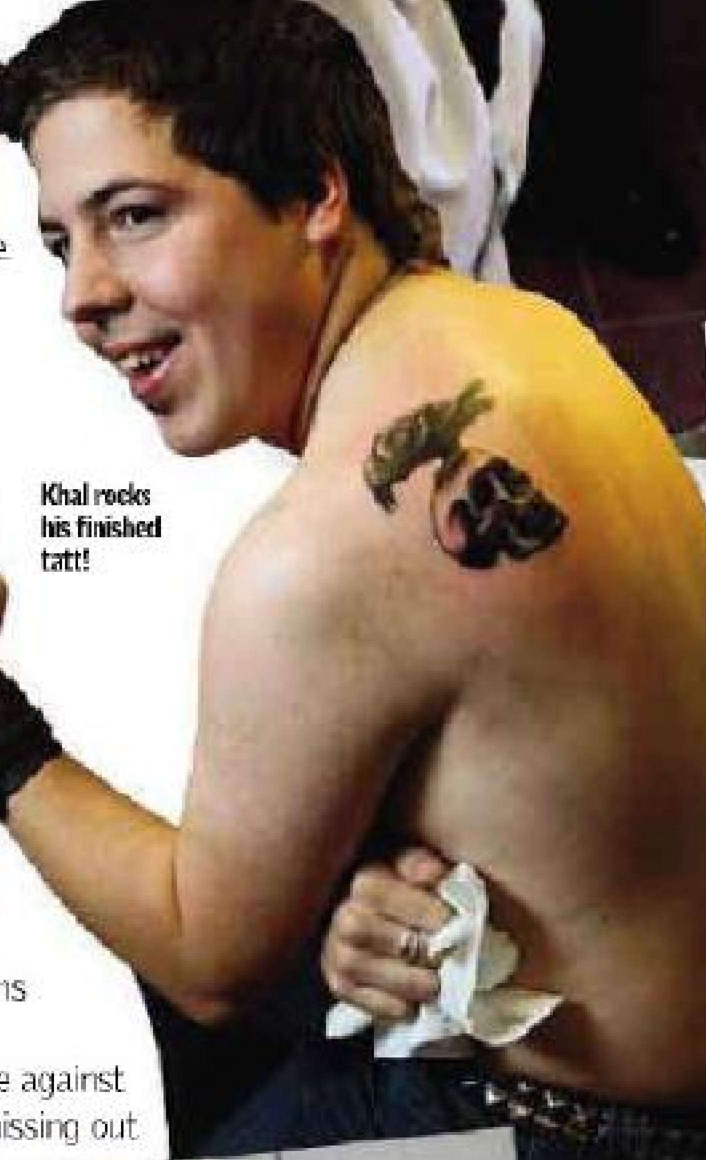
"I love *The Expendables*," Khal adds, "so I'm chuffed about my new tattoo, and I'm going to invest my winnings in a pet cobra. Maybe *Bizarre* readers could name him?"

Send your suggestions on what Khal should call his (trouser) snake to Alix_fox@dennis.co.uk. The best idea will win a box of crap! Huzzah!

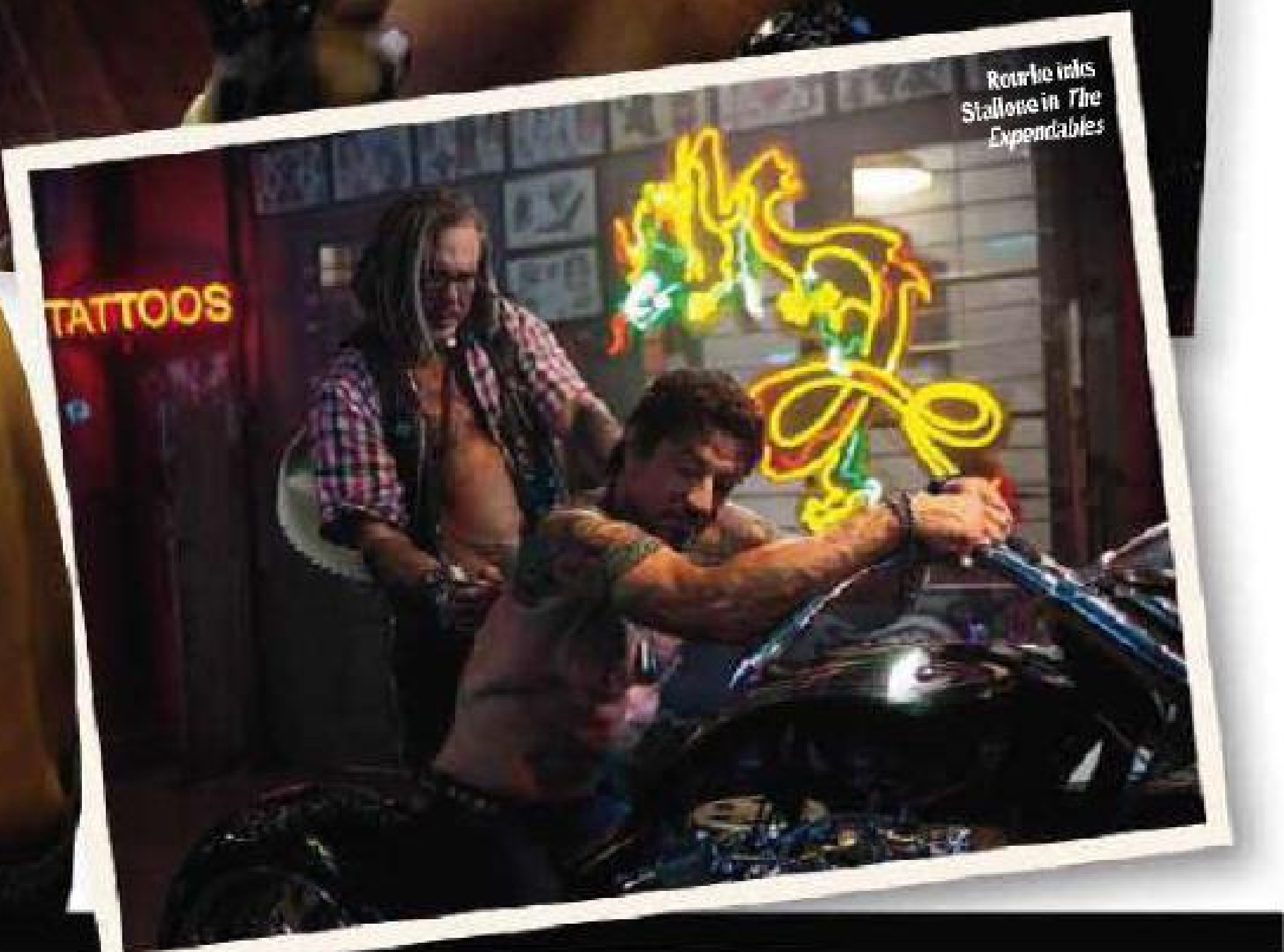
Alix Fox

(Butt) plug: The Expendables is out on DVD, Blu-ray and download now

Mo Coppoletta inks Khal with a skull and raven (below)



Khal rocks his finished tatt!

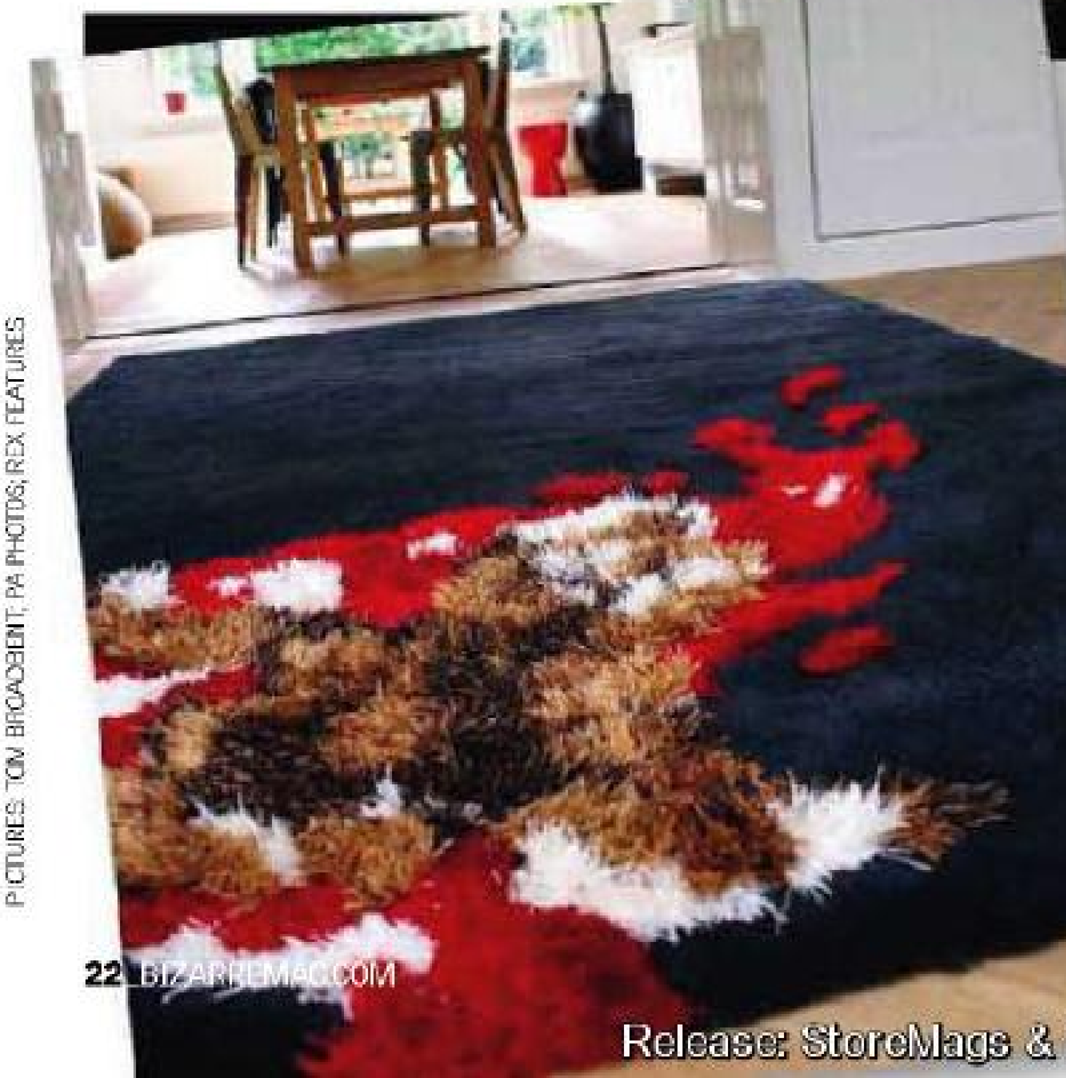


Rourke inks Stallone in *The Expendables*

PICTURES: TOM BROADBENT; PA PHOTOS; REX FEATURES

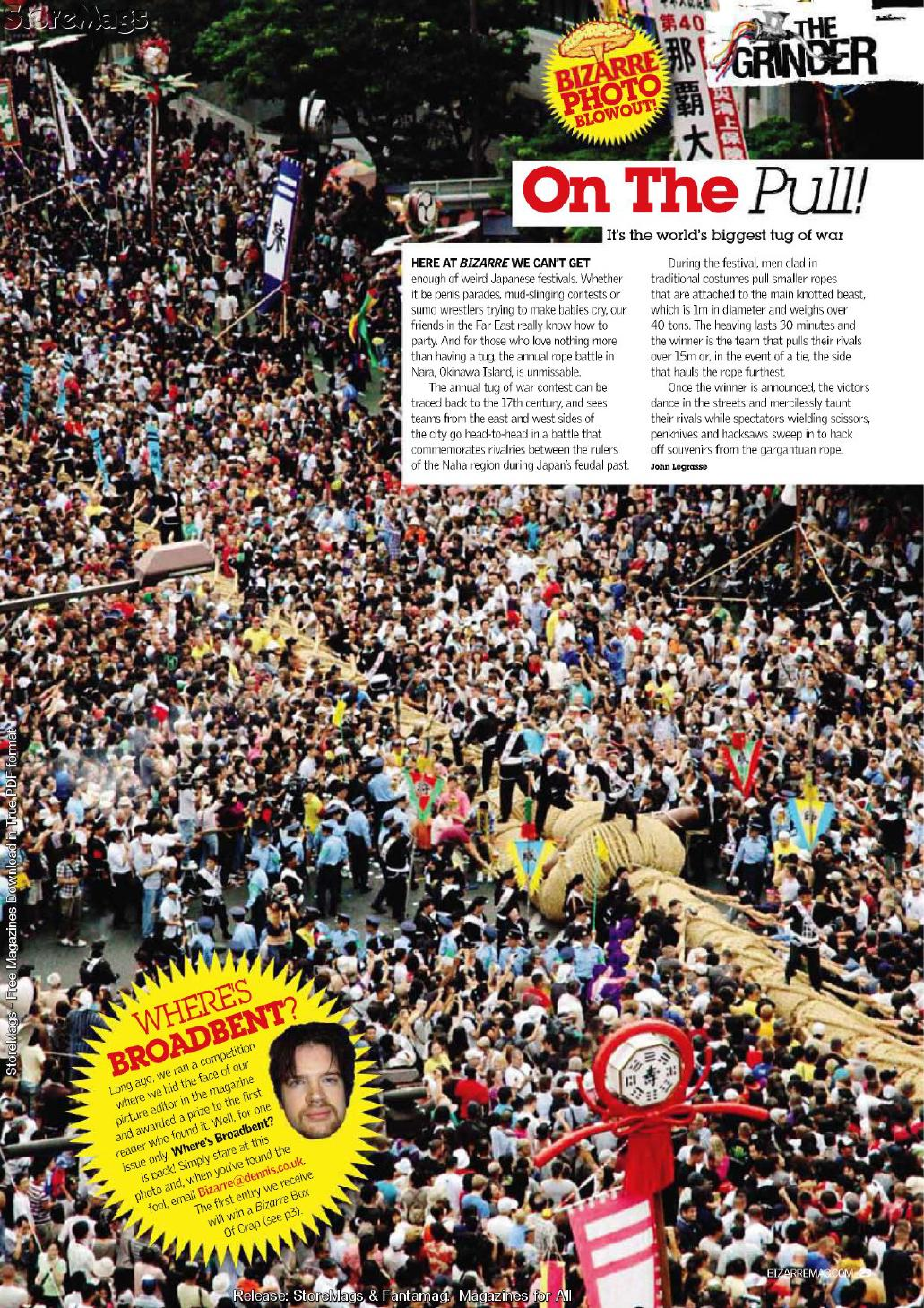
Roadkill Rug

Making a mess on the carpet so you don't have to...



DUTCH DESIGN COMPANY OOOMS is famous across Europe for offering a delicious range of kooky, cutting-edge products for people with more money than sense. They include a contraption that makes users feel weightless, hats made from real human hair, and collapsible metal boxes that cleverly blend in with any urban environment, so you can hide inside them when the pressures of city life become too much to bear. But not content to rest on its oddball laurels, Oooms' latest product can add a splash of gore to the most sedate lounge (without the stench of rotting guts and extortionate cleaning bills, of course).

Oooms' Roadkill Carpet is currently being offered for sale on the company's website, and costs a stonking €3400 (around £2,870). And while it looks as if a fox has been mercilessly crushed into the pile, the 100 per cent wool rug feels luscious, warm and snuggly, meaning that you're more likely to curl up for a nap than wrinkle your nose in disgust. **Walter Gilman**



BIZARRE PHOTO BLOWOUT!

On The *Pull!*

It's the world's biggest tug of war

HERE AT *BIZARRE* WE CAN'T GET enough of weird Japanese festivals. Whether it be penis parades, mud-slinging contests or sumo wrestlers trying to make babies cry, our friends in the Far East really know how to party. And for those who love nothing more than having a tug, the annual rope battle in Nara, Okinawa Island, is unmissable.

The annual tug of war contest can be traced back to the 17th century, and sees teams from the east and west sides of the city go head-to-head in a battle that commemorates rivalries between the rulers of the Naha region during Japan's feudal past.

During the festival, men clad in traditional costumes pull smaller ropes that are attached to the main knotted beast, which is 1m in diameter and weighs over 40 tons. The heaving lasts 30 minutes and the winner is the team that pulls their rivals over 15m or, in the event of a tie, the side that hauls the rope furthest.

Once the winner is announced, the victors dance in the streets and mercilessly taunt their rivals while spectators wielding scissors, penknives and hacksaws sweep in to hack off souvenirs from the gargantuan rope.

John Legrasse

WHERE'S BROADBENT?

Long ago, we ran a competition where we hid the face of our picture editor in the magazine and awarded a prize to the first reader who found it. Well, for one issue only, **Where's Broadbent?** is back! Simply stare at this photo and, when you've found the fool, email Bizarre@dennis.co.uk. The first entry we receive will win a *Bizarre* Box Of Crap (see p3).

BIZARRE PHOTO BLOWOUT!

One off the wrist

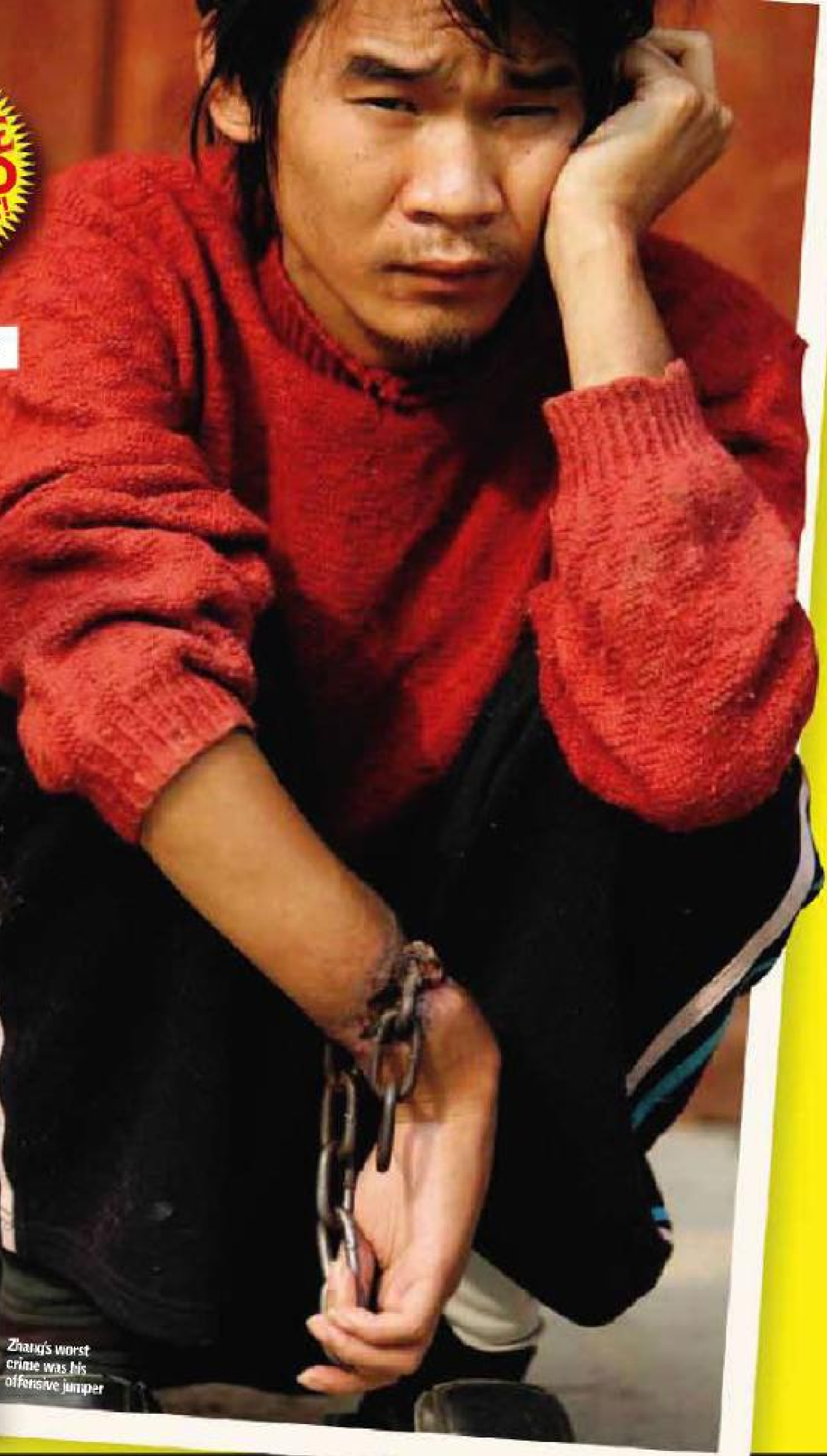
Chinese man has chain embedded in his arm

A 27-YEAR-OLD MAN FROM HUNAN Province, southern China, has been left with a metal chain embedded in his wrist after being locked up for months by local authorities.

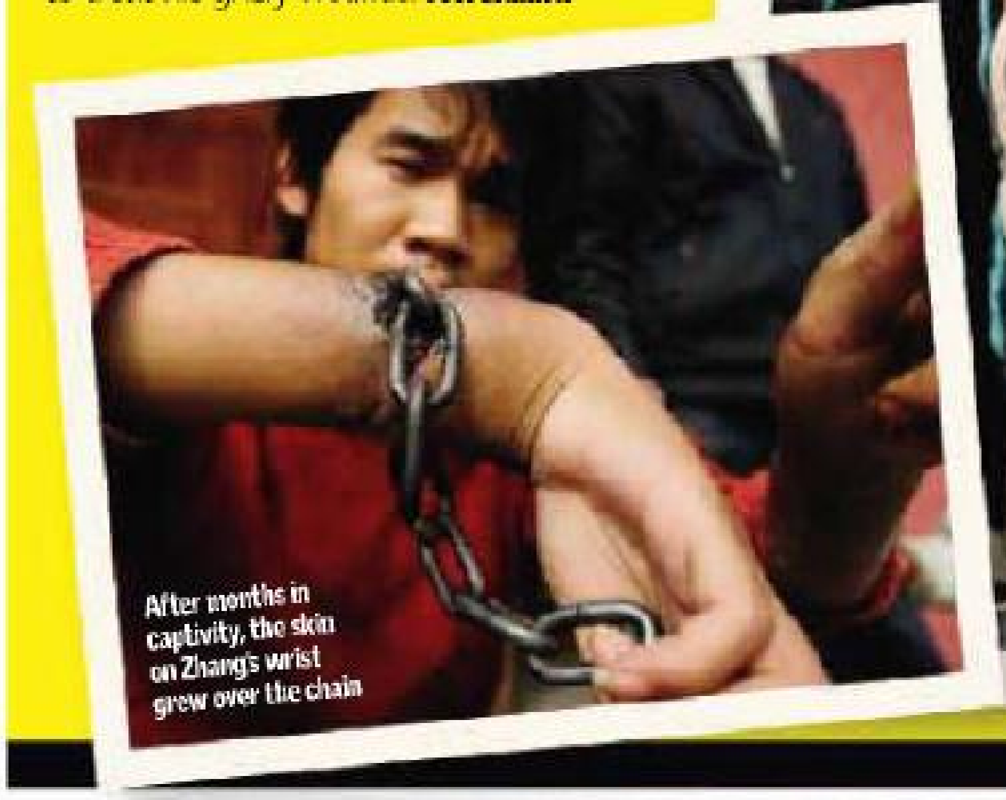
According to press reports, the home of mentally ill Zhang Chuanqiu was raided after he assaulted the friends of a girl he had a crush on. During the fracas, village leaders ordered Zhang's parents to lock their son in a wooden cage. But when they refused, Zhang was forcibly shackled at home by police using a heavy chain, with no indication of when he might be released.

As the weeks passed, Zhang's wrist began to swell, but when his mother asked police to free him, they claimed they'd lost the key. Months later, Zhang's mother had to call the fire brigade to free her son because the chain had become embedded in his arm and his skin had grown over the metal links.

Local authorities now claim Zhang's family asked for their son to be locked up in the first place, but have nonetheless paid for him to have urgent medical treatment to treat his grisly wounds. **Joel Manton**



Zhang's worst crime was his offensive jumper



After months in captivity, the skin on Zhang's wrist grew over the chain

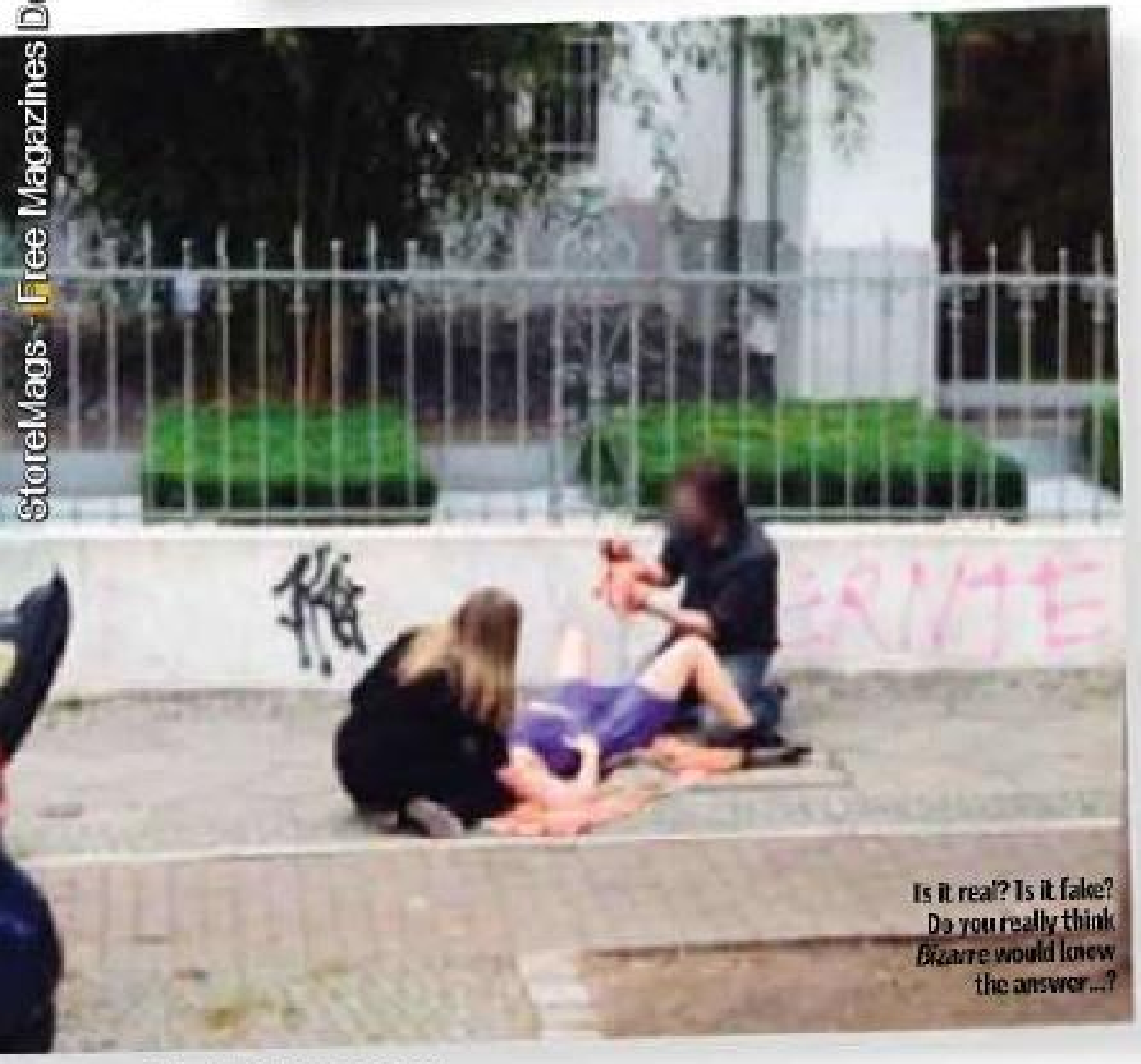
Google **Birth**

Could this be the first baby born on Google Street View?

WHILE NUDE SUNBATHERS, RED-FACED men loitering outside brothels, and chavs smashing shit up are all regular sights on Google Street View, camera cars on Hubertusallee Street in the Berlin suburb of Wilmersdorf, Germany, have apparently captured the service's first live birth.

The dramatic scene shows a woman sprawled on the pavement with her head supported by a female friend, while a man kneels in front of her and holds what appears to be a screaming newborn, complete with umbilical cord still attached.

The image has caused an internet sensation, but spoilsports have claimed that it's a hoax. Explore Google Maps and you'll find there's a hospital three blocks away from where the picture was snapped, which has no record of this birth having taken place. **Patrick Regan**



Is it real? Is it fake? Do you really think *Bizarre* would know the answer...?

The full scene captured by a Google van

Fluff Fanatic

Graham Barker: Clearly "not obsessive"

Man collects bellybutton fluff for 26 years

A LIBRARIAN FROM PERTH, Australia, has collected a record-breaking 22.1g of bellybutton fluff over a period of 26 years.

Graham Barker, 45, began his collection on 17 January 1984 during a hiking trip, and "harvests" the lint from his bellybutton each night before going to bed. Today, Graham – who categorically claims he's "not obsessive" – has three and a quarter glass jars full of fluff, which was recognised this year as a Guinness World Record.

After accepting his accolade, Graham revealed he has no intention of stopping his collection, and now plans to stuff a cushion with the fruits of his navel.

Douglas Williamson

Navel Fluff 1984–1993
Navel Fluff 1994 – 2000
Navel Fluff 2001 –

What a load of Bollocks!

Behold this insect's awe-inspiring love spuds

SPARE A THOUGHT FOR THE POOR old fruit fly. For years the *Drosophila bifurca* has been cockily strutting around the insect world, empowered by the fact its knackers are the largest on the planet, weighing in at a whopping 10.6 per cent of its body weight. But now, thanks to gonad-breaking new research from scientists at the University Of Derby, a new bollock-busting bug has been identified.

The Tuberous Bushcricket, or *Platycleis affinis* – a species of cricket that's found all over the world, most commonly in grassy regions of southern Europe – is the proud owner of cojones that are around 14 per cent of the male's body mass. And to put things in a human perspective, it would be the same as a normal-sized adult man dragging around family jewels weighing 5kg each – around the same weight as a fire extinguisher.

And why do they have such bombastic balls? Well, it appears that female bushcrickets are sluts of the undergrowth, mating with up to 23 different males in their two-month adult life. "When the females of a species are promiscuous, males often use monstrously-sized testicles to deliver huge numbers of sperm to swamp the competition," says Dr James Gilbert of the University Of Cambridge, a key player in the Derby-led study.

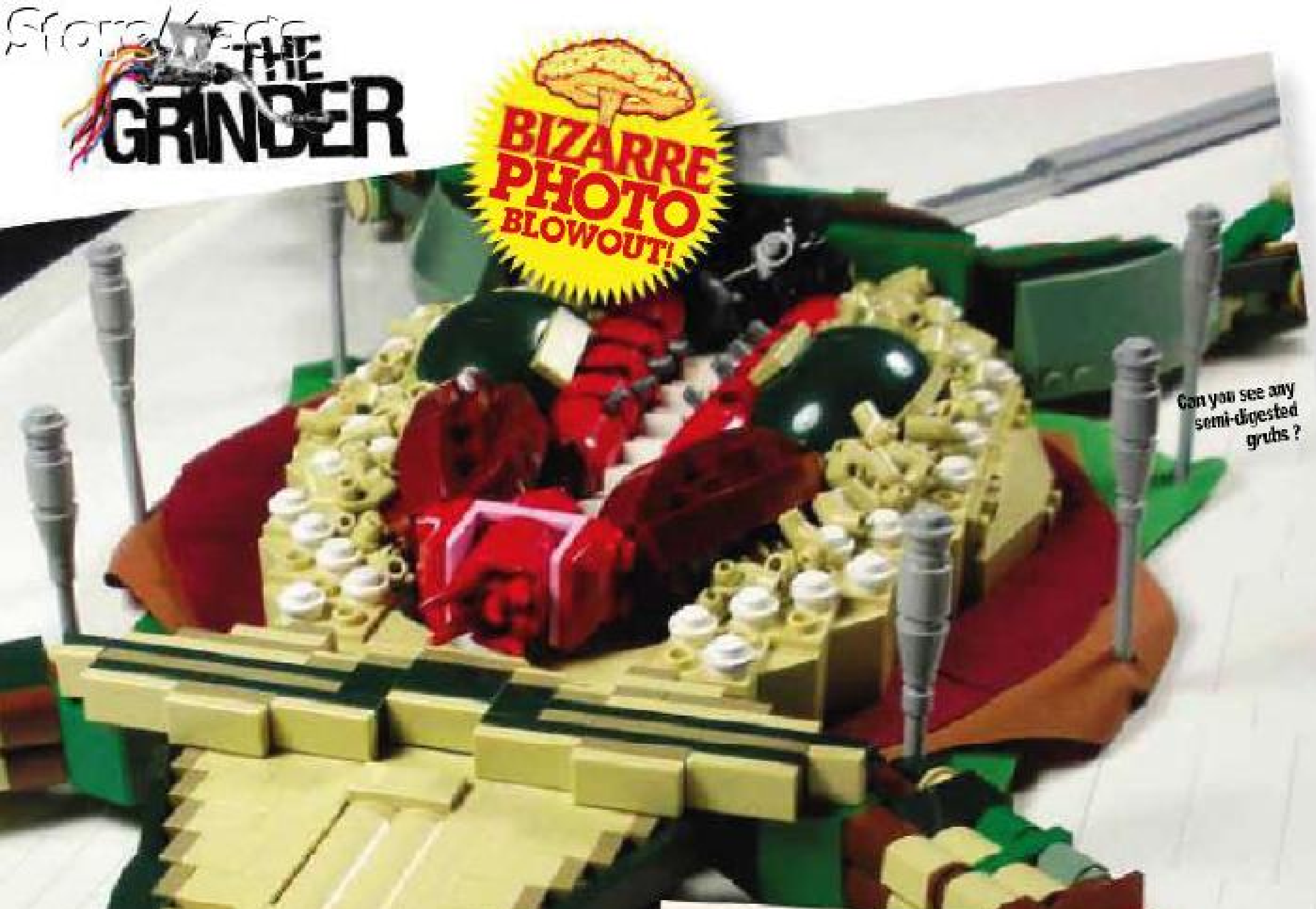
But even though the Tuberous Bushcricket's plums fill most of its abdomen, these creepy-crawlies aren't Peter Norths of the insect world, and they produce little squirts of dirty cream rather than the expected spunk tsunami. "It looks as though the testes may be that big to allow males to mate repeatedly without exhausting their sperm reserves," says Dr Gilbert. His opinion is echoed by Dr Karim Vahed, reader in Behavioural Ecology at the University Of Derby, who says, "Extra large testes in bushcrickets allow males to transfer small ejaculates to a greater number of females. In other words, males don't put all their eggs – or sperm! – in one basket." **Mike Hunt**

Having nuts this impressive removed just isn't cricket

The Tuberous Bushcricket: How about them plums?

PICTURES: REX FEATURES, UNIVERSITY OF DERBY

BIZARRE PHOTO BLOWOUT!



Can you see any semi-digested grubs ?

Legore!

Primary teacher leaps ahead with model die-section

WHILE LEGO IS NORMALLY ASSOCIATED with cheerful medieval castles, idealised village life and people who keep grinning despite their distressing lack of genitals, in the nimble hands of Dave Kaleta the technicoloured toy bricks have taken on a much darker life.

As part of the MOC LEGO-Building Olympics, organised by Mocpages.com, Dave constructed an anatomically correct model of a dissected frog – complete with all major organs, bones and the scalpel used to slice the hoppers open in classrooms across the world – as his entry for the LEGO Anatomy category.

"Dissecting a frog is a universal experience that lots of people can relate to," the primary school teacher from Chicago says. "I've never dissected a frog as we used fetal pigs at my school, so I went to the science department to see if they had a model I could look at. But they didn't, so I had to cull an image from the internet."

The gruesome model took Dave three days to build, but he's sketchy on the details. "I've no idea how many pieces are included," he says. "But it's probably between 1,000 and 2,000." Nice of you to narrow it down for us, Dave.

Dan Upton

I SHOULD'VE WORN THE GREEN ONE!

Its LEGOs have jumped their last

French Cut

Nous aimons des seins nus et la coiffure Française!

HOH-HEE-HOH! WELCOME TO THE sleepy village of Cavaillon in the Provence-Alpes-Côte d'Azur region of southern France, which is a town famous across the land for its juicy melons and twee three-day festival to mark the season's first harvest. But it's melons of a different variety that are making waves across this idyllic hamlet...

For a mere €50 (£43), Myrtille – the MILF-y hairdresser at Cavaillon's 521 barbershop – offers her clients a topless trim, where she strips down to her knickers, gets busy with the scissors, and fruitlessly asks her clients where they're going on their holidays as they try to avoid staring at her pendulous norks.

For clients who can't get enough of frillies circa 1981, Myrtille also offers haircuts in her underwear for €30 (£26). And just in case any randy clients get the wrong idea, the whole sordid scene is watched over by a security camera to make sure there's no funny business. **Anna Tilton**

Short slap and thighs, sir?

PICTURES: REX FEATURES, SIMON STACEY

WHO THE FUCK IS?

PREACHER MAUD'DIB

Looney lawnmower man

PREACHER MAUD'DIB IS A WORLD-CLASS stunt sideshow entertainer. But what's more striking – and potentially terrifying – is that the goateed Dubliner possesses more explosive killing skills and tools than Batman piloting a nuclear bomber made of hand grenades.

He ticks them off: "I have black belts in wushu kung fu and kempo karate, and I'm highly skilled in using six types of weapon, including butterfly knives, kitana, bow staffs, nunchucks and swords. And I'm trained in Muai Thai and Krav Maga, a martial art developed by the Israeli armed forces. Basically it's no-nonsense, fuck-the-other-guy up stuff." He pauses, then laughs. "Don't worry, I'm a nice chap really..."

The 31-year-old has built his reputation on death-defying stunts. Knife-throwing, fire-breathing and glass-eating are all in a dull day's work for this unholy, world-record-breaking Preacher man. Instead, he prefers a challenge, and likes to balance a running lawnmower on his chin while audience members chuck lettuces into the rotor blades. "It's a fairly silly stunt," Preacher chortles. "It's a preposterous thing to do and it took a lot of practice. The first mistake I made was using a Flymo; they're too difficult!"

He currently holds three Guinness World Records, including one for balancing a lawnmower on his face the longest, and he's hoping to break others soon, such as throwing out the tallest fire-breathing flame.

Growing up in Dalkey, Dublin, the high-kicking Preacher wanted to be a martial arts instructor, but turned to sideshow when he was 15. "I taught myself fire-breathing and glass-eating," he remembers. "People asked me to come to parties and perform for beer. And then they started paying me."

Aged 19, he joined the world-renowned Jim Rose Circus, a haven for the biggest and best in sideshow artistry, before moving to London five years later. Preacher practiced his skills eight hours a day and the hard work paid off when he won an open audition to get on the bill for *Alice Cooper's Halloween Night Of Fear* at the Roundhouse in Camden in November. "I usually do vaudeville-style stuff, but I decided to do something totally different for Cooper and I stuck a powerdrill up my hooter," Preacher explains. "I went as a demonic clown, got completely covered in red paint, and mixed sideshow with lunacy. Alice seemed to like my act, anyway!"

He certainly did, just don't mention Simon Cowell and the *Britain's Got Talent* cronies who Preacher also auditioned for. They aren't fans, and the feeling is mutual. "They hate sideshow," Preacher spits. "When I went along after being invited for an audition, they set up my props wrongly and it seemed as though they wanted me to fail. They use alternative entertainers as something to laugh at instead of giving talent a chance. Cowell thinks that sideshow is self-torture, so clearly he doesn't know what it really is."

Luckily for Cowell, Preacher Maud'dib – who could burn Simon to a cinder with his fire breath then decimate his charred remains with a few well-placed roundhouse kicks – is too preoccupied with perfecting his daredevil craft to take it personally. "I'm thinking of doing the lawnmower stunt on a rola bola," he tells us. No doubt he'll do it. If Preacher can withstand the horror of revolving grass-cutters on his beard while dodging flying salad-stuffs, he can do anything.

Ciaran McCauley

13 QUESTIONS SKIN

Skin is the shaven-bonced, more-Bold-than-a-popular-brand-of-washing-powder lead singer of English rock giants Skunk Anansie, who reformed last year after an eight-year hiatus. *Bizarre*'s Alix Fox decided to... um... get under her skin.

1 What's the weirdest-looking genitalia you've ever seen?

A bloke with a severely lopsided penis. It looked like a broken broom. If you didn't know about it before getting intimate with the guy, and were unexpectedly confronted by its extreme angle, I don't think you'd ever go there again. It was a make-or-break penis. Quite literally – I think it could break someone. It'd certainly be painful for the recipient. I've heard that the owner's still single, and I think his broken broom may be to blame.

2 I saw on your blog that you've been reading a website called The Story Of Cosmetics, which unearths the grim ingredients and procedures involved in making slap. What grossness have you discovered?

Make-up companies aren't sure how the products we paint on our faces interact with each other, and they often wait until they're sued or something terrible happens to someone before they'll stop using cheap, potentially dangerous chemicals. Many of the ingredients in cosmetics are reputed to cause cancer, and some imported skin-lightening creams have mercury in them, which can cause you to sweat and salivate excessively, and make your epidermis burn and peel off. Fuck, some of the stuff we thoughtlessly smear on could make us grow second noses! Maybe not even on our faces! Although some *Bizarre* readers might think that was a cool body modification!

3 What's the worst thing you've ever had in your mouth?

A supposed health supplement called Liquid Of Life, which my mum used to give us when we were kids – I think as a punishment. It came in a red bottle and it tasted like arse bile.

4 What's your favourite cuss word?

'Whatever'. It's such a withering and dismissive put-down and it suggests I can't even be bothered to swear because the person it's aimed at is so boring and worthless. Swear words are overused, anyway. When the band are on tour, we'll be eating and saying things to each other such as, "Can you pass the fucking butter, you fucker?"

5 You've previously described Skunk Anansie as "a clit-rock group". On the subject of clitorises, if you could design a sex toy, what would it be like?
A really good double-ended dildo. I don't think there's a great one out there yet. It needs to touch both partners' parts at the right angle. I've heard about vibrators that buzz in time to music, but I think they could be improved too, because unless the users were listening to some hardcore speed rave tunes – which aren't always sexy – the vibrations would stop and start with the beat, and that would just be irritating. Someone needs to make one that responds to tracks but also provides some level of constant stimulation.

6 Have you got any other sex tips?
Listen with your tongue.

7 What's the oddest porno you've ever seen?
While the Skunk Anansie boys and I were touring Germany, we visited the Reeperbahn – Hamburg's red light district – and it seems Germans are really into having faecal matter in their pornography. I don't get it. I have a real aversion to excrement. Where's the excitement in it? Is it the mental aspect of defecating on someone, implying that you have ultimate power over them? It's fucked up. I'd be scarred for life if that happened to me. Oh no, no, no! Step away from the woman, and take your shit with you!

8 If you could trap anyone in a box and have a debate with them for an hour, who would it be?
A bunch of American TV evangelists. I'd like to know what planet they think they're on. They blatantly lie in vulnerable people's faces and rob them of their hard-earned cash. My mum's a crazy born-again Christian who watches vocational preachers and we've disagreed over the subject for 20 years. I tell her, "Look at that guy's Gucci suit and the size of his gold watch. Doesn't that go against everything he rants about?" I appreciate that when Jamaican women get older the church is their social world, but it's a shame my mum doesn't just stick to the joyful aspects of praise, such as bashing tambourines and singing and laughing with others – she buys into complete bollocks sold by men who bang on about the 'Holy Ghost' and speak in tongues. TV evangelists hate arguing and if I could get them in a box, I'd probably not bother trying to reason with them. I'd just jump out, throw some dynamite in the container, and lock them in.

9 You've toured with U2. Is Bono really the fucktard that he's made out to be?
The media love to bitch about anyone who's trying to do something good. There are so many people who do evil things, yet we attack those, like Bono, who are trying to do something positive, saying they're 'worthy' or 'wanky'. I'd rather have Bono as an icon than someone who gets caught shagging 15 birds and taking cocaine – like Tiger Woods, who flogged a squeaky-clean image to the public that turned out to be crap. At least Bono is what he says he is. When we toured with him, he was laid-back and accommodating, and so was his crew. I think I would've been able to tell if he was bullshitting us because the people around him would have given him away.

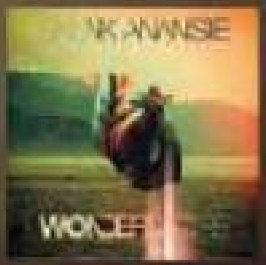
10 Do you know any other gossip about people you've toured with?
Steven Tyler from Aerosmith is lovely and *very* sexy – a horny vibe radiates from him. I also love Rammstein – those boys are hilarious. They have backstage parties where they dance to really fast, camp Russian house music, jiggling their hands in the air like lunatics. I thought they were gay for ages until I found out the hard way that they're straight. I'll say no more!

11 If a law was passed saying that you had to cover your shaven scalp, what would you put on top of it?
The carcass of whichever government member invented that law, like a tribal headdress.

12 Have you ever had any weird experiences with fans?
I seem to attract people who have weird mindsets. One, who has booked flights to come and see me, is aggressively insisting that I'm going to give her singing lessons, which I absolutely am not, no matter how deludedly insistent she is. A couple of years ago, a girl sent me 250 emails in one day, all containing different, lengthy messages. She must have been typing non-stop for hours. And once a guy brought a live skunk to one of our gigs because he thought I'd given him a coded message to do it during a TV interview.

UNLUCKY

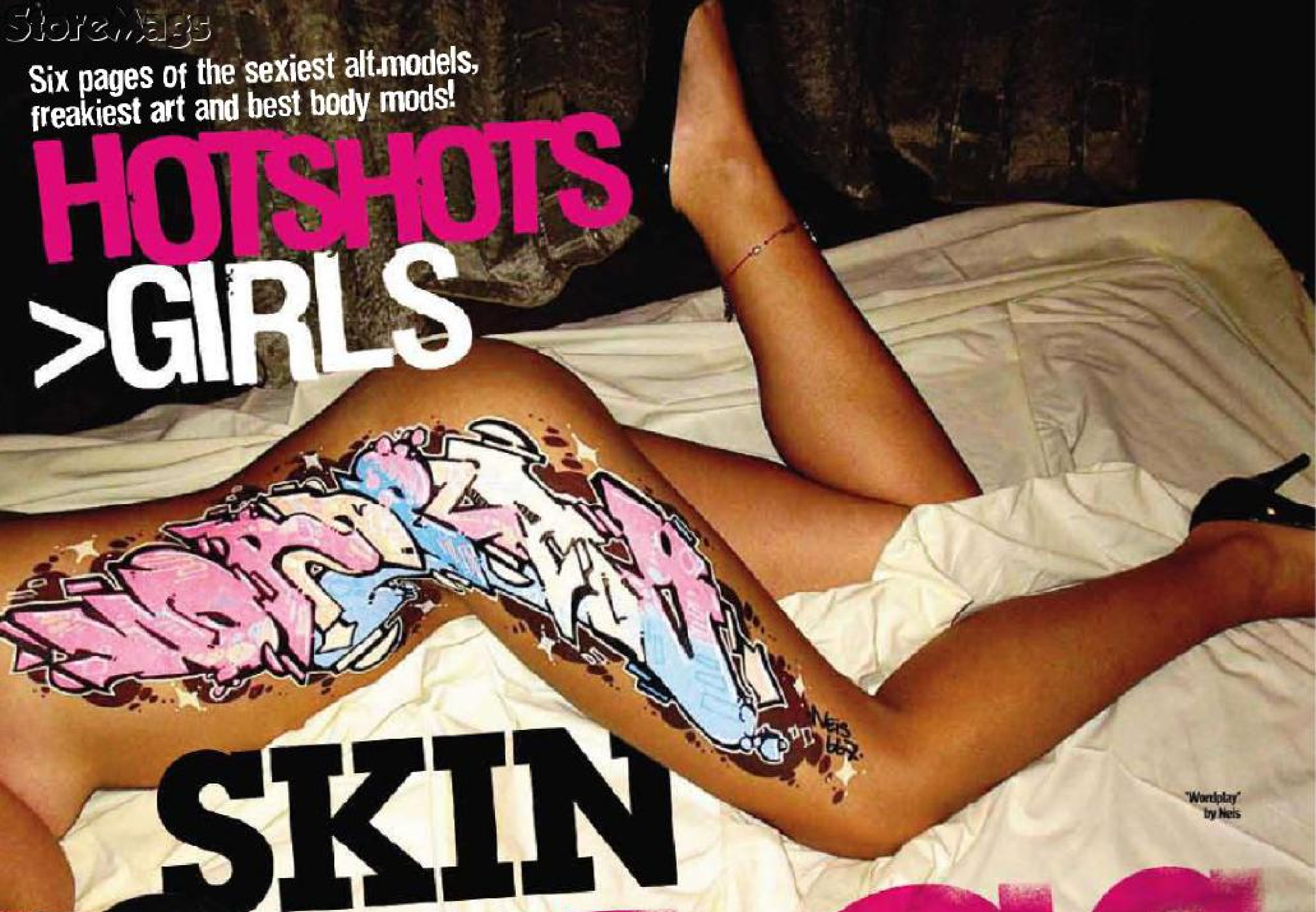
13 Your real name is Deborah Dyer, so you share your surname with Kieron Dyer, the West Ham footballer who features on an amateur sex tape made on a lads' holiday in Ayia Napa in 2000, and Danny Dyer, the rude-boy actor whose last film, *Basement*, was so bad that *he* didn't even show up for the premiere. Which one would you rather spend an evening with?
I used to pretend Kieron Dyer was my cousin when he played for England! I'll take Danny though, as the lesser of the two evils. You might actually be able to have a laugh and a conversation with him before he became distracted by a blonde bimbo he wanted to "fakin' shaaaagg!"



Skunk Anansie's latest album, *Wonderlustre*, is out now. The band tour Europe in February.
Skunkanansie.net
Skinmusic.net

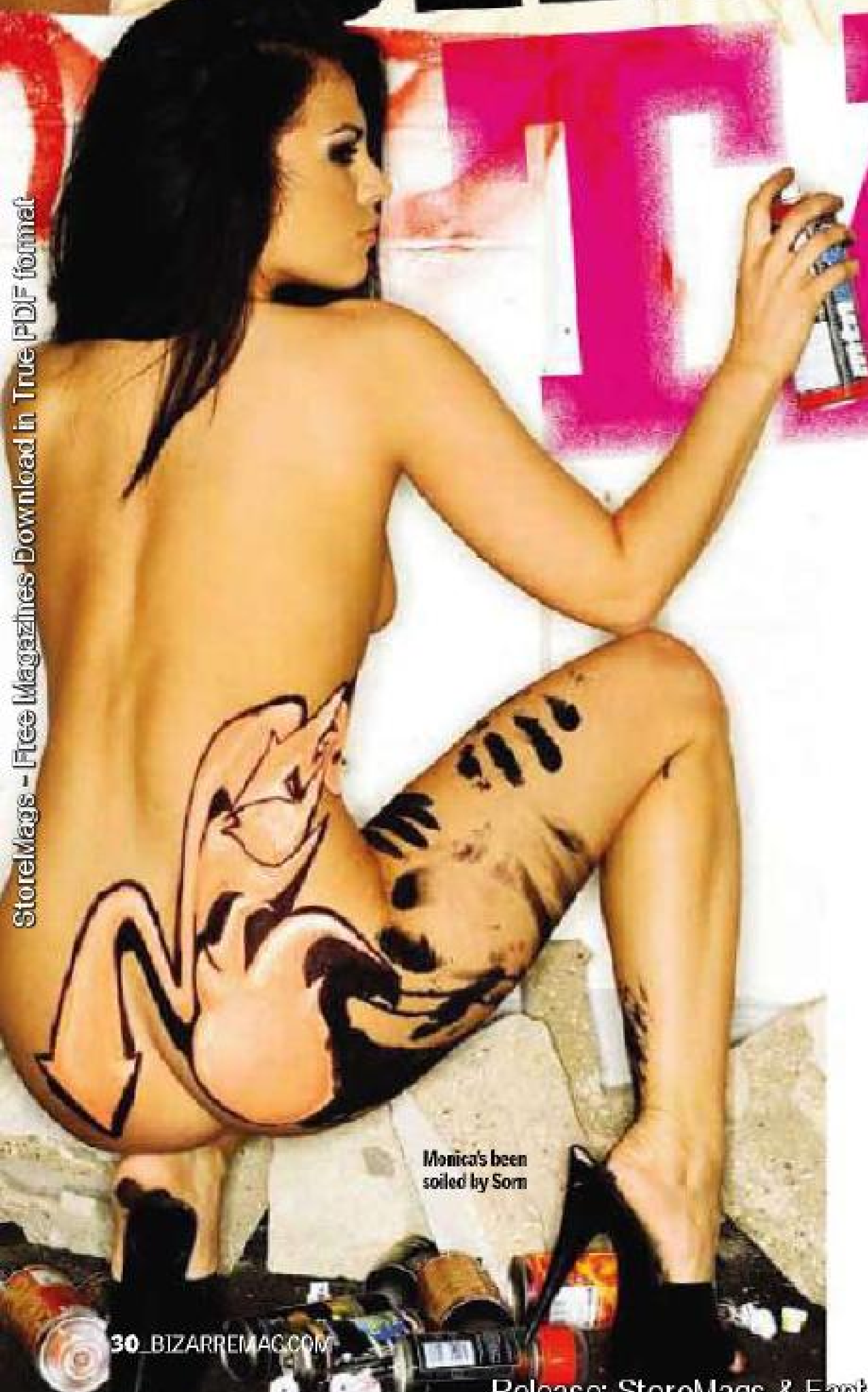
Six pages of the sexiest alt.models, freakiest art and best body mods!

HOTSHOTS >GIRLS



"Wordplay" by Neis

SKIN TAGS



Monica's been soiled by Sorn

Graffiti, fitties and titties!

Here's a new way to brush up against a sexy siren: graffiti her naked body. Guaranteed to make you need a quick Banksy wanksy, these scorching images are taken from *Wordplay*, a magazine that showcases spray-painted lettering produced by illegal graff writers in the UK. *Wordplay*'s editor, Nev, started the mag as a fanzine six years ago.

"Graffiti in the United Kingdom gets cleaned away – or 'buffed' – so quickly that I decided some of it deserved to exist for a little longer," Nev says. "These pictures are from my 'Writers' Wives' section, in which I invite readers to draw all over their partners or hot female friends, then send me snaps. I've received submissions from all over the world. Shots that come from the USA tend to show glossy, airbrushed women who've been touched up with Photoshop until they look like goddesses, while British pics generally have more of a 'girl next door' feel. Personally, I prefer the 'real' ones."

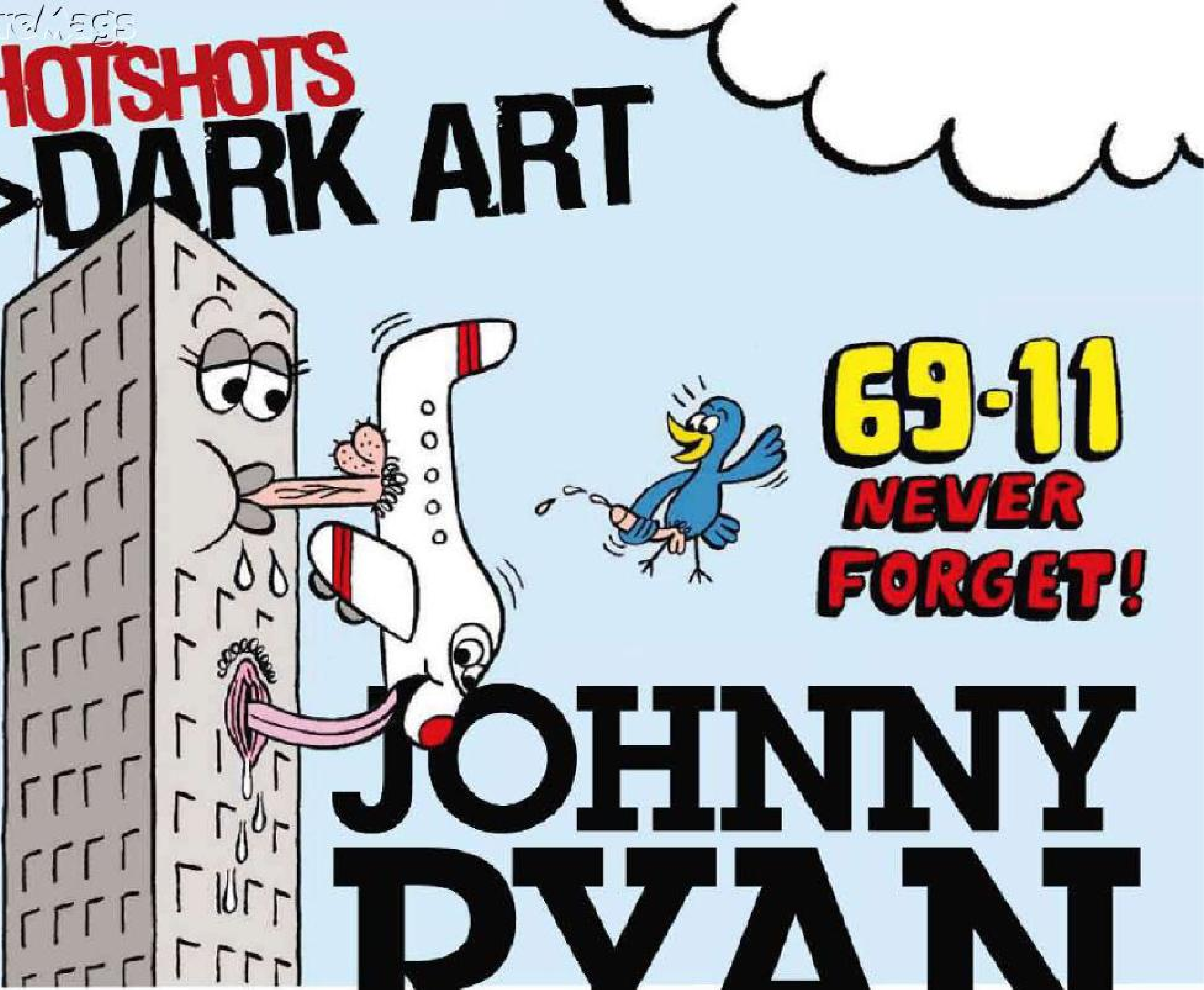
Want to experiment with scribbling on your lass or doodling on an Ultra Vixen? Nev recommends using chalk-based inks similar to the ones used on pub blackboards, and reckons POSCA brand markers are easiest to handle. But any water- or chalk-based paint will work, and it doesn't matter whether you apply it straight from the pen or use a brush. If you need inspiration to help develop a lettering style, Nev suggests checking out three key artists: Skore, a Londoner who's been graffing since 1984; Newcastle's Inch; and Diner from Peterborough. Nev also rates INKFETISH (see p36), who we featured in 'Dark Art' in the last issue, saying, "He's a rarity in the graffiti world, in that you couldn't mistake his work for anyone else's."

But he hadn't come across Dickchicken, the joker we mentioned in *Bizarre 169*, whose logo is a plucked hen with a penis where its head should be. "I Googled his name," Nev frowns, "and found out that 'Dickchicken' is also slang for a lady with an immensely loose vagina."

Wordplaymagazine.com

UNEK has sprayed all over Angie

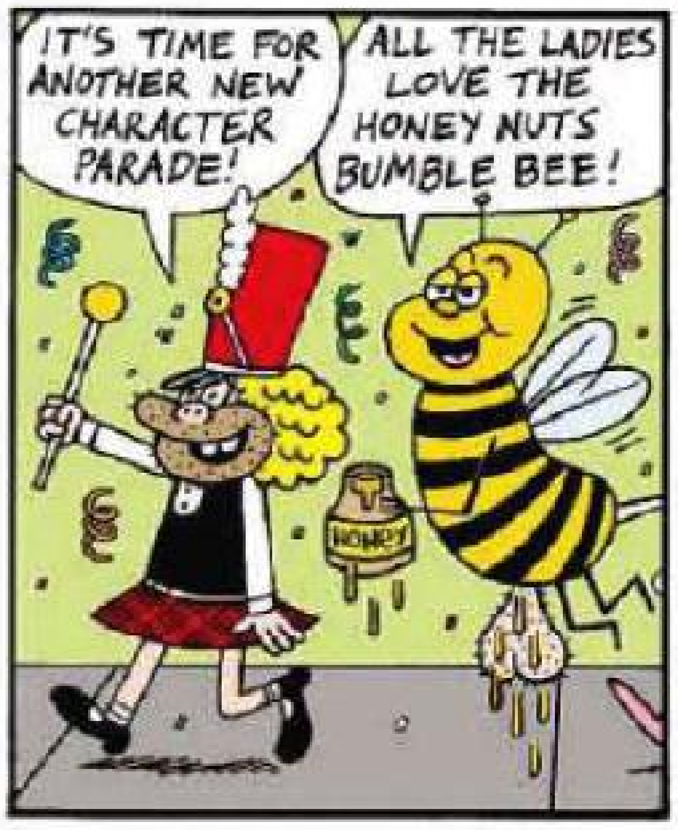
>DARK ART



JOHNNY RYAN

Draws cartoons more sick than a legless donkey with cancer, leprosy and AIDS

Johnny Ryan's cartoons feature bestiality, abortion, trampled babies, paedophilia, 9/11, alien fucking, rapist detectives, and grotesque bearded girls who feed live birds to gigantic anthropomorphic cockroaches that live in their gussets. It seems nothing is too shocking, perverse, abhorrent, politically incorrect or just plain weird for him to draw. The guy's fearless. I became aware of him when genre-defining Lowbrow painter Robert Williams told me that he was an artist to watch; but watch him at your own risk, because this guy can, and will, offend you.


IT'S TIME FOR ANOTHER NEW CHARACTER PARADE!
ALL THE LADIES LOVE THE HONEY NUTS BUMBLE BEE!
HONEY

BOB SELF

Bizarre's Dark Art writer, Bob Self, is president of lowbrow art publishers Baby Tattoo. See more at Babytattoo.com and follow him on Twitter @MrBabyTattoo

Known for his cartoon volume *The Comic Book Holocaust*, the comicbook series *Angry Youth Comix* and his strips in *VICE* magazine, the 39-year-old Los Angeles resident has also provided illustrations for *National Geographic Kids* and *Nickelodeon* magazines, although the drawings he did for them don't include ghosts trying to eat melted dildos or people's faces being turned into anuses.

Johnny rotten

When I met Johnny, I saw a well-mannered, clean-cut, Clark-Kent-type of guy. I never would've suspected he was the architect of a world filled with dripping, gloopy genitalia and kids hacking each other with axes.

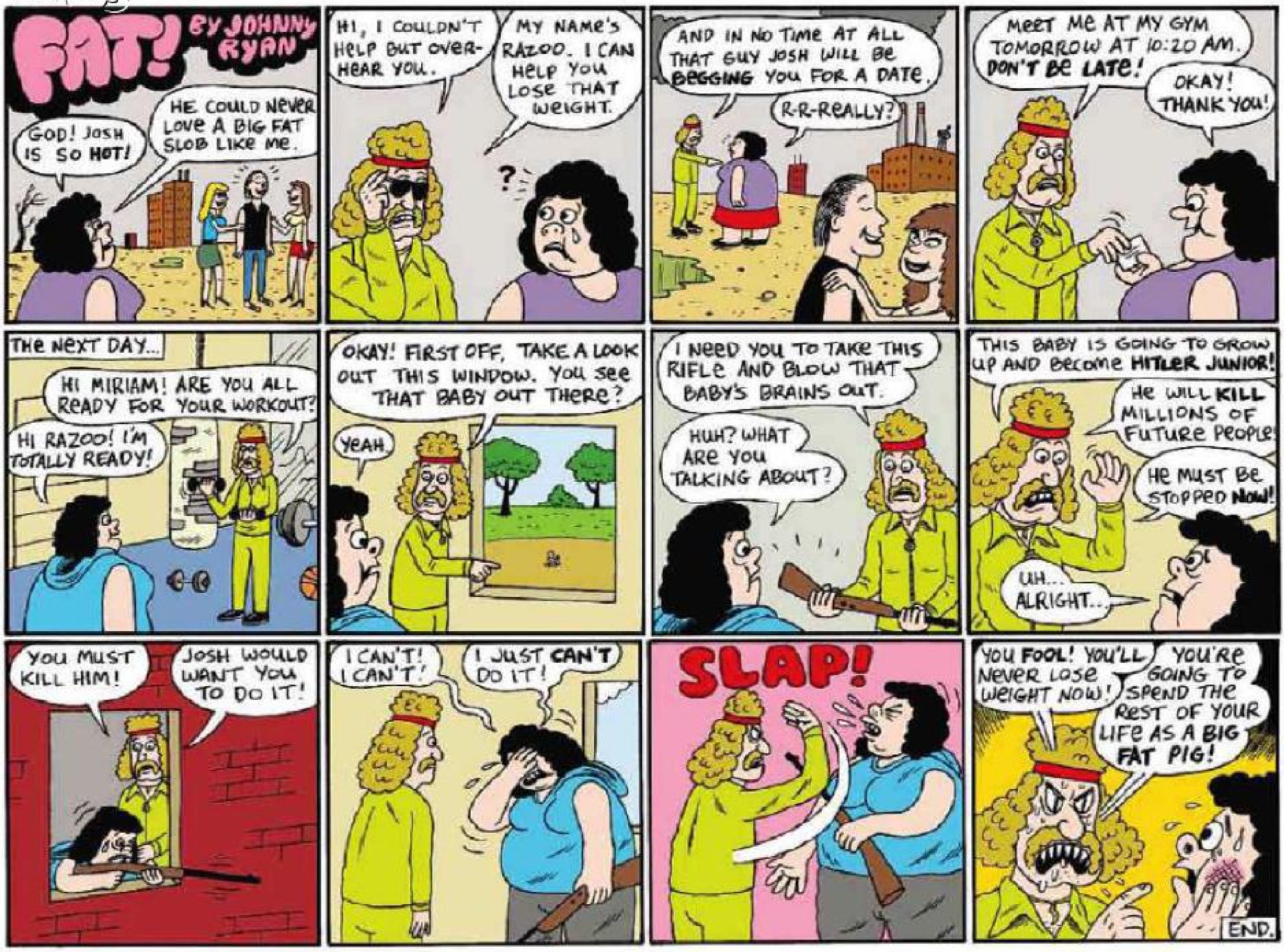
"Based on the work I do, people think I must be a raving maniac or a serial killer," Johnny explains.

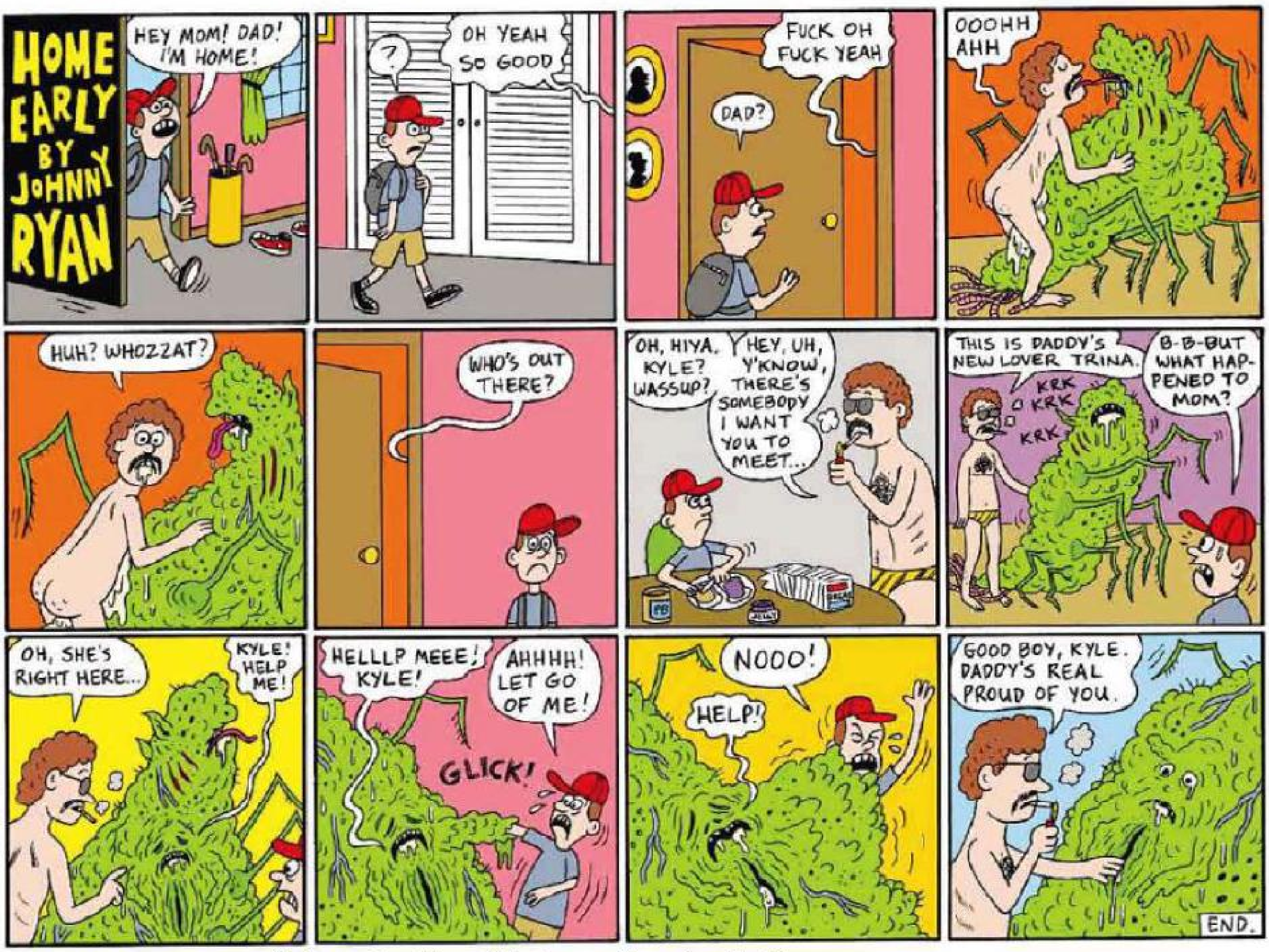
But he *loves* to shock: "Creating provocative images is fun. In a strange way, it excites me to know that people are going to be totally fucking pissed off when they see some of my creations. When I sit down to draw, my mind goes straight to the most horrible ideas possible, and it's become second nature to think like that."

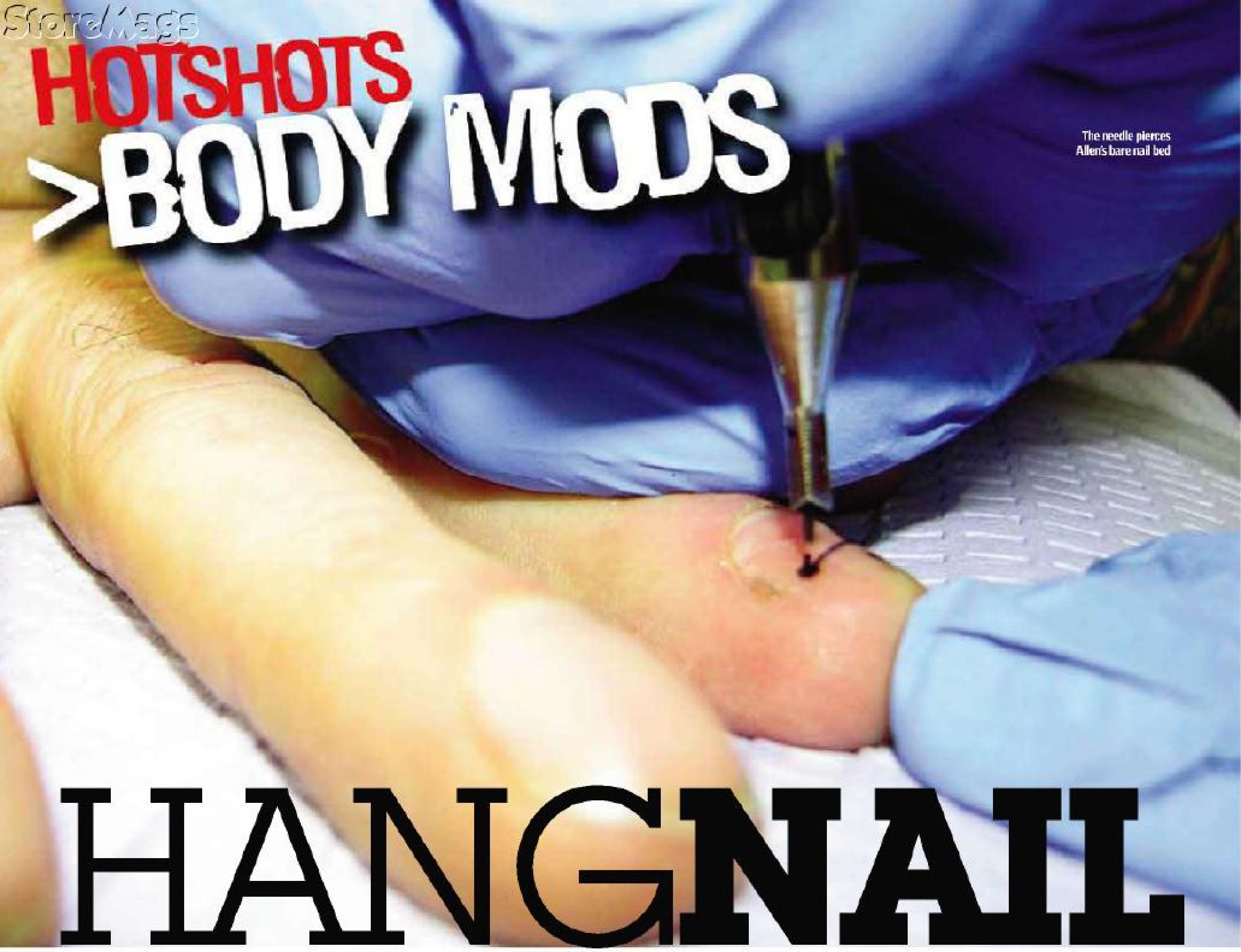
But even though Johnny's drawings make some gag and gasp, he's really just after laughs, and nothing tickles him more than the first half of Stanley Kubrick's *Full Metal Jacket*. "The part where the commanding officer is berating soldiers in creative ways for a full 45 minutes is the greatest comedy moment of all time," he muses. And what pisses him off? "I don't really get pissed off. It's more fun to make other people mad. But perhaps I get mad when other people aren't mad."

Johnnyryan.com

> *"When people see my work they think I must be a raving maniac"*


FAT! BY JOHNNY RYAN
GOD! JOSH IS SO HOT!
HE COULD NEVER LOVE A BIG FAT SLOB LIKE ME.
HI, I COULDN'T HELP BUT OVERHEAR YOU.
MY NAME'S RAZOO. I CAN HELP YOU LOSE THAT WEIGHT.
?
AND IN NO TIME AT ALL THAT GUY JOSH WILL BE BEGGING YOU FOR A DATE.
R-R-REALLY?
MEET ME AT MY GYM TOMORROW AT 10:20 AM. DON'T BE LATE!
OKAY! THANK YOU!
THE NEXT DAY...
HI MIRIAM! ARE YOU ALL READY FOR YOUR WORKOUT?
HI RAZOO! I'M TOTALLY READY!
OKAY! FIRST OFF, TAKE A LOOK OUT THIS WINDOW. YOU SEE THAT BABY OUT THERE?
YEAH.
I NEED YOU TO TAKE THIS RIFLE AND BLOW THAT BABY'S BRAINS OUT.
HUH? WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT?
THIS BABY IS GOING TO GROW UP AND BECOME HITLER JUNIOR!
HE WILL KILL MILLIONS OF FUTURE PEOPLE!
HE MUST BE STOPPED NOW!
UH... ALRIGHT...
YOU MUST KILL HIM!
JOSH WOULD WANT YOU TO DO IT!
I CAN'T! I CAN'T!
I JUST CAN'T DO IT!
SLAP!
YOU FOOL! YOU'LL NEVER LOSE WEIGHT NOW!
YOU'RE GOING TO SPEND THE REST OF YOUR LIFE AS A BIG FAT PIG!
END.


HOME EARLY BY JOHNNY RYAN
HEY MOM! DAD! I'M HOME!
?
OH YEAH SO GOOD
FUCK OH FUCK YEAH
DAD?
OOOHH AHH
HUH? WHOZZAT?
WHO'S OUT THERE?
OH, HIYA, KYLE? WASSUP?
HEY, UH, Y'KNOW, THERE'S SOMEBODY I WANT YOU TO MEET...
THIS IS DADDY'S NEW LOVER TRINA.
KRK KRK KRK
B-B-BUT WHAT HAPPENED TO MOM?
OH, SHE'S RIGHT HERE...
KYLE! HELP ME!
HELLLP MEEE! KYLE!
AHHHH! LET GO OF ME!
GLICK!
NOOO!
HELP!
GOOD BOY, KYLE. DADDY'S REAL PROUD OF YOU.
END.



The needle pierces Allen's bare nail bed

HANGNAIL

Allen 'Father Of Suspension' Falkner gets a hook tattooed… on his nail bed. Ow-eeeee!

Allen Falkner is more hooked on hooks than Abu Hamza and Peter Pan's nemesis combined. Known by body modders as the 'Father Of Suspension', he's arguably the most experienced suspension artist in the western world, and revered among the "hooker community", as he affectionately calls fellow fans of suspending and flesh-pulling. His latest tattoo pays homage to his passion – it's a miniscule black hook, measuring only about 1cm across, but inked in one of the most painful places imaginable: on the bare skin underneath his fingernail.

Allen tells us that he decided to get inked in this normally inaccessible place after an accident at a gig in September. He fell into the stage and put his left hand out to steady himself on one of the band's monitors, but something sharp was sticking up from it, and it sliced underneath the nail of his wedding-ring finger.

"When I pulled my hand back, my finger was covered in blood, and the nail was hanging loosely from the nail bed. It hurt like crazy!" Allen grimaces. "I kept fiddling with it as the night went on, and decided to pull the whole thing off. This was a mistake, because it turned out that the wet, ripped-up nail bed was even more agonising without the damaged nail flapping over it – totally open to the air, it felt like one giant exposed nerve. Seeing as I'd already gone through so much suffering, I decided to make something decorative out of my pain."

NO MORE NAILS

It took over a month for Allen's nail bed to heal over, leaving a smooth, inkable surface. Then Allen used a file to even out the skin, because it'd become hard and calloused.

Allen asked Mike Tidwell of Hold Fast Tattoos in Dallas, Texas, to do the tattooing. Mike has 13 years' experience, but says the nail bed was the "strangest place" he'd ever inked – though it wasn't difficult to do.

> "Open to the air, my nail bed felt like a giant exposed nerve"

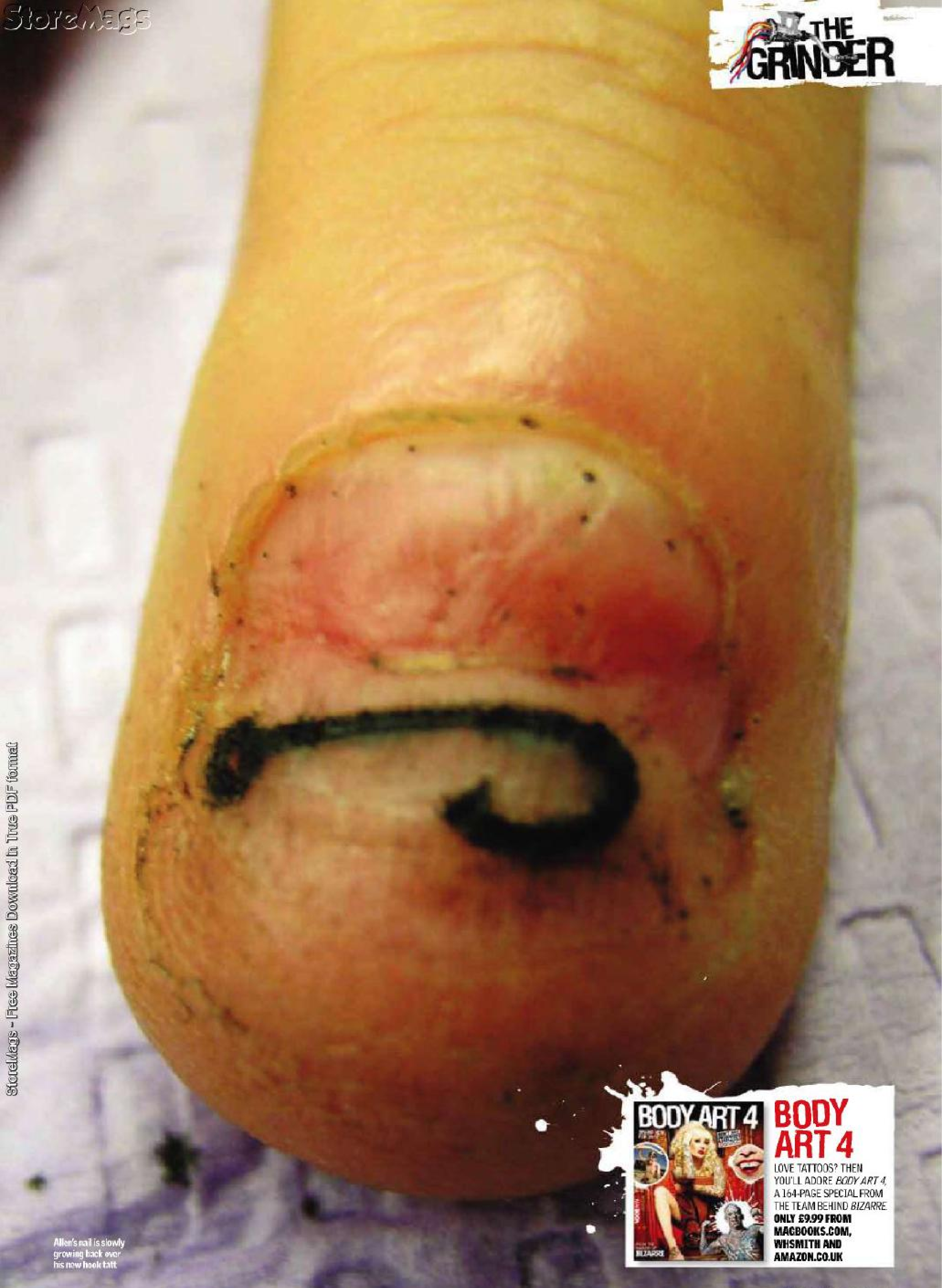
"Although I was tattooing the hook on to an exceedingly small spot of skin, the design was simple – just a single line without any detail – so it wasn't that challenging to complete," Mike explains. "That said, I was worried that Allen would flinch and jar the tattoo machine, but he somehow managed to hold still and not jump during the entire process, despite describing it as feeling like I was 'drilling through his bone'. The last time I saw the tatt, it looked like it might need a touch-up. I can't imagine Allen's looking forward to it!"

Allen agrees it wasn't a pleasurable inking session. "The pain was incomparable to anything I've ever felt," he says. "At the moment, the nail has grown back about halfway, and is just about to start covering the tattoo, so we'll see how it finishes up. Sadly, I don't have high hopes that it'll look great as it was just an experiment, but I'll check in with *Bizarre* to show you guys how it looks in a few months."

Make sure you do that, Allen. We're nail-bitingly excited to see how it finally turns out…

Visit Allenfalkner.com and Suspension.org
See more of Mike's brilliant work at Myspace.com/holdfasttattoos

Hard as nails: Allen gets inked



Allen's nail is slowly growing back over his new hook tatt

BODY ART 4

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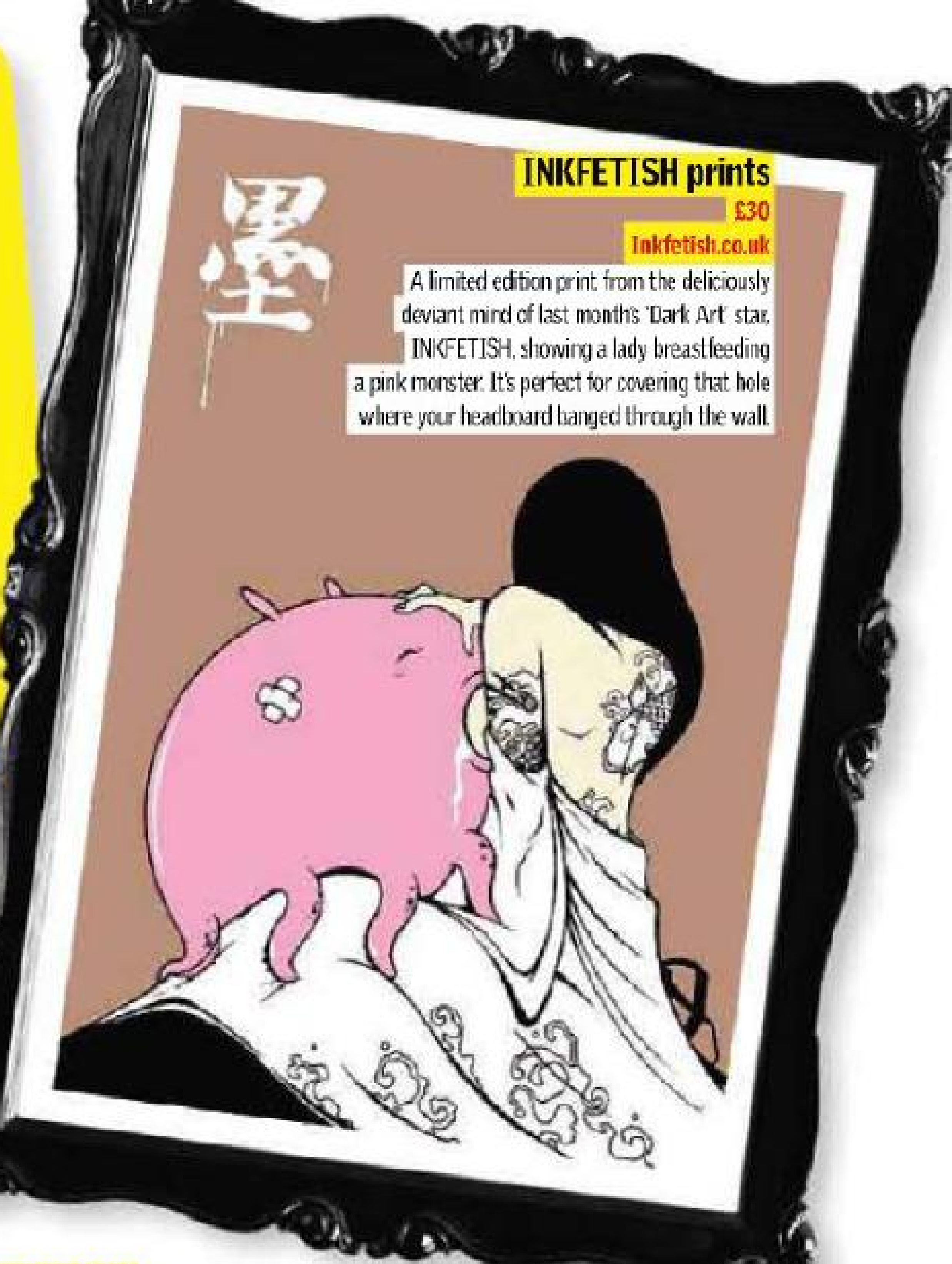

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Inkfetish.co.uk

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Asylum strait jacket and zippered mask
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Sexy, loony-bin-themed garms for those who love restriction, sensory deprivation, and psychotic role-play. Wear while singing, 'Tie me wangeroo down. Spurt!'

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Necronomicox.com

Handmade couture, horror-inspired dildos from sincredible smut company Necronomicox. This tentacle-covered Mythos model is available in a huge combo of colours including Burster Red, Egg Sack Brown, Wolf Eye Yellow and Jack-O-Lantern Orange. The Chatan squid butt plug will be available soon, and a matching ball gag is in the works... Yummy!

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For your sausage fingers.

You will die alone and poorly dressed.

Misfortune cookies

$9.99 (£6.20) for ten

Thinkgeek.com

Evil Chinese-style crackers proclaiming portents of doom. But how much will you weigh if you eat a whole box of 'em? Wonton!

Zombie animal ties & stickers

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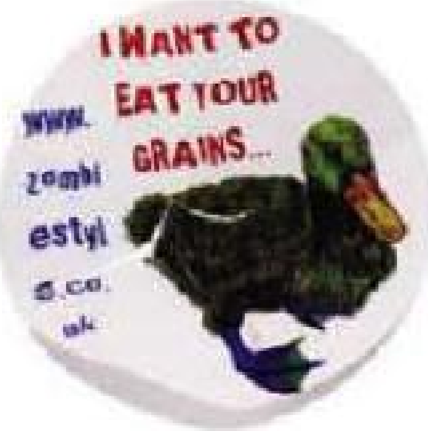
Zombiestyle.co.uk

If you have to wear a tie to work, at least make it one covered in undead gorillas or parrots, topped with a sticker of a zombie duck quacking, "I want to eat your grains."



Spazzstick caffeinated lipbalm

$2.99 (£1.85)

Thinkgeek.com

An arf-inducingly-named caffeine-enriched salve that gives you a buzz while it moisturises your chops. It's not for use on downstairs lady-lips, unless you want your vag to develop an addiction to flap-accinos.

SpazzStick

S.P.U.N.K.
B.R.E.A.T.H.

*FOR LEGAL REASONS, WE'RE OBLIGED TO POINT OUT THAT THAT'S NOT REAL SPUNK IN THE LOVELY CERVENÁ FOX'S MOUTH. THANK YOU

Spunk breath scrabble necklace

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Pearl necklaces? Pah! Be more articulate about ejaculate, like UltraVixen Cervená Fox*. Choose another phrase if jizz ain't your beverage of choice

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WIN!

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USE THIS SPACE TO DRAW THE SYMPTOMS OF A FANTASY DISEASE.

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YOURBIZARRE IN THE MAG…

40 Junk Mail
YOUR letters, pictures and ranting!

43 Proud To Be Different
YOUR stories and campaign updates!

44 Parties
This month's weird outing is the Bizarre Ball London! Were you there?

48 Your Body Art
Readers' ink'n'iron!

50 Readers' Art
YOUR twisted creations!

52 Ultra Vixens
Vote for **YOUR** favourite *Bizarre* finalist in the Ultra Vixens 2010 vote-off! Who'll win? You decide!

Ultra Vixens

Parties

Your Body Art

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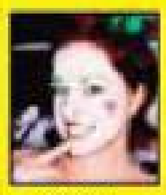
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TEXT 82189* STARTING YOUR MESSAGE **BIZ LETTER**

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Attention!

Each month, one of Bizarre's best friends pops onto YourBizarre to chat to all you freaks and geeks. For the latest updates on who's in the hot-seat this month, head to **Bizarremag.com**

Here are some of the stars who've already appeared in the YourBizarre chatroom for your entertainment…

April Flores!

Phil Kyle!

Masuimi Max!

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EDITED BY AUNTIE DEN
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Sailorjerry rum.com

Dumpstar!

WELL DONE! YOU WIN THE BOOZE!

THEATRE OF PAIN… AND PLEASURE

Here's a pic of my girlfriend Heather and me taken at the photo booth at the London Bizarre Ball. We had such a brilliant time and we're massive fans of the mag. It would really put a smile on our faces to see this pic in the a future issue.

Ralph Barker, Weybridge

Auntie Den says: What a delightful couple you make. Have a bottle of booze! Going near that medical photobooth brought on bad memories. Back in the old days, when I was a young lady, smear tests were done using a car jack and a pipe cleaner. Gawd help us!

Ralph gets stuck into Heather

Gary Crispiker

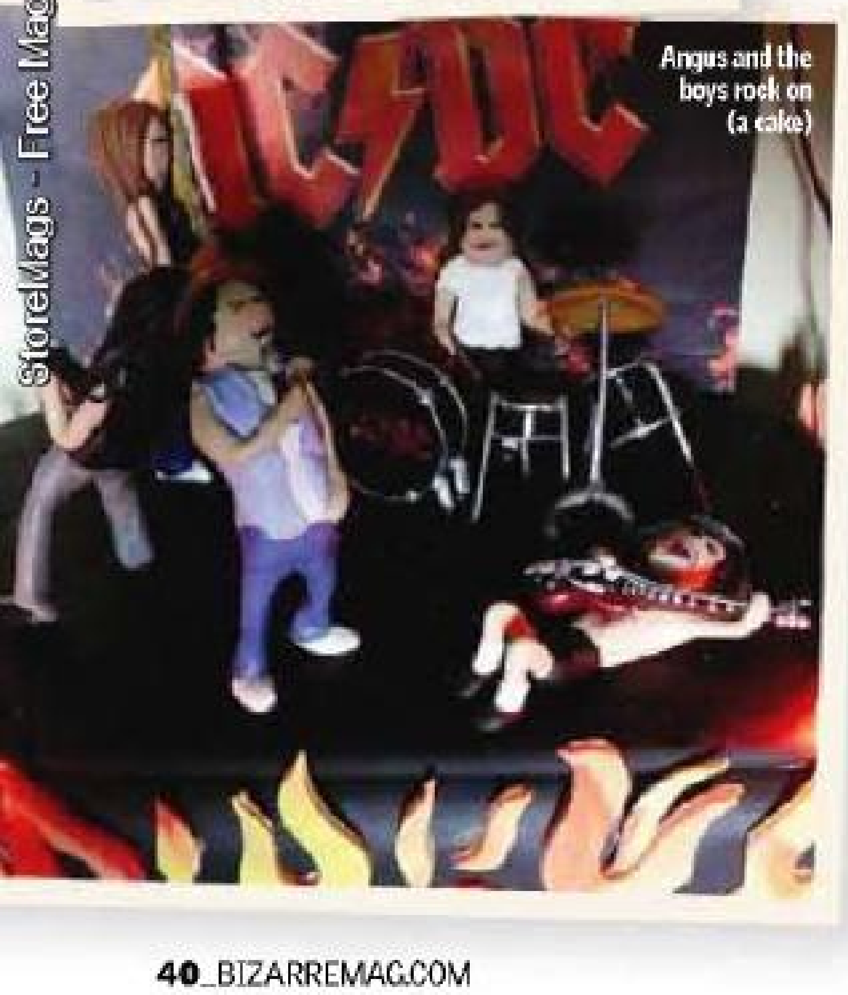
LET THERE BE CAKE

I won *Bizarre*'s competition to bag a copy of Lily Vanilli's grisly cookery book, *A Zombie Ate My Cupcake*. How did I get ahead of other budding bakers? By sending in a pic of an anatomical heart cake! Here's my latest creation; an AC/DC cake (below)!

Becks, by email

P.S. I heart *Bizarre*.

Becks with her new book, and some condoms



Angus and the boys rock on (a cake)

BIG EARS ON EBAY

I've just found a listing on eBay, and it's one of the best ones I've ever seen. The description says it's a "crisp replica of Gary Lineker's right ear" (above). Apparently, the seller pulled the crisp out of the packet just like this. It's uncanny. It's everyone's chance to grab a piece of sporting history. Best regards,

The Pigghammer, by email

FREAKY FINGER

I was working on a landscaping job a while back, and a finger on my left hand got crushed in the tailgate of a dumper truck. Two pins were inserted and removed during my treatment, and I had a few stitches. Now, my finger wouldn't look out of place as a freak show attraction (see below). However, it's helped me score some interesting billiards shots, and it's useful for skewering grapes. And, of course, the ladies go nuts over it. I've accepted the fact that I'll no longer be able to have a functioning index finger, so I'm not ashamed of people knowing about it.

Dave Kolenski

Auntie Den says: I don't doubt the ladies love it – it's got more bends than a Grand Prix circuit!

Mmmmm, finger-poking good!

LIKE MOTHER, LIKE DAUGHTER

I wanted to write in and celebrate my mum getting her first tattoo on her 60th birthday. What a rebel!

She chose a complimentary, though much smaller, version of my 'Mum' tattoo, and we went to Luci at Magnum Opus in Brighton, who did my

Gem's tatt (right) and her mum's matching ink

original design (above). Now, when she's asked what she got for her birthday, she says, "Slippers, my free bus pass – and some ink!"

Gem Von G, YourBizarre

THE ONE THAT GOT AWAY

I was so excited when I won a competition to go to the Manchester Bizarre Ball and represent the Ultra Vixens, as I'd never had the chance to do anything like it before. I left London and, after delays, made it to Coventry to catch a National Express coach, but hit major traffic congestion after a nasty accident blocked the M6. I was gutted to miss the Ultra Vixen group shot, which was printed in *Bizarre 170*, but I had a great time despite the epic journey!

Alexa Star, by email

Auntie Den says: Alexa Star, we're glad you made it, and you looked pretty darn amazing! Here's a pretty picture of you getting mouthy in a chainsaw massacre scene, by Photobooth-out-of-order.com (below).

Alexa Star (left) with MollieHellCat and Gypsy Rhodes

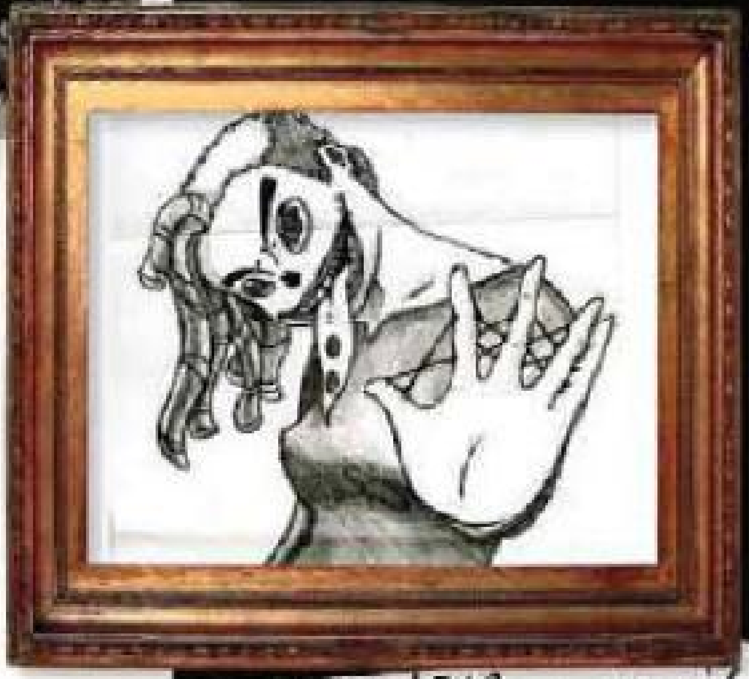
PHOTO: PHOTOBOOTH-OUT-OF-ORDER.COM

BUY CURIOUS

Everyone's a winner...

... well, not really!

In *Bizarre 169*, we asked you to design a fantasy body modification. Here are the sick ones that caught our bionic eye...

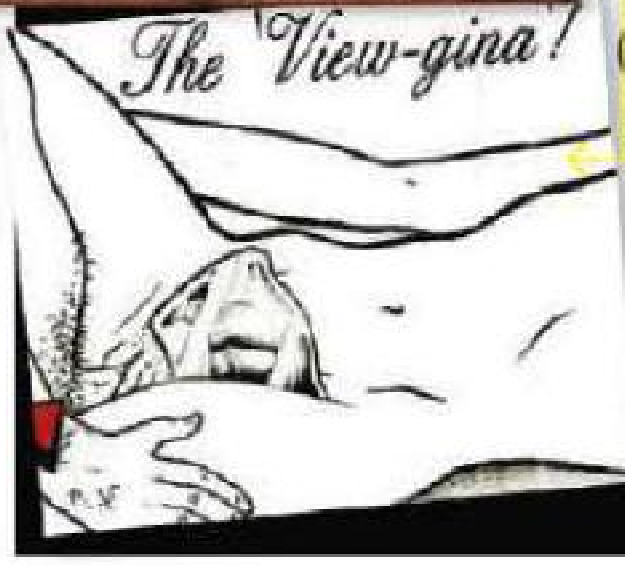


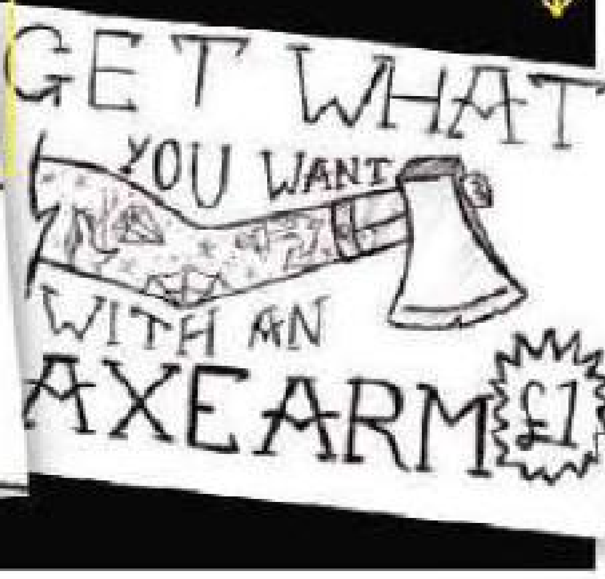
WINNER!

Jem Bannister, Wrexham, stormed out in front with a web-fingered chick missing a nose

RUNNERS-UP

Pipped at the post, **Quoz, Sheffield** (View-gina) and **Oliver Bach, Colchester** (Axe Arm). Take a deep breath and go to **p36** to see what we want you to draw this month!



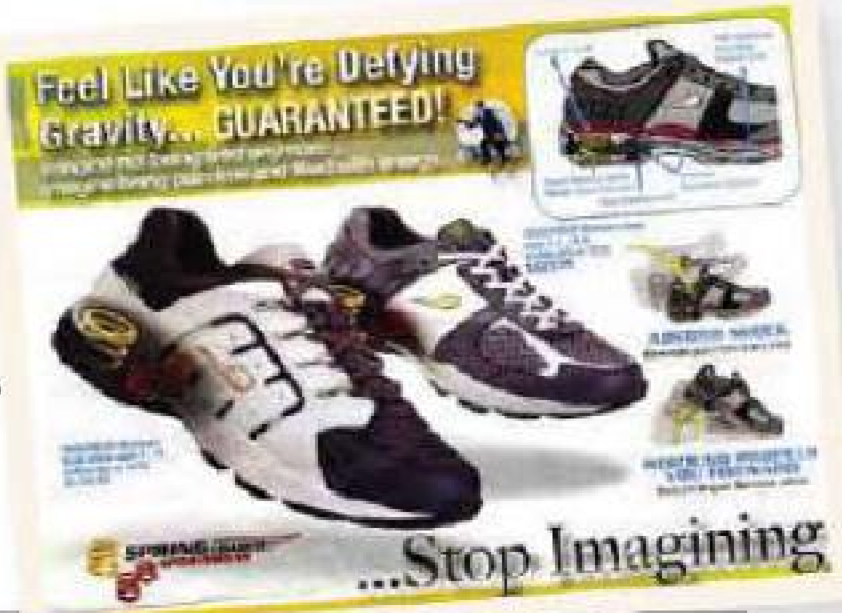


SEMEN STAINS?

Is it me or do these trainers (right) have little sperm designs on the side of them? I've heard of footwear putting a spring in your step, but man sauce?

Lord Hampton Wick, Denley Manor, Hamptonshire

Auntie Den says: Judging by the bastardisation of our language, and the reference to the overweight, I'm guessing this is some stupid yank product designed to con the daft out of their dollars. The little wrigglers redeem it, though. Seen a weird and wonderful product ad? Send it in for me to mock! →



twitter

Your sweet tweets...

I've been ill this week, but I loved being an Ultra Vixen at the Bizarre Ball!
@AlcahanaPetal

Help me find a celeb that'll tweet my YouTube, and I'll ink their face on me.
@Chrisoffmyspace

A big "well done" for launching Savage Hearts on an alternative-only network!
@LaurenBarnesWLD

We love you, we thank you, we praise you. Absolutely amazing London Ball! Now we want more!
@ShellydInferno

My friend's birthday is on New Year's Eve, and I want to get her a *Human Centipede*-related gift. I need your warped ideas, please!
@Michaela3577

I love John Walters for having a book called *Teen Girls Assaulted By Animals* on his book shelf, in the photoshoot featured in *Bizarre 170*...
@simon_price01

I can't help but laugh at the video *Bizarre* tweeted about the man forced to eat his own beard!
@miss_jennjenn

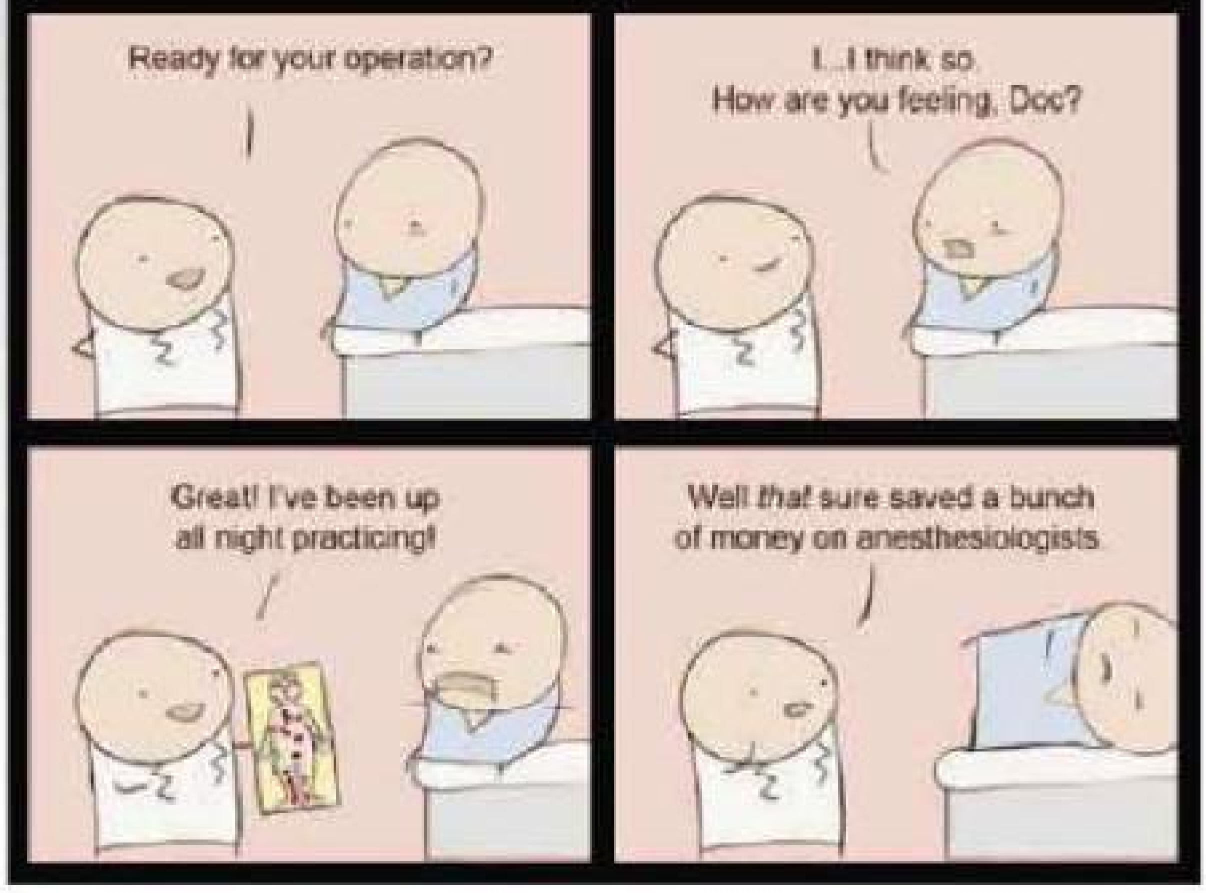
I spot a picture of a Scalie, on Bizarremag.com, from the London Ball!
@purrversioncat

The Warehouse

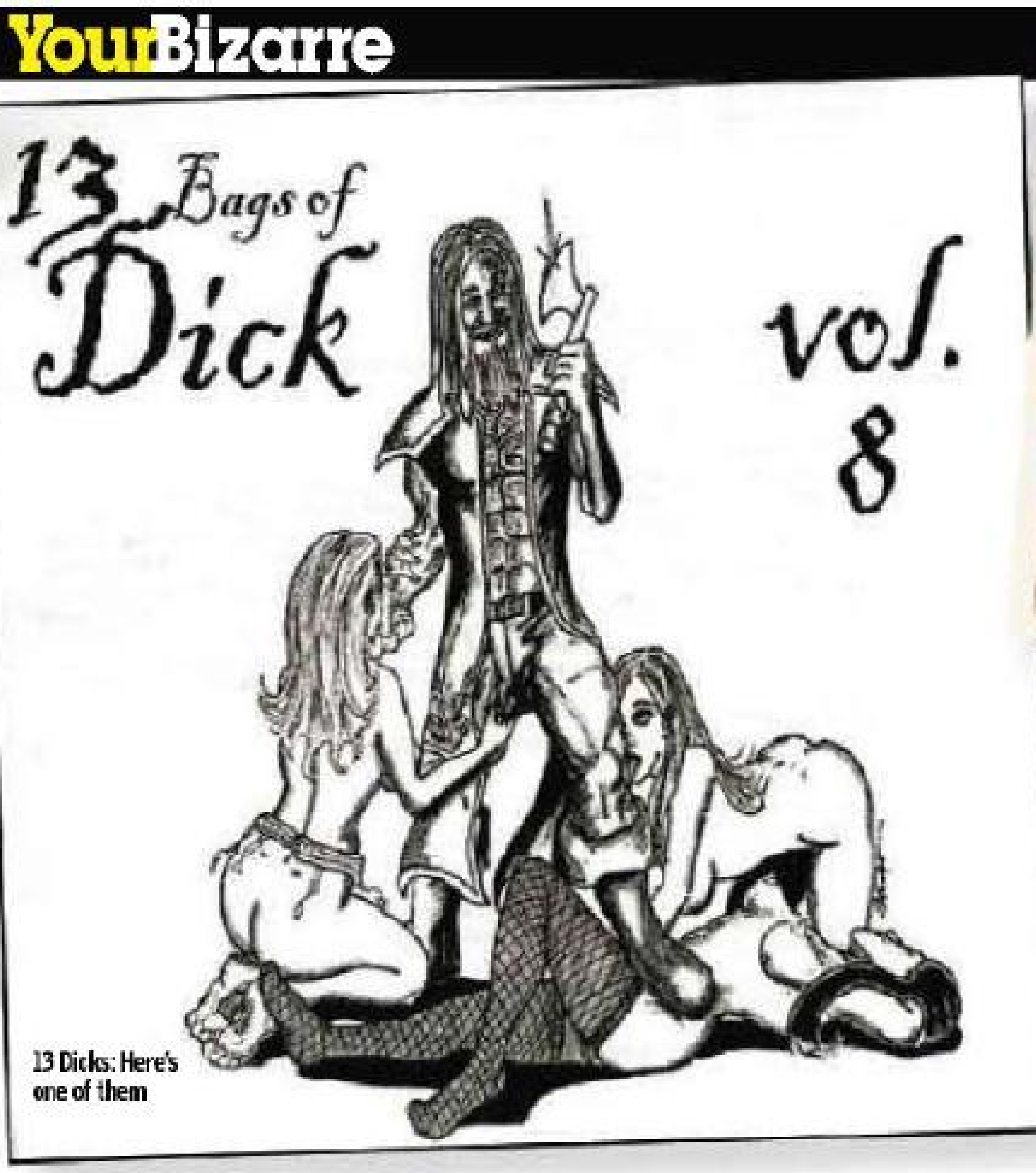
By Carl Huber

WAREHOUSECOMIC.COM

LIFE ISN'T A GAME… OR IS IT?



Ready for your operation?
I...I think so. How are you feeling, Doc?
Great! I've been up all night practicing!
Well *that* sure saved a bunch of money on anesthesiologists.



13 Dicks: Here's one of them

HARD TO HANDLE

Since most of the reading I do is in the can, *Bizarre* is 50 per cent of my monthly literary intake. Money is tight for a scum-fuck like me, so I've spent the last year hustling my friends and mooching off the system in order to afford your publication. I even recorded a song about these experiences with my band, 13 Bags Of Dick.

You've provided me with gorgeous women such as Stoya, Nina Kate and Belladonna, exquisite ink concepts, and the best in fringe culture. In return, I'm providing you with something truly bizarre – a copy of my band's CD (above). How many bags of dick can you handle?

Schmoog Lebowski, by email

Auntie Den says: You can listen to this ear-bleeding shite on YourBizarre, folks. Just search for the ridiculous name '13 Bags Of Dick'. By the way, my answer's "eight and a half with plenty of lube". Stick that up your pipes.

Text us

Send messages to 82189

I wear stockings and suspenders while torturing my cock and balls. I'm running out of ideas, though. Could anyone give me a hand or, better still, come and have a go? **Mark**

At last, free films worth seeing. I'll be coming to the next CUT! **Empress Martine Von Sado**

I have a smoking fetish, and would love to see a feature on this with girls smoking huge cigars! Could you make this happen? **Mike**

I'm looking to buy a new strap-on for my girl to use on me. I'm after seven inches, max. Can anyone recommend a good one?

While buying my fags and Red Bull, I clocked *Bizarre* in all its shiny greatness, sitting on the rack in Tesco – now that's special! I've never found any supermarket that sells *Bizarre* x

* EACH MESSAGE COSTS 25P PLUS STANDARD NETWORK RATE. FOR HELP/ENQUIRIES EMAIL MOBILE@DENNIS.CO.UK, OR WRITE TO MOBILE DEPARTMENT, DENNIS PUBLISHING, 30 CLEVELAND STREET, LONDON W1T 4JD

Stuart the stalker, but not in *that* way

PSYCHO KILLER

In *Bizarre 166*, you mentioned you don't get many pictures of your male readers, so I thought I'd send you this picture of me in my *S.T.A.L.K.E.R.* costume to even the balance. By *S.T.A.L.K.E.R.* I mean the series of games for the PC, in case you were worried. Auntie Den, I do hope you approve?

Stuart, Lincolnshire

Auntie Den says: You had me at 'Stalker'.

Overseas support for Sophie

SOPHIE SUPPORT!

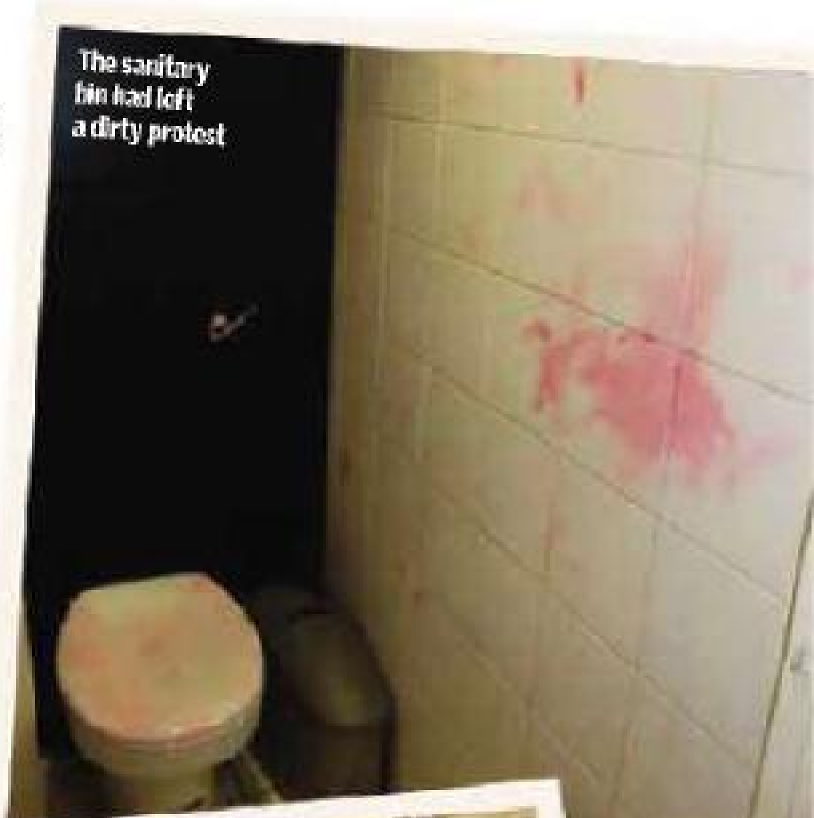
I'm involved with Agapao International, an organisation that works with young people and communities to develop skills through leadership and vocational training. The ethos is simple – learn a skill, use a skill, share a skill. The Sophie Lancaster Foundation is based in the Agapao Impact Centre in Rossendale, Lancashire, and Sylvia gave me a T-shirt to take on trip to Uganda in August. I gave it to a worker called Irene, who's wearing it in the picture. She works at one of the centres in Jinja, which is near the source of the Nile river. Is this the furthest a Sophie T-shirt has travelled?

Louise Chicot, by email

TOILET TIME!

I had a great time at the Bizarre Ball, but I know two people who had an even better one! I had to wait 10 minutes for a cubicle in the women's toilets to become free. There was one that'd been occupied for far too long, and whoever was inside was ignoring my frantic knocking on the door. When the door finally opened, out came a man painted in red and dressed as a devil, with a woman in a latex nurse outfit. They'd left red handprints and arseprints all over the wall, toilet seat, and door. The girl also left her knickers on the floor. There was a riding crop in there too, and, weirdly some little paw prints around the base of the toilet. They certainly painted the town red – well, the shitter at least.

Sharon McCombover III, by email



The sanitary bin had left a dirty protest

facebook

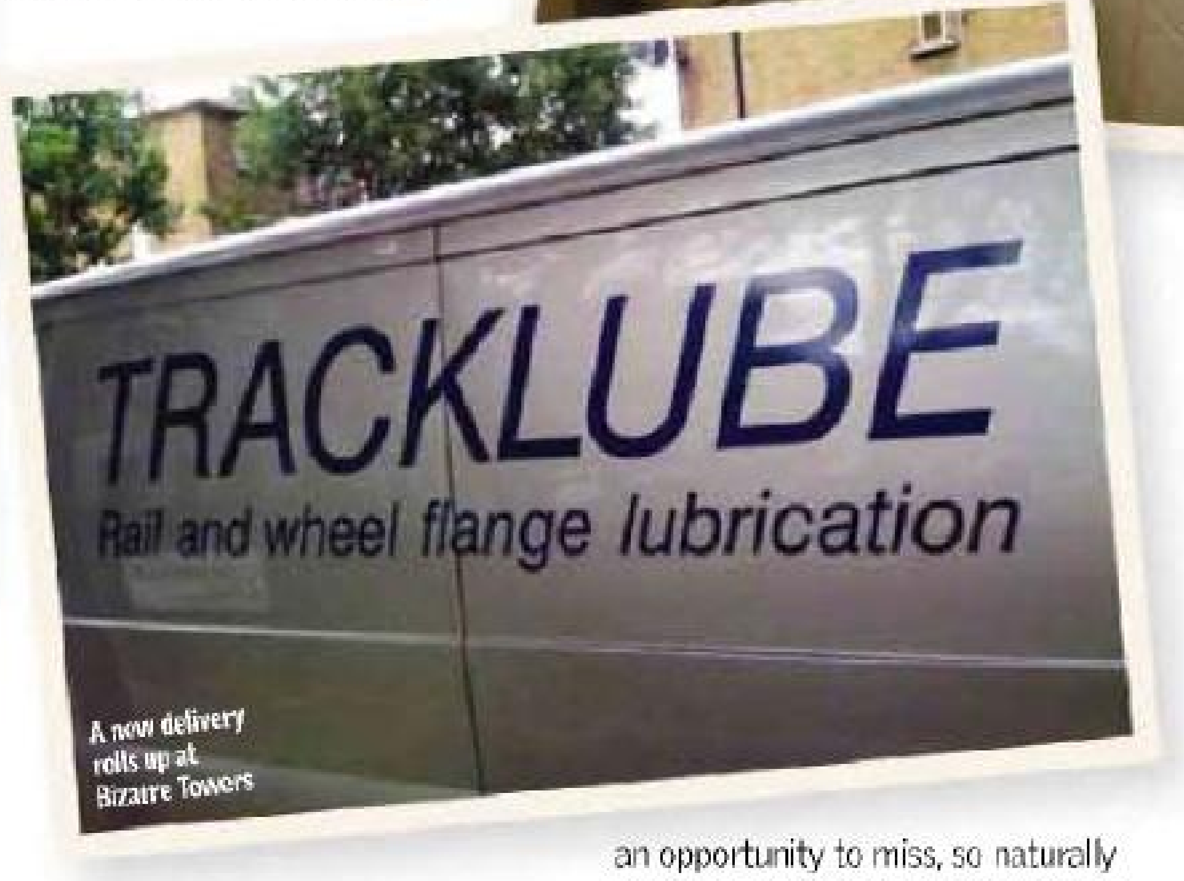
I've got wet panties thanks to those saucy snaps of Mosh (*Bizarre 170*). Thanks, *Bizarre*, now I can't stop rubbing my nips.
Jay Cooper

Bizarre is my bathroom reading material, so no more articles about parasites and stuff like that, please...
Schmoog Lebowski

The piece on Jason Rouse (*Bizarre 170*) was epic. He's one of the funniest guys I've seen.
Lee Dobby Campion

Nothing against latex and tattoos, but I'd love to see some great articles on music. How about The Cramps?
Simon Allan

Nice magazine
Fray Mark



A new delivery rolls up at Bizarre Towers

LUBE FAN MAN

I was walking down a road near my house when I spotted this van parked up (above). Seeing a vehicle with the words 'flange' and 'lubrication' splashed down the side was too good an opportunity to miss, so naturally I took a phone pic. The person who drives this van must be a laughing stock at every red light!

Mrs Fanny Wetter, Cockfosters

Auntie Den says: Do you drive a van with an embarassing logo? Send me a pic and you could win a prize!

Bizarre's Proud To Be Different campaign was launched in response to the death of Sophie Lancaster (right), the 21-year-old from Bacup, Lancashire, who was attacked for dressing as a goth. Contribute to our forum at Tinyurl.com/proudforum or write to us at the usual postal address (see p5). The forum is a safe place for readers to share experiences and offer support.

MAKE A DIFFERENCE The S.O.P.H.I.E. fund stands for Stamp Out Prejudice, Hatred and Intolerance Everywhere. It raises awareness of the injustice perpetrated against Sophie and works towards a more tolerant, less violent society. To make a donation, go to Sophielancasterfoundation.com

proud to be different BIZARRE

Sylvia Lancaster, Sophie's mum

SETTING THE RECORD STRAIGHT

Sylvia Lancaster hits back at Sophie book

WORDS **DENISE STANBOROUGH**

FOLLOWING OUR ARTICLE ON CATHERINE Smyth's book about Sophie Lancaster's murder, *Weirdo. Mosher. Freak.* (*Bizarre 170*), Sophie's mum, Sylvia, explains why she feels some aspects of the book are misleading.

❝ I was hoping to release my own book about Sophie, but Catherine got there first. While I always knew Catherine was writing it, and I understand that she's looking at things from her own perspective, I believe my own book would've provided a truer representation of events. It's been difficult to read Catherine's version of events as I feel that she doesn't know the full facts.

"Catherine mentions the 'brave young people' who gave Rob and Sophie first aid, but those people initially told the police they'd found Rob and Sophie just after they'd been attacked, yet they'd seen the violence against them. Any truths they told afterwards were too little, too late.

"*Dark Angel*, a film made by Illamasqua and Propaganda about the attack, is taken out of context in Catherine's book. I agree that it doesn't faithfully depict the attack, but it was never supposed to. It's an artistic interpretation of events used as an educational tool in schools, youth clubs and prisons.

"I'm asking anyone writing on this case to be constructive with their criticism. ❞

Newsflash!

Just before going to press, Catherine told us that the official complaint she made to the Information Commission, regarding discrepancies in the North West Ambulance service records she was provided with (see *Bizarre 170*), has been assigned for review. **What do you think?** Email your thoughts and opinions to AuntieDen@dennis.co.uk

SAMARITANS

Samaritans has become the official charity partner of Proud To Be Different!

HOW CAN YOU HELP? There are 201 branches of Samaritans in the UK and Republic of Ireland, and volunteers are contacted more than five million times a year by people in emotional distress. In order to maintain a 24-hour service for its callers, the charity needs to raise more than £10m every year. To make a donation to Samaritans call **08709 00 00 32** or visit ***Samaritans.org***

SHOW YOUR SUPPORT

BUY *BIZARRE'S* PROUD TO BE DIFFERENT BADGE AND HELP STAMP OUT PREJUDICE

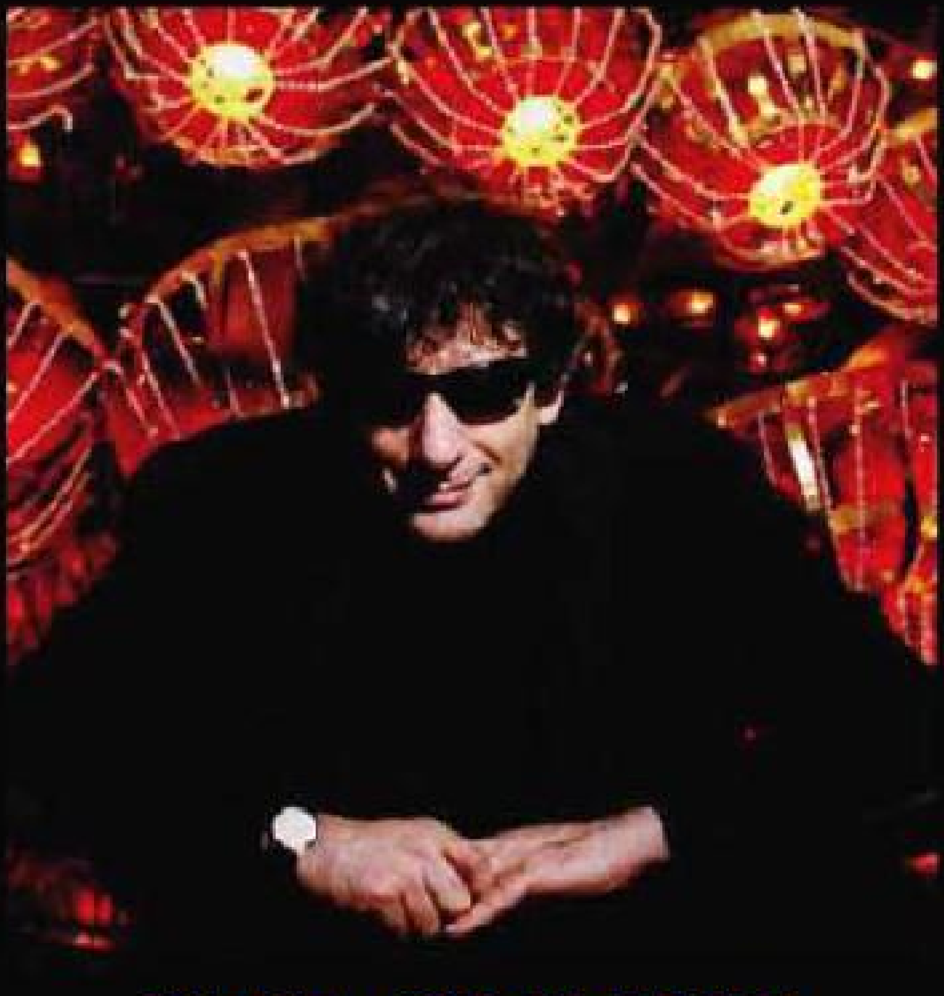
Buy yours for just £1 and pledge your allegiance to our Proud To Be Different cause. The profits from each badge will be donated to the S.O.P.H.I.E. charity, which is dedicated to working towards a more tolerant, less violent society.

To get yours, visit Backstreet-merch.com/stores/bizarremag

To find out more about the S.O.P.H.I.E. fund, check out Sophielancasterfoundation.com

NEXT MONTH!

BIZARRE 172
ON SALE
18 JANUARY


PICTURE: NEVILLE ELDER

NEIL GAIMAN!

AN **EXCLUSIVE** AUDIENCE WITH *BIZARRE*'S FAVOURITE WRITER AT A **NERDY CONVENTION TOTALLY DEVOTED TO HIS WORK!**

PICTURE: JOE PLUMMER

GEEK SPECIAL!

BIZARRE GOES UNDERCOVER AT A LIVE ACTION ROLE-PLAYING WEEKEND. **SEE US GETTING OUR ASSES KICKED!**

PLUS!

- *BIZARRE*'S **TOP 50 GEEKS**!
- AN EXCLUSIVE INTERVIEW WITH COMIC LEGEND **ALAN MOORE**!
- THE WORLD'S MOST **AMAZING PHOTOS**!
- *BIZARRE*'S **HOTTEST READERS** VAMPING IT UP FOR YOUR PLEASURE!

BIZARRE BALL LONDON

WORDS: **DENISE STANBOROUGH**
PHOTOS: **ANGELL, ESTER SEGARRA AND JOE PLIMMER**

DETAILS

VENUE: Scala, London
DATE: 20 November
WEBSITE: Bizarremag.com

DID *BIZARRE* COME UP WITH THE goods at our second winter ball of the year? Does a whore cough up hairballs every morning? Of course we bloody did!

Back in the capital, and with a line-up so deadly we should've provided witness protection, you couldn't move for slinky ladies, horror-hounds, fluff-ball furries and the mandatory lone male with his cock out.

The Circus Of Horrors and The Ghost Of Lemora got the party started on the Jägermeister stage, Damien S Fear wasted no time in snagging his elbows with hooks, and The Tiger Lillies and their rubber chickens serenaded us with falsetto warbling and creaky accordions. But it was The Damned who brought the house down, with lead guitarist Captain Sensible looking more like frock-loving potter Grayson Perry than a veteran punk.

Cover girls Nina Kate, Fae Raven, Viktoria, Scarlet Duggan, and latest recruit Alex Sim-Wise, mingled and got mangled, while the Ultra Vixens you voted to go to the Ball played doctors and nurses in the medical photo booth.

Bizarre's Dr Blackthorn surprised the crowd by proposing to his long-suffering wench, who surprised the crowd even more by saying 'Yes'! She must've been pounding the Jäger...

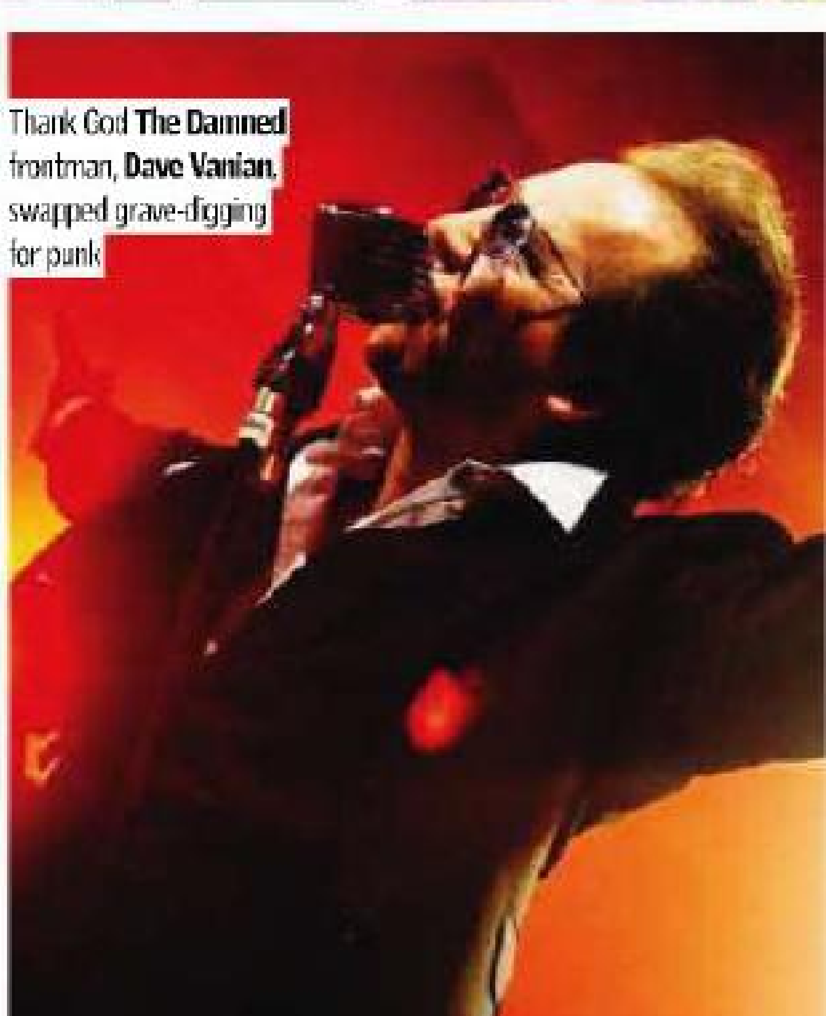
More pics online at Bizarremag.com

Dr Haze from **The Circus Of Horrors** is Damn' awesome!

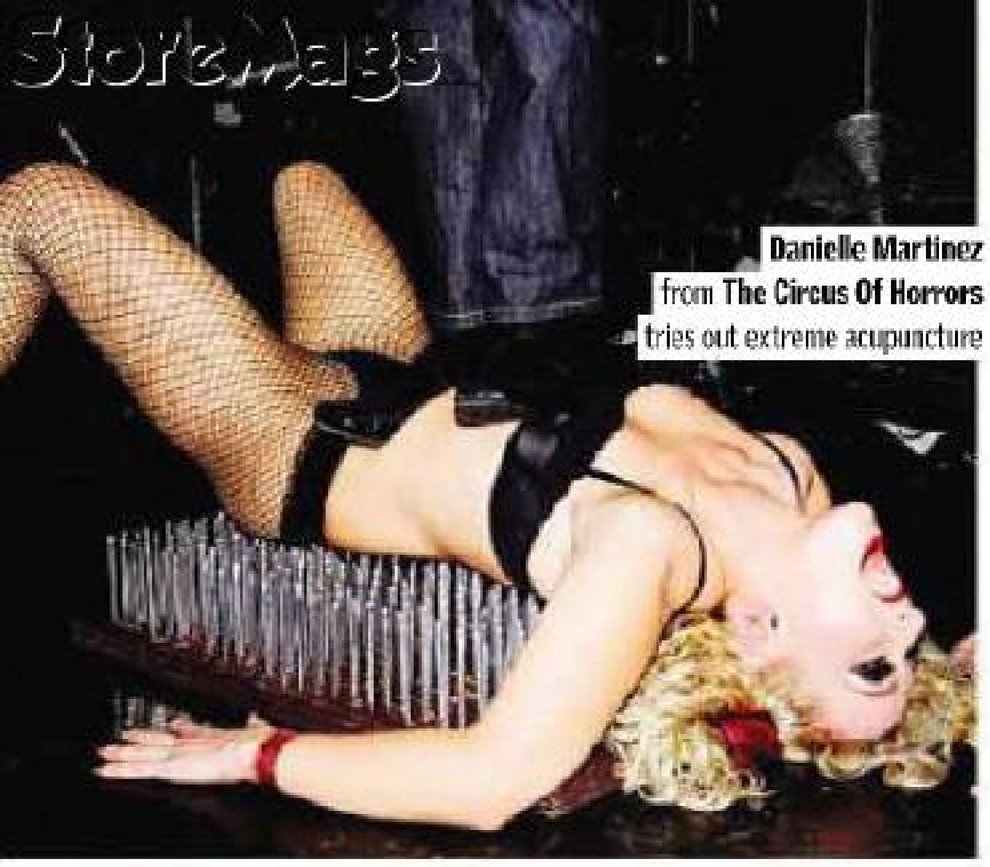
These colourful ladies drink Care Bear blood for breakfast

Bombastic Ball hosts **Desmond O'Connor** and our **Foxy** get jiggy with a ukulele

Forget furries – Scalies are the new black

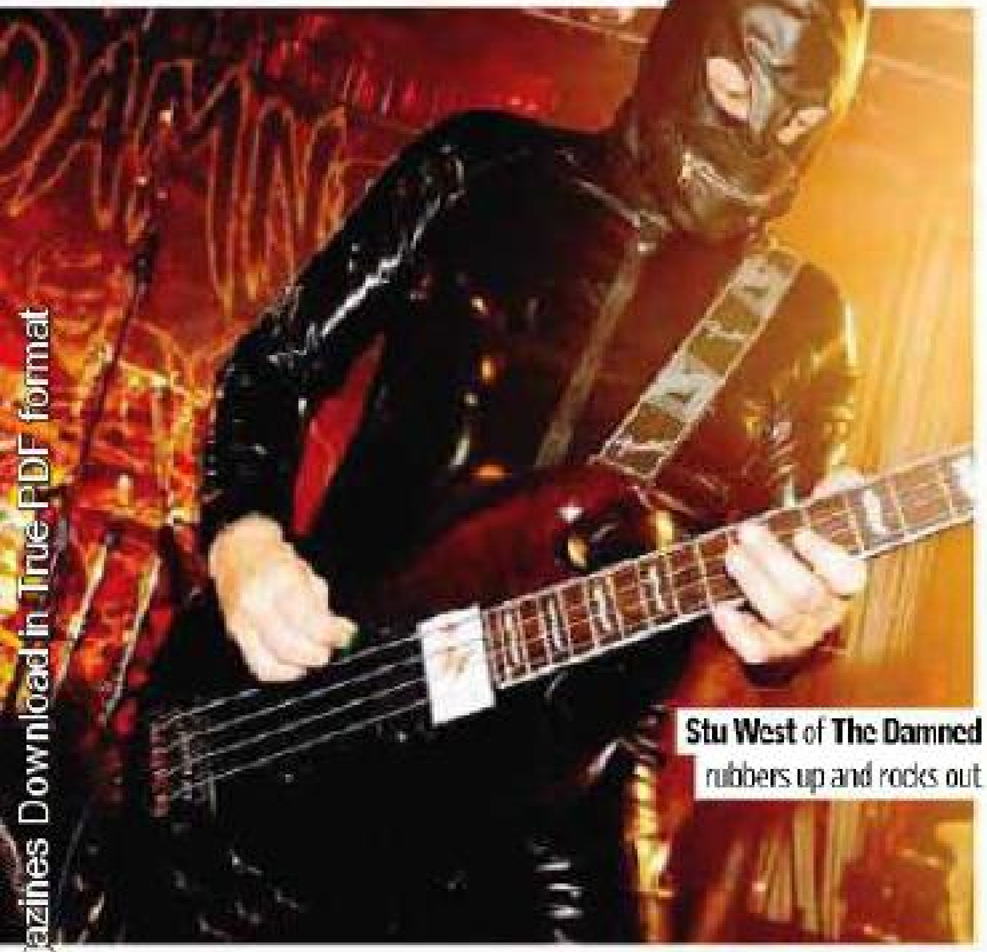


Thank God **The Damned** frontman, **Dave Vanian**, swapped grave-digging for punk



Danielle Martinez from **The Circus Of Horrors** tries out extreme acupuncture

Damien S Fear enjoys a few pricks and punctures



Stu West of **The Damned** rubbers up and rocks out

***Bizarre*'s** own **Dr Blackthorn** celebrates with a Jäger shot after popping the question to his missus-to-be

They may be dead, but they still like to party

WANT US TO PHOTOGRAPH YOUR PARTY?

Email AuntieDen@dennis.co.uk or text 82189*, starting your message BIZ LETTER

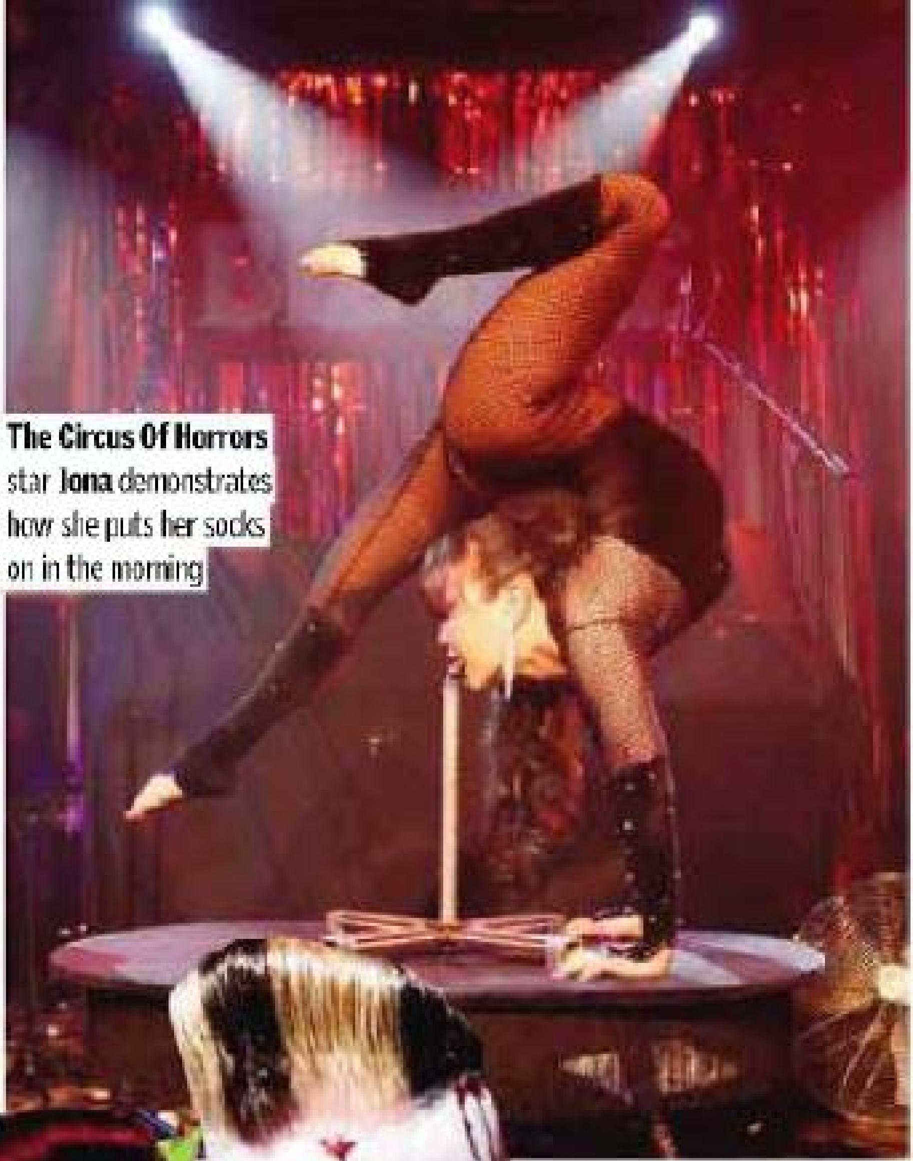
The most discerning Devil must always carry a toothpick

Bizarre cover gal, **Alex Sim-Wise** (right) and **Shavonne Wager** strike a pose. See (a lot) more of Shavonne in the next issue

Q: What's the time, Mr Wolf?
A: Time we necked some Jäger

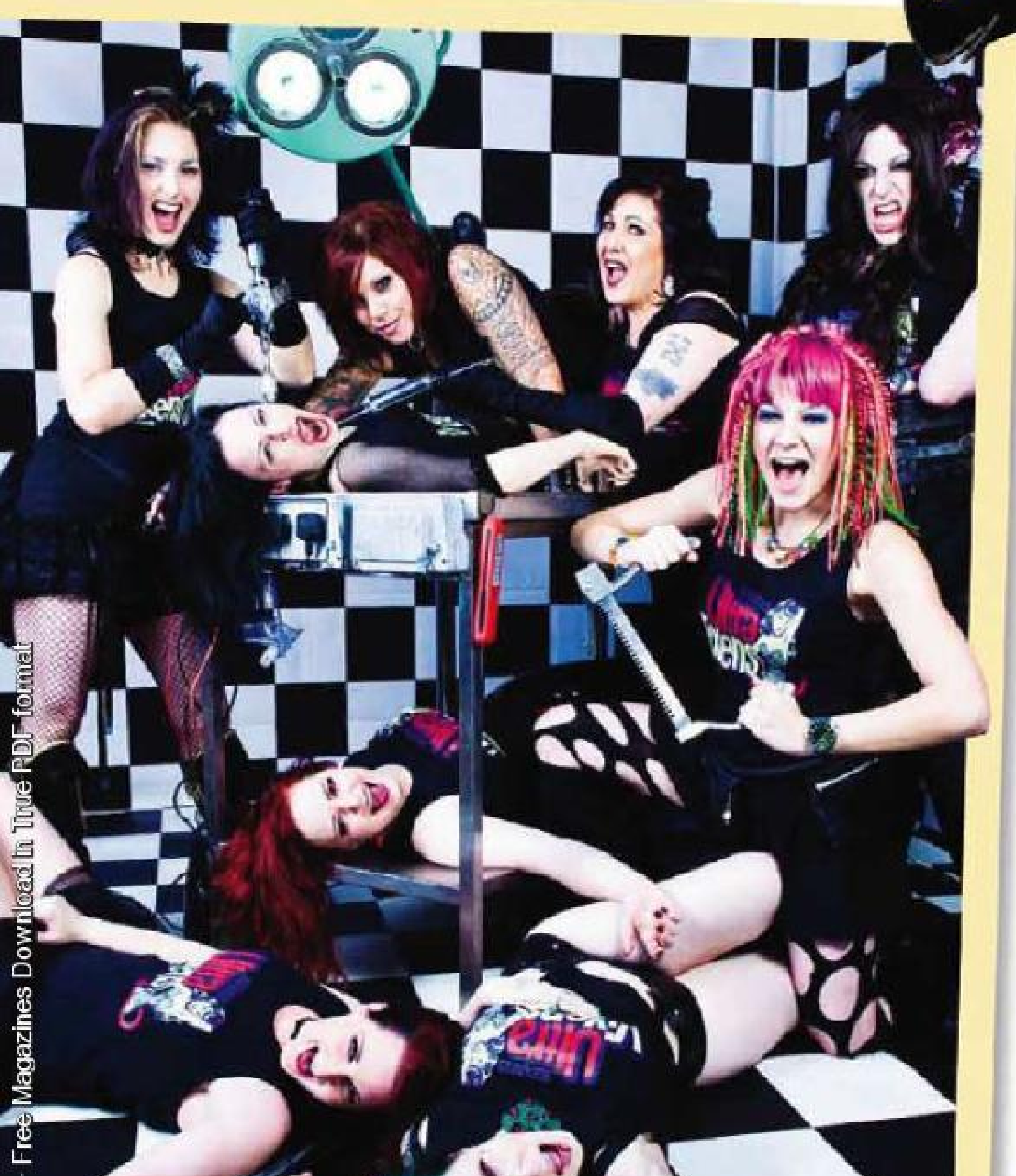
Chrys Columbine pretends not to act shocked after losing her dress

"You touch my mask, you die!"



The Circus Of Horrors star **Jona** demonstrates how she puts her socks on in the morning

Bizarre cover girl winner, **Fae Raven**, prefers her dudes dead



Ultra Vixens

Oooooh, Matron! Check out our winning Ultra Vixens! Crystalship, Rose Petal, Jezebelx, GothicarnieWink, Morticiaa, Jasz, Ruby Jewel, Hoxxy, and Phoenix Tear rocked the scene from Photobooth-out-of-order.com in their Ultra Vixen T-shirts from ShotDeadInTheHead.com

On-stage angst or trapped wind? **The Tiger Lillies** vocalist, **Martyn Jacques**, grits his teeth and bears it

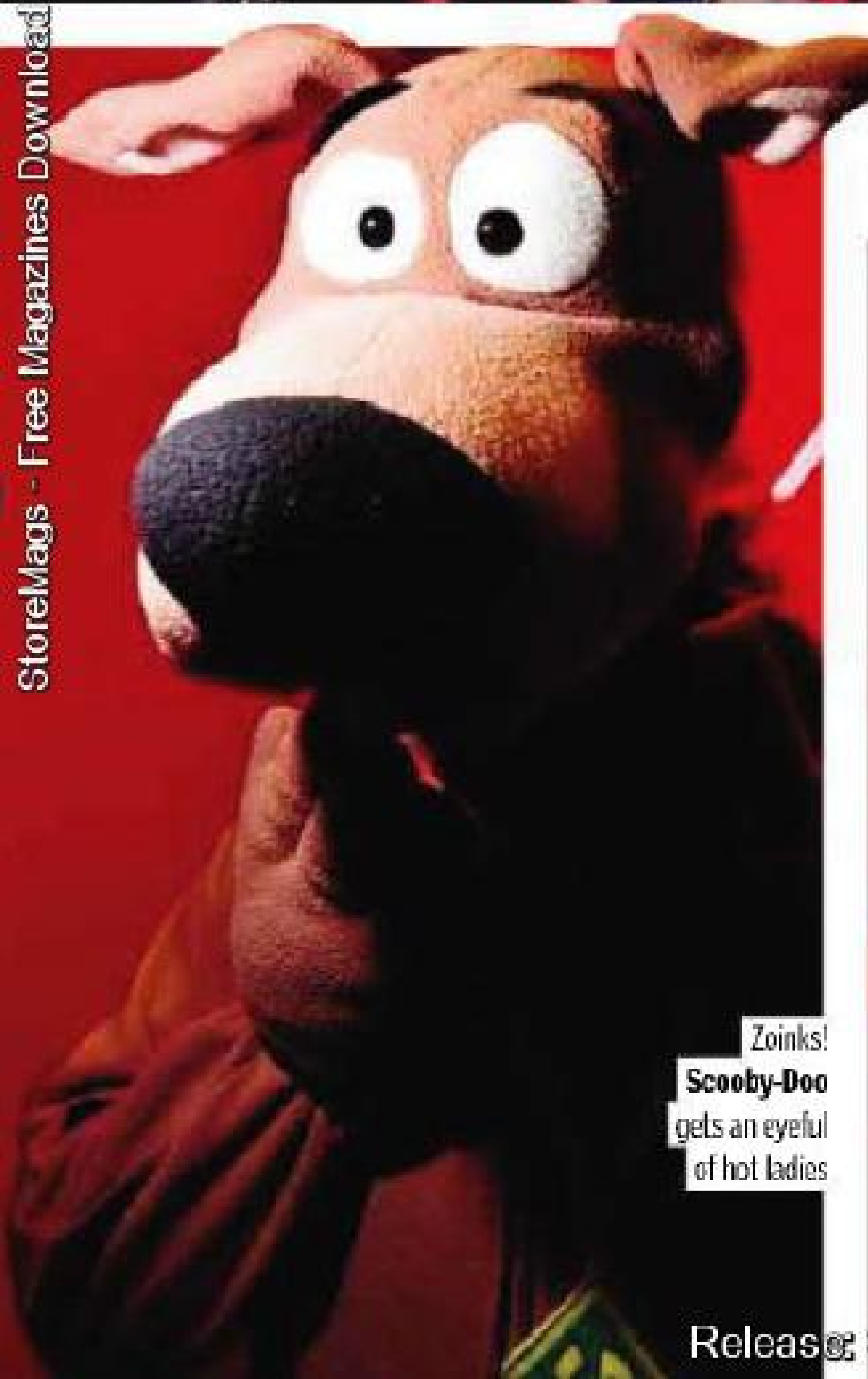
After the jab, she checked out his funny bone-er

Guess who had a run-in with a naughty skeleton?

Playing their cards right: This trio have an eerie aura

Shelly d'Inferno flies the Ultra Vixen flag with two long-haired escorts

Ultra Vixen **Ruby True** gets tongue-tied with ***Bizarre*** cover girl, **Scarlet Duggan**



Zoinks! **Scooby-Doo** gets an eyeful of hot ladies

Richard from **The Ghost Of Lemora** works as a TV evangelist at the weekends

A special thank you to...

Our brilliant main stage sponsors, Jägermeister, whose Jägerettes kept us well-lubed with alcohol.

Jägermeister

YOUR Body Art

READER TATTS AND BODY MODS

BIZARRE CLASH OF THE TATTS 2011

FLASH YOUR INK AND BE A *BIZARRE* WINNER!

***BIZARRE* HAS TEAMED UP,** once again, with the incredible Brighton Tattoo Convention to find the most original, weird and inspiring tattoos in the UK. **BE WARNED!** You might have a lovely bit of tribal work or a pretty pin-up gal, but this competition is only concerned with unique, mind-blowing body art that you won't find anywhere else!

LAST YEAR'S WINNER

WHAT YOU WIN!

Finalists will win the opportunity to show off their ink in front of a judging panel at the Brighton Tattoo Convention, 29-30 January 2011*, and the ultimate winner will bag themselves **a tattoo to the value of £200 by *London Ink*'s Phil Kyle!** The winner and runners-up will have their work showcased in *Bizarre*, so don't miss the chance to show off your ink to the world!

HOW TO ENTER

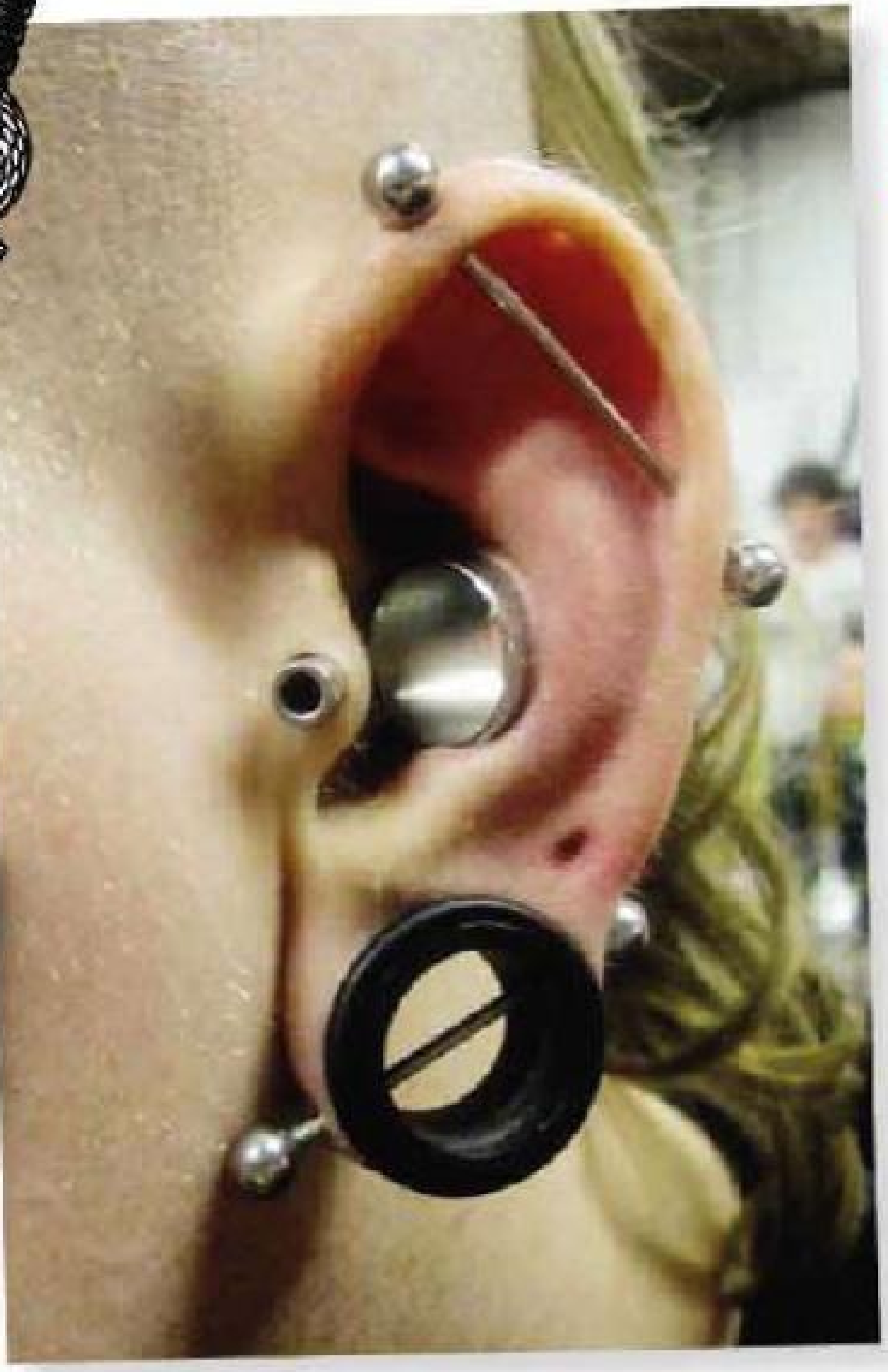
Email a clear pic of your ink – along with a photograph of your face – to **YOURBODYARTCOMP@DENNIS.CO.UK**. Also include your name and address, along with these details about your tattoo:

Who did it?
What is it?
Why did you choose it?

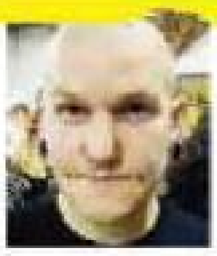
All details must be included. No headshot, no entry into the competition. The competition is only open to entrants over 18 years old. Dems the rules!

For more information on the Brighton Tattoo Convention, go to Brightontattoo.com

*All finalists will have to make their own way to Brighton for the tattoo convention – *Bizarre* cannot pay for transport or accommodation. Sorry!



SAM
PETERBOROUGH



WHO DID IT? Davar at English Rose Tattoo Studio, Peterborough.

WHAT IS IT? Stretched conch piercings at 17mm.

WHY DID YOU CHOOSE IT? I had a standard piercing, and then stretched it over five years.

WHAT RESPONSE DO YOU GET FROM PEOPLE? I don't get much of a reaction to my piercings – especially if I walk around with my heavily pierced friends, because people are too busy staring at their stretched lobes. My piercing is a little more unusual because you have to look a bit more closely to see it.

GOT ANY MORE PLANNED? After each stretching session has healed, I can sleep better on them, but I have to listen to my body to know when I can start stretching again. I found it really hard to make it up to 5mm. It gets harder to stretch the further I go, so I think I've reached my limit.

SABBY
YEOVIL, SOMERSET

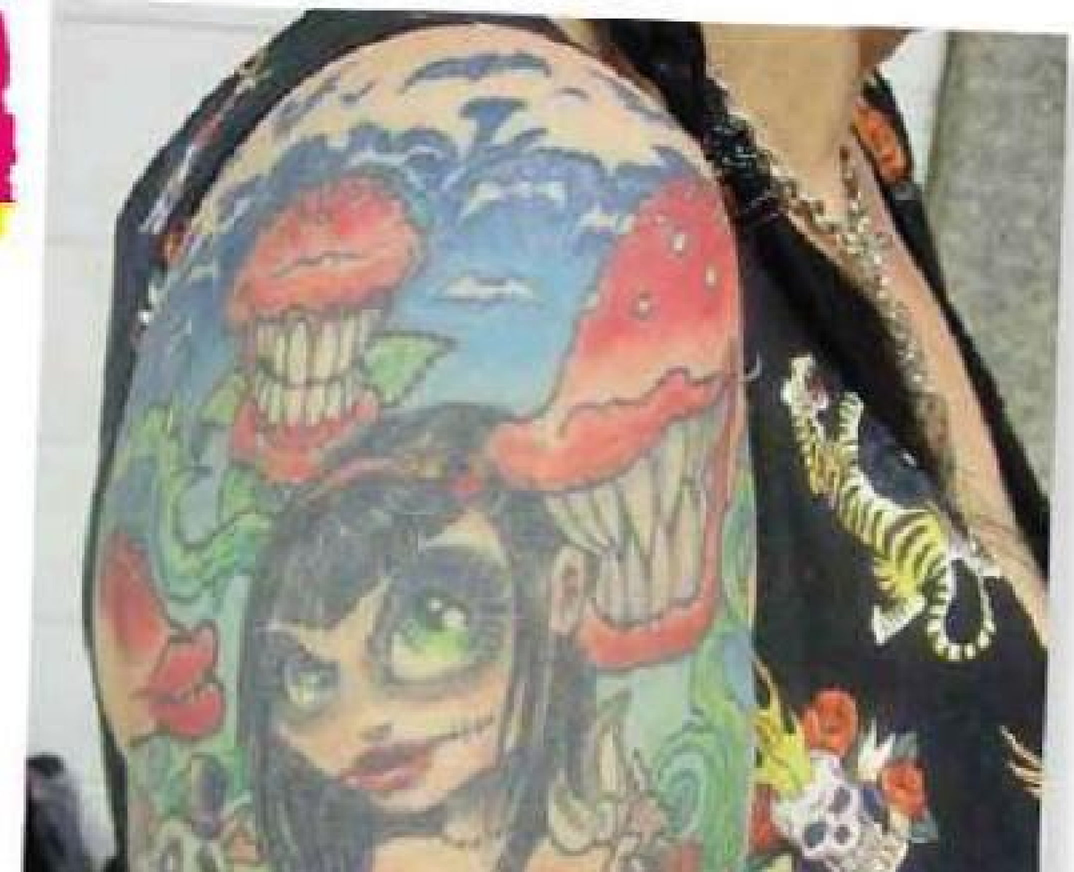
WHO DID IT? Dimitri HK at Dimitri Tattoo, Paris, France.

WHAT IS IT? A zombie girl.

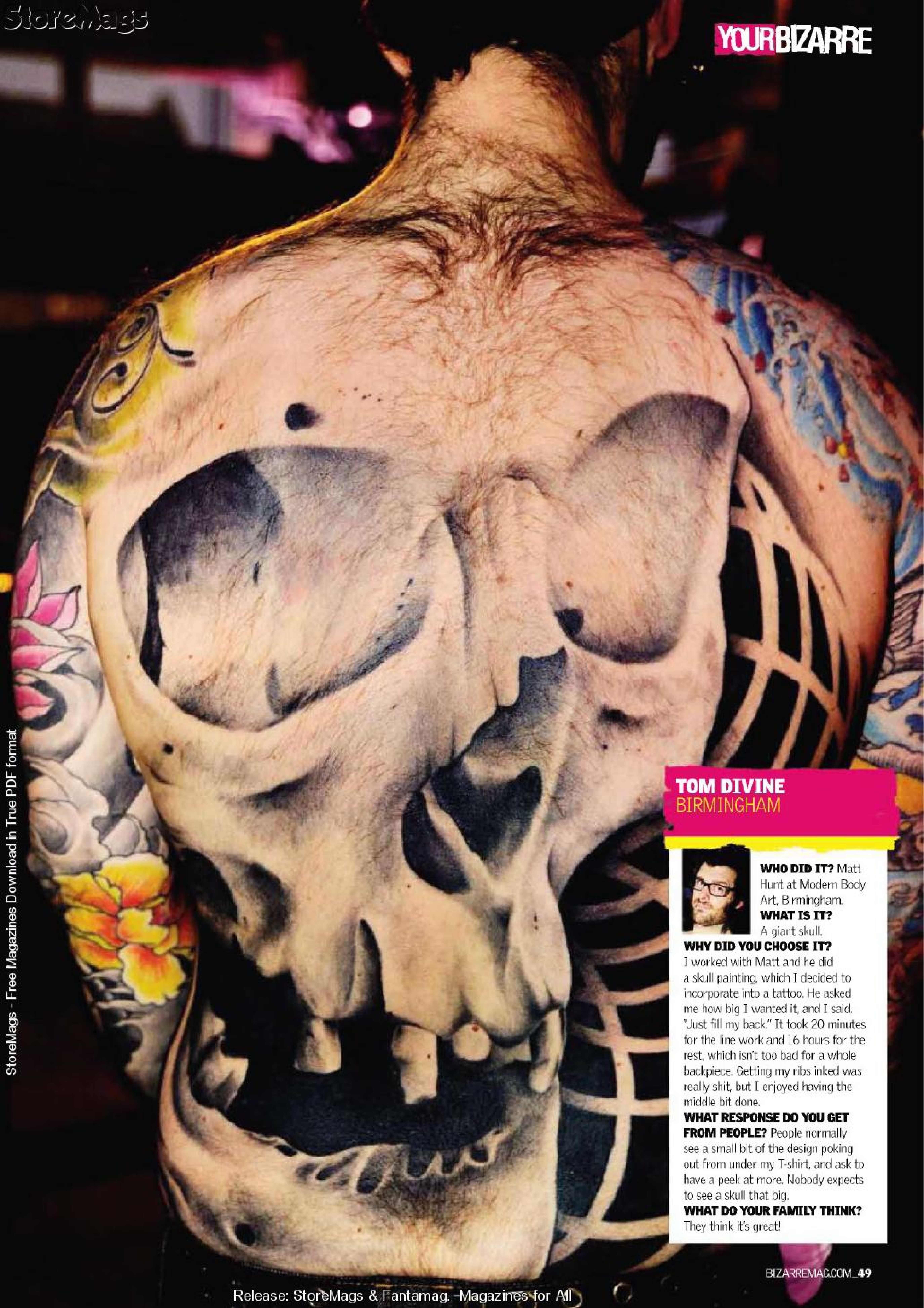
WHY DID YOU CHOOSE IT? I wanted a little zombie girl and a zombie rat, lost in a toxic forest, so I emailed Dimitri with my ideas and he came back with this design. It was different from the image in my head, but I loved it and had it done in a seven-hour sitting.

WHAT RESPONSE DO YOU GET FROM PEOPLE? I find that people talk to you more when you have tattoos. I speak to people who wouldn't otherwise approach me. Some people pull faces, but I just smile sweetly.

GOT ANY MORE PLANNED? I want a neo-traditional ornate carousel horse with feathers and jewellery, with the horse's pole appearing as if it's poking a hole through my skin.



LOVE INK? READ ABOUT THE GODFATHER OF PIN-UP NOW, ON **P101**



TOM DIVINE
BIRMINGHAM

WHO DID IT? Matt Hunt at Modern Body Art, Birmingham.

WHAT IS IT? A giant skull.

WHY DID YOU CHOOSE IT? I worked with Matt and he did a skull painting, which I decided to incorporate into a tattoo. He asked me how big I wanted it, and I said, "Just fill my back." It took 20 minutes for the line work and 16 hours for the rest, which isn't too bad for a whole backpiece. Getting my ribs inked was really shit, but I enjoyed having the middle bit done.

WHAT RESPONSE DO YOU GET FROM PEOPLE? People normally see a small bit of the design poking out from under my T-shirt, and ask to have a peek at more. Nobody expects to see a skull that big.

WHAT DO YOUR FAMILY THINK? They think it's great!

Readers' Art

YOUR DOODLES AND MASTERPIECES

COMPETITION CLOSED!

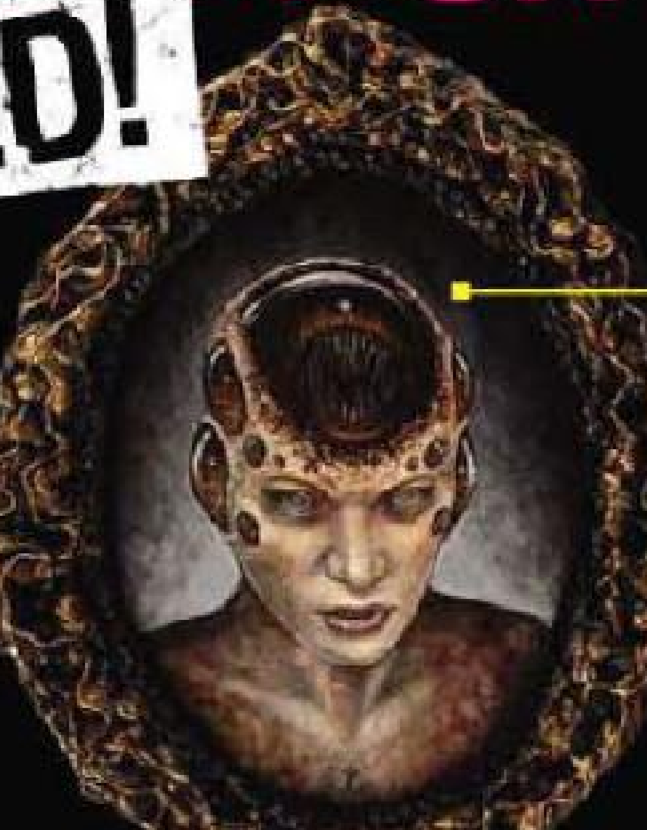
THE CLOSING DATE FOR the 2010 Reader's Art competition, run in conjunction with Resistance Gallery, has passed. The winners will be announced on Bizarremag.com by 21 December, all of whom will be invited to an exhibition in London featuring their work. Here are a few artists who are in the running...

Scott Henderson

Newcastle Upon Tyne

"My passion for horror influences my photography. I enjoy incorporating unusual things."

Scotthendersonphotography.co.uk

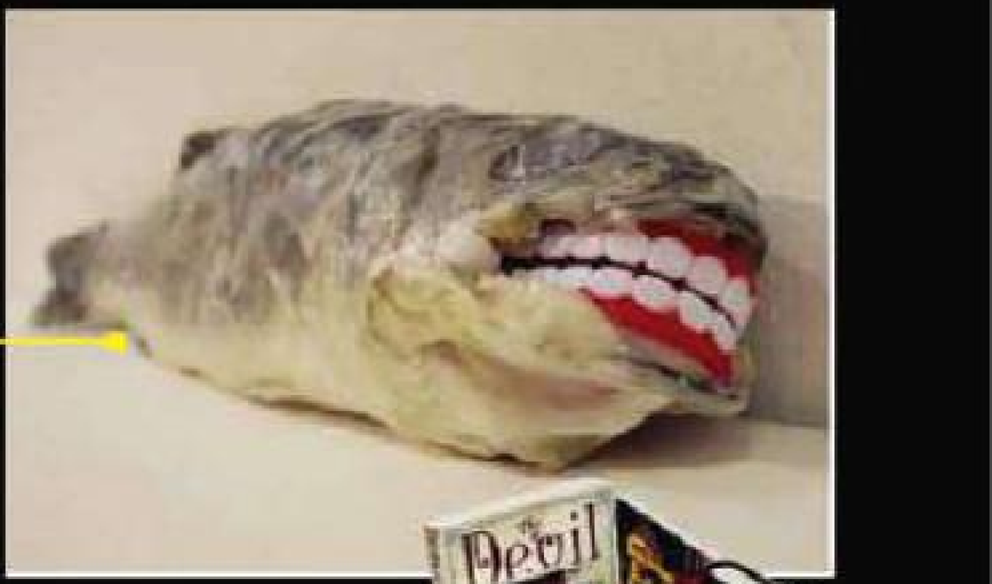


Larkin

Seattle, Washington, USA

"This is called 'Hell Within'. It's an allegory of the inner demons and destructive appetites people have."

Larkin-art.deviantart.com



Fiona Crozier

Granton, Edinburgh

"I'm obsessed with dressing things up and disguising them, so they become something else entirely."

DRAW US. WIN THIS

Devil
WIN THIS!
CRAP

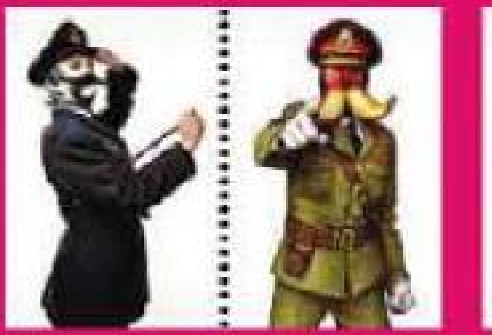
Get scribbling and an incredible Bizarre Box Of Crap™ could be yours!*

DURING THE PAST YEAR, *Bizarre*'s favourite artist, Ben Newman, has been drawing kinky portraits of the team who put this grotty little rag together. And now we want to see if **YOU** can do better.

Each month, the editor's letter on p3 of *Bizarre* will include a portrait drawn by one of you, and every artist featured will receive riches beyond their wildest dreams (well, a Box Of Crap from the *Bizarre* office, anyway...)

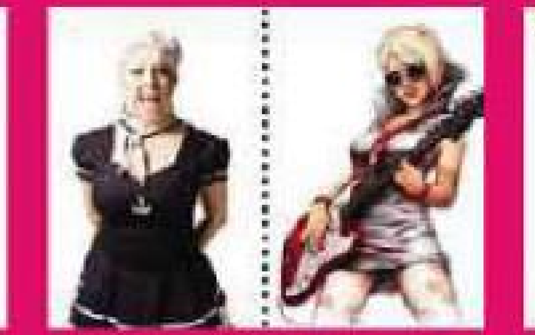
All the pics you need for inspiration can be found on this page and on Bizarremag.com so let your imagination go wild! Post your entries to the **address on p39**, or email them to us via AuntieDen@Dennis.co.uk

See these *Bizarre* team pics bigger at Bizarremag.com



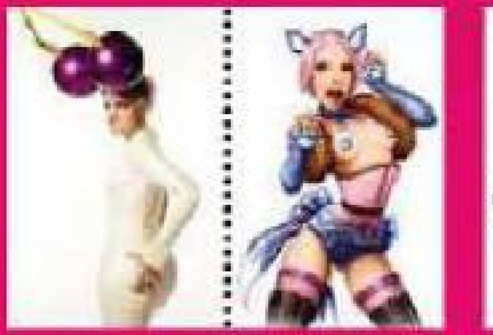
DR BLACKTHORN

Evil leader of the *Bizarre* team. Feasts on human souls



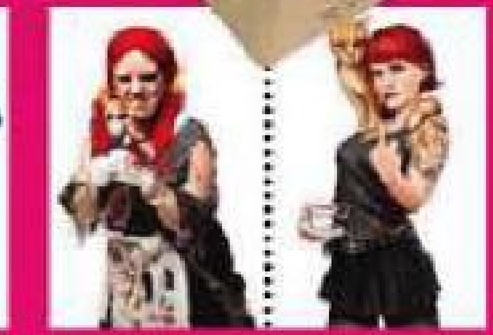
KATE HODGES

Glam rock'n'roll star and editor of Bizarremag.com



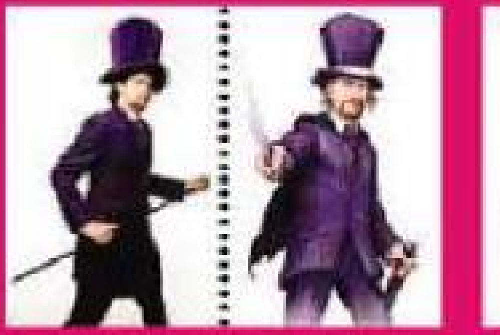
ALIX FOX

Ace *Bizarre* writer and hostess of the Bizarre Ball



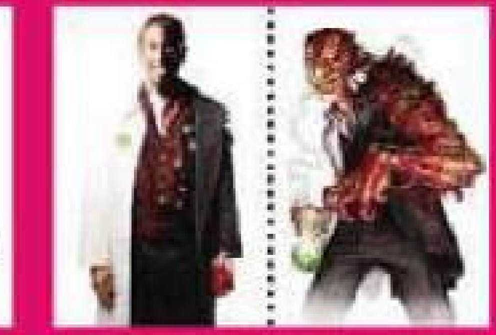
AUNTIE DEN

The throbbing brain behind our YourBizarre section



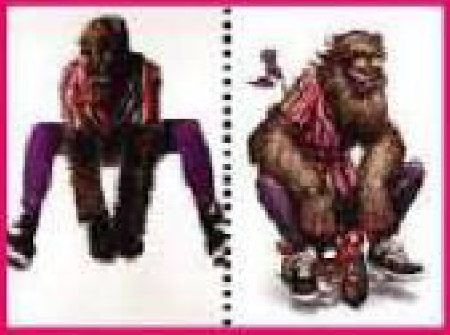
TOM BROADBENT

Bizarre's picture editor and potential serial killer



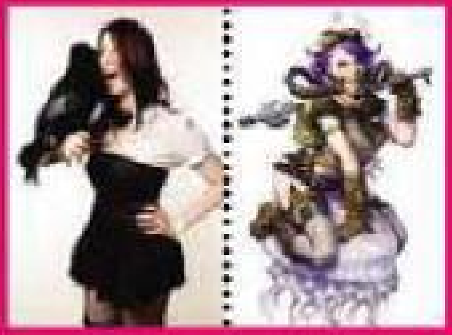
DAVE KELSALL

Head of the *Bizarre* design team and über computer geek



MIKE MANSFIELD

Nutty designer, chief *Bizarre* tea-maker and BMX obsessive



ELEANOR GOODMAN

Bizarre's whip-cracker, who loves crows and fish

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No.1

Bizarre 157

hobo_queen
22, Luton

"I once had sex in my friend's conservatory while half-dressed in a ferret costume."

To download hobo_queen's picture to your mobile, text BIZV161 to 86737

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No.2

Bizarre 158

Roos
21, The Netherlands

"I'm such a fantasy geek! My top sexual fantasy is to be brutally fucked in a magical forest."

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No.3

Bizarre 160

PeggySoo,
23, Manchester

"I'm intrigued by WWII. The uniforms really get me going and I love it when guys wear them."

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No.4

Bizarre 161

ChloeVonCreepy
21, New Jersey, USA

"I'm an all-round strange girl. My top bands include Hanzel Und Gretyl, Tool, and Rammstein."

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No.5

Bizarre 162

SarahTonin
28, Manchester

"If I were a stick of rock, the word 'weirdo' would run all the way through me in rainbow letters."

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No.6

Bizarre 163

GothicarnieWink
19, Kent

"My weirdest moment was eating out with my gay friend, while both dressed as the opposite sex."

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No.7

Bizarre 164

ColletteVonTora
30, Lancaster

"I really admire Dita Von Teese. She exudes class and style and inspired me to get into modelling."

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No.8

Bizarre 165

GwendolynEveHill
35, New York, USA

"I admire Cleopatra. She really understood the power she had over men."

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No.9

Bizarre 166

ShellydInferno
21, London

"I'm attracted to the idea of Satanic sex, and blood-tasting inside a pentagram."

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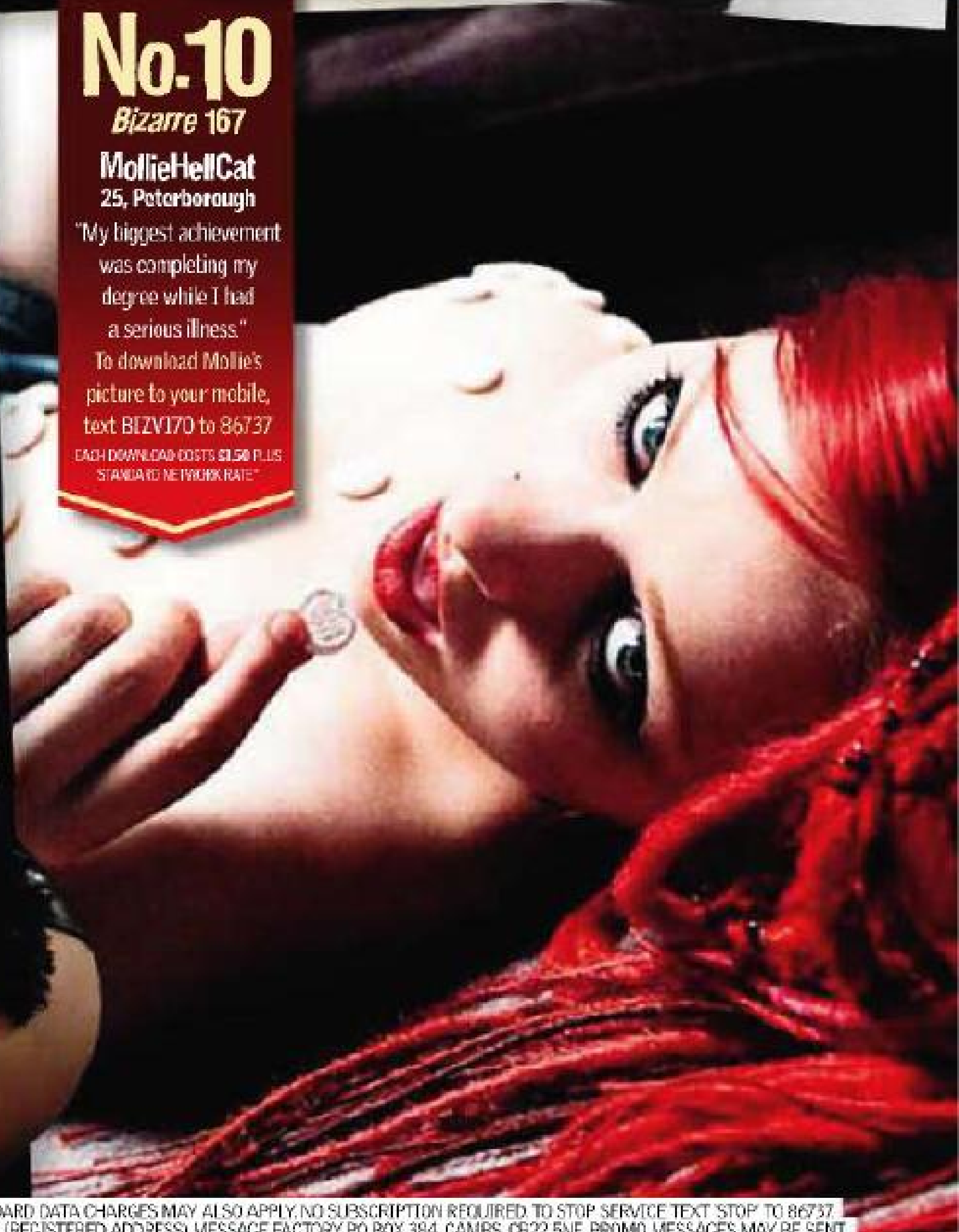

No.10

Bizarre 167

MollieHellCat
25, Peterborough

"My biggest achievement was completing my degree while I had a serious illness."

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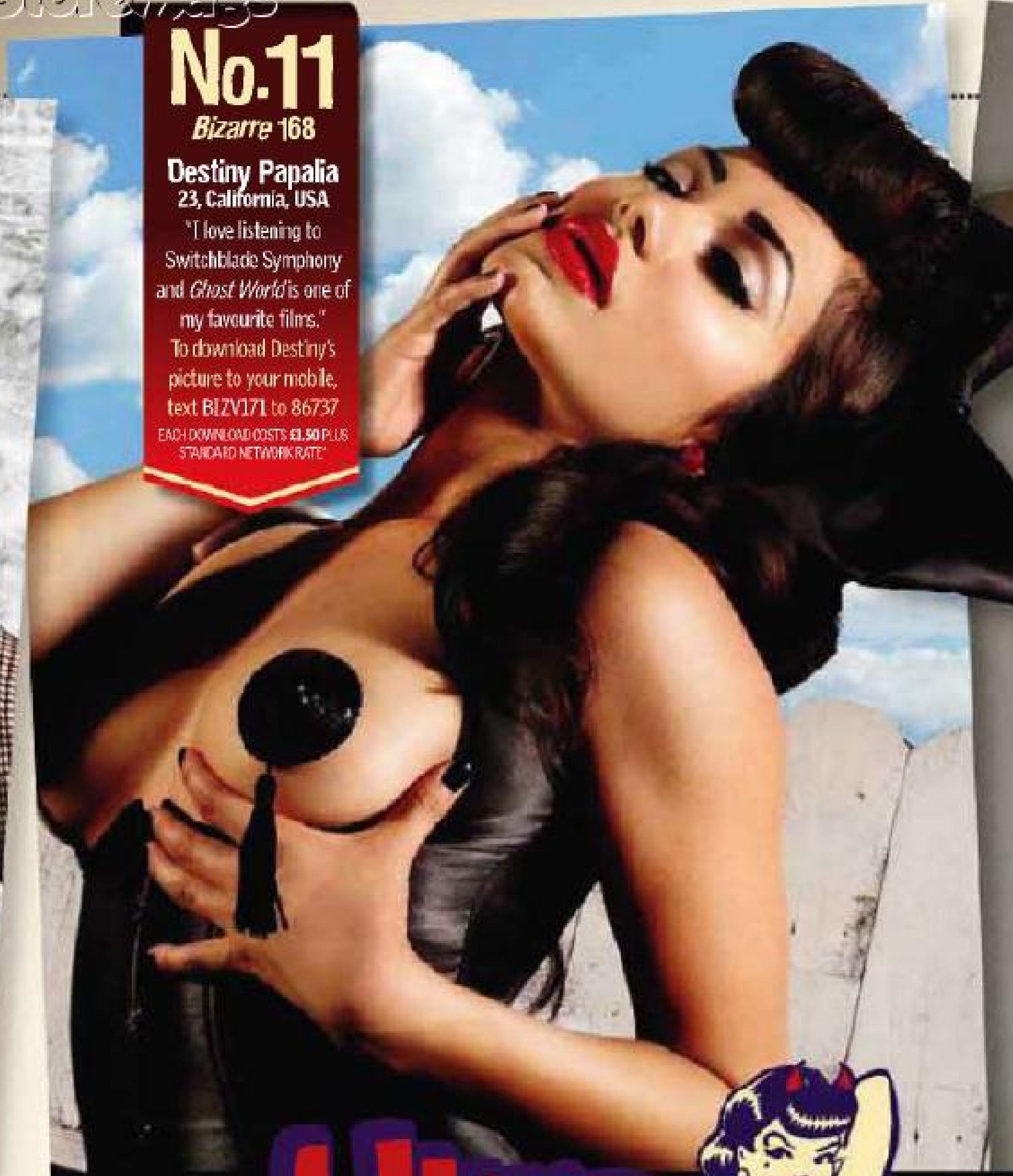

No.11

Bizarre 168

Destiny Papalia
23, California, USA

"I love listening to Switchblade Symphony and *Ghost World* is one of my favourite films."

To download Destiny's picture to your mobile, text BIZV171 to 86737

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No.12

Bizarre 169

VixViper
29, Portsmouth

"Under this hard exterior is a hopeless, tattooed romantic who collects reptiles."

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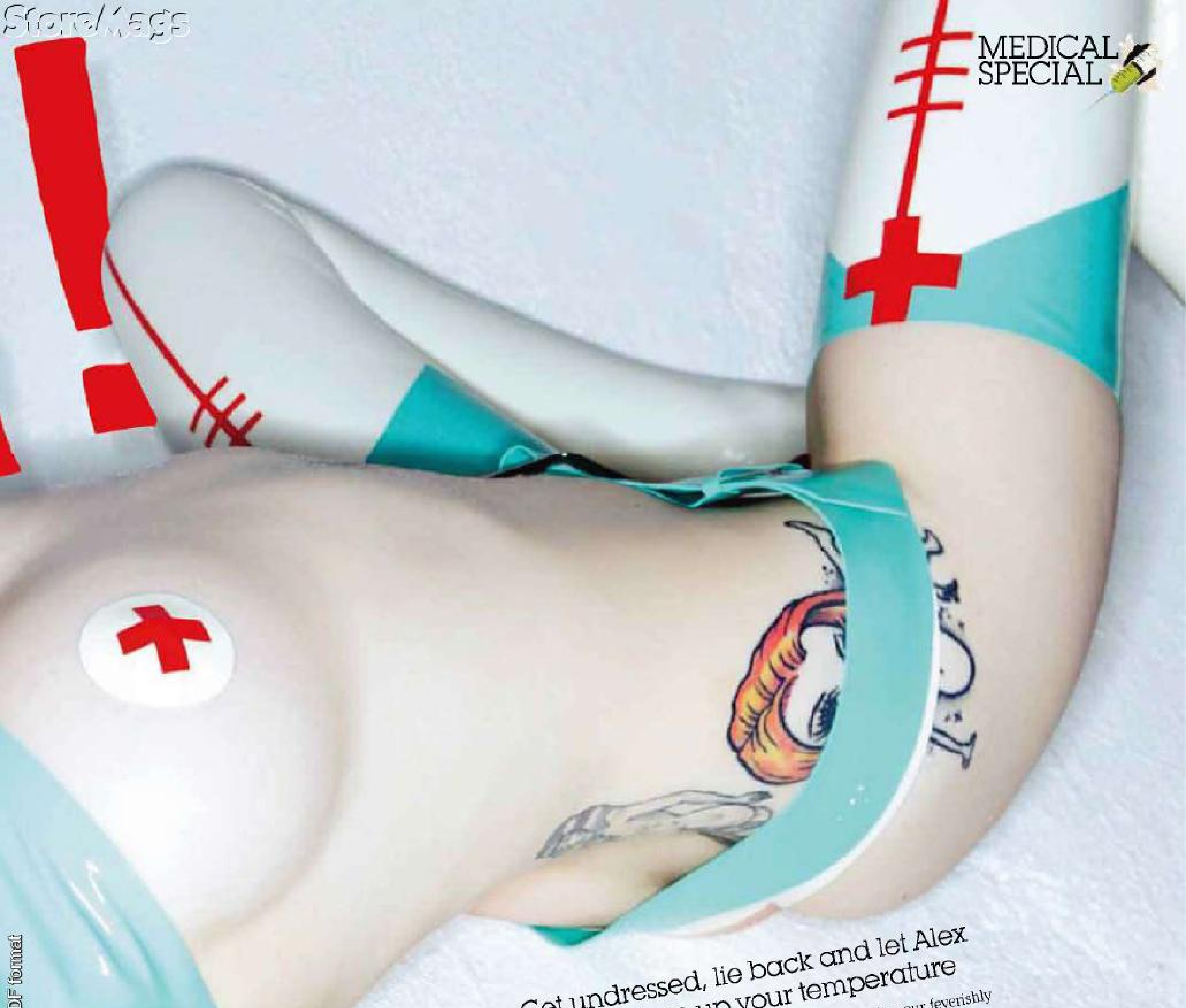
GIVE ME FEVER



Get undressed, lie back and let Alex Sim-Wise turn up your temperature

WORDS **CIARAN MCCAULEY**
PHOTOS **KATIE VICE**

"Have I had any medical disasters?" ponders our feverishly hot cover star Alex Sim-Wise. "No, actually. I've never even spent a night in hospital, or been very ill, apart from the time I ate my own shit."

Refreshingly frank, with needle-sharp wit, the excitable red-head explains herself: "I was with a boyfriend about three years ago, and I'd always wanted to try ass-to-mouth because I watch a lot of porn and it looks pretty dirty. We tried it on his parents' cream sofa. We left a stain, but it was really fun. Afterwards, I went to the loo and passed out stone-cold on the floor. And the next day I felt really ill. I must've accidentally eaten a bit of →

my own shit, I mean, you don't think about hygiene when you're watching porn, do you? The films should say, '*Warning*: douche before doing ass-to-mouth or you'll have a funny turn!"

But Alex's faeces feast didn't make her vom, as she she's got emetophobia, a fear of throwing up. "It's handy for deep-throating," she explains, while pretending to chow down on a huge chopper. As far as medical histories go, it's a bit more interesting than mumps, measles, or a bout of the clap.

Despite wearing her libidinous latex nurses outfit like a smokin' second skin, Alex is no sponge-bath-giving, soft-spoken carer. "Today I feel like a deadly assassin in a Robert Rodriguez film," she says. "If I was a serial killer I'd bump people off with enemas – enemas of filth – and that would be my calling card. Detectives would be scratching their heads, growling 'Goddamn! That tough bitch will enema you to death.'"

Aside from fantasising about catastrophic colon-cleansing, the 28-year-old has a hectic life. Since bursting onto the scene as a Masuimi Max-obsessed alt.model in 2004, Alex has appeared on the cover of magazines, worked as a videogames journalist, presented TV programmes and blogged incessantly. Now, the self-professed geek is working on a comic about a girls' school run by demons. "It's like *The Warriors* mixed with *St.Trinian's*," she explains. It's basically loads of girls fighting in skimpy outfits."

The Coventry-born beauty *loves* nudity and porn, especially the "fucked-up, creative shit" on Publicdisgrace.com. But even though Alex pops like a weasel to skin flicks now, she didn't clap her eyes on porn or flick the bean until she was 21. "I was staying at a friend's place, and she warned me not to look in a certain drawer, so of course I did, and found porn. I spent the whole day wanking off to it. I even had to wash her sheets because I'd soaked them," Alex laughs. "It was a revelation."

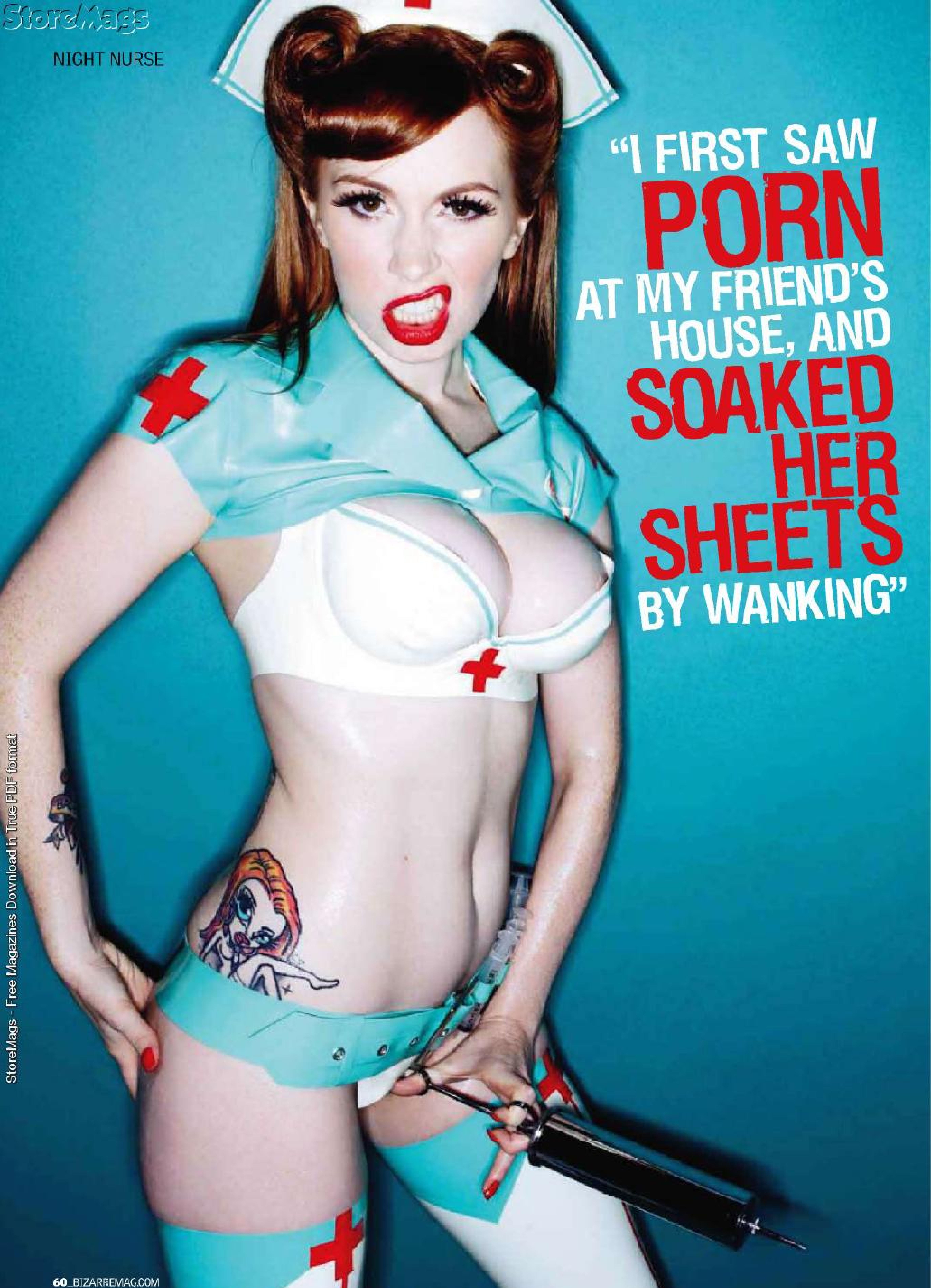
Unsurprisingly, our nerdy nurse's favourite getaway is Japan. "I fit in there," she says. "It's one of the only countries with its own distinctive culture and I love its organised craziness."

But Japan's bonkers fetishes got up her nose. "We used a panty vending machine and paid $50 (£32) for the most expensive knickers it dispensed," she recalls. "When we opened the bag, it released a cloud of filth. It smelled like death – not like fishy fanny, or poo or piss – like death. And when we unrolled the pants there was a used bloody sanitary towel in the middle. It was the most disgusting thing I've ever touched."

We'd rather Alex touched *us*, but the naughty nurse rarely even gets time to fluff up her own pillows. "But when I do, I just lie in bed wanking and playing *World Of Warcraft*," she reveals. "You can't go wrong with a bit of me-time."

"I GOT ILL AFTER I ATE MY OWN SHIT"

40
30
20
10



“I FIRST SAW PORN AT MY FRIEND’S HOUSE, AND SOAKED HER SHEETS BY WANKING”

"IF I WAS A SERIAL KILLER, I'D ASSASSINATE PEOPLE WITH ENEMAS"

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CARMEN RIVERA
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Carmen Rivera
Entertainment

OOOOOH MATRON!

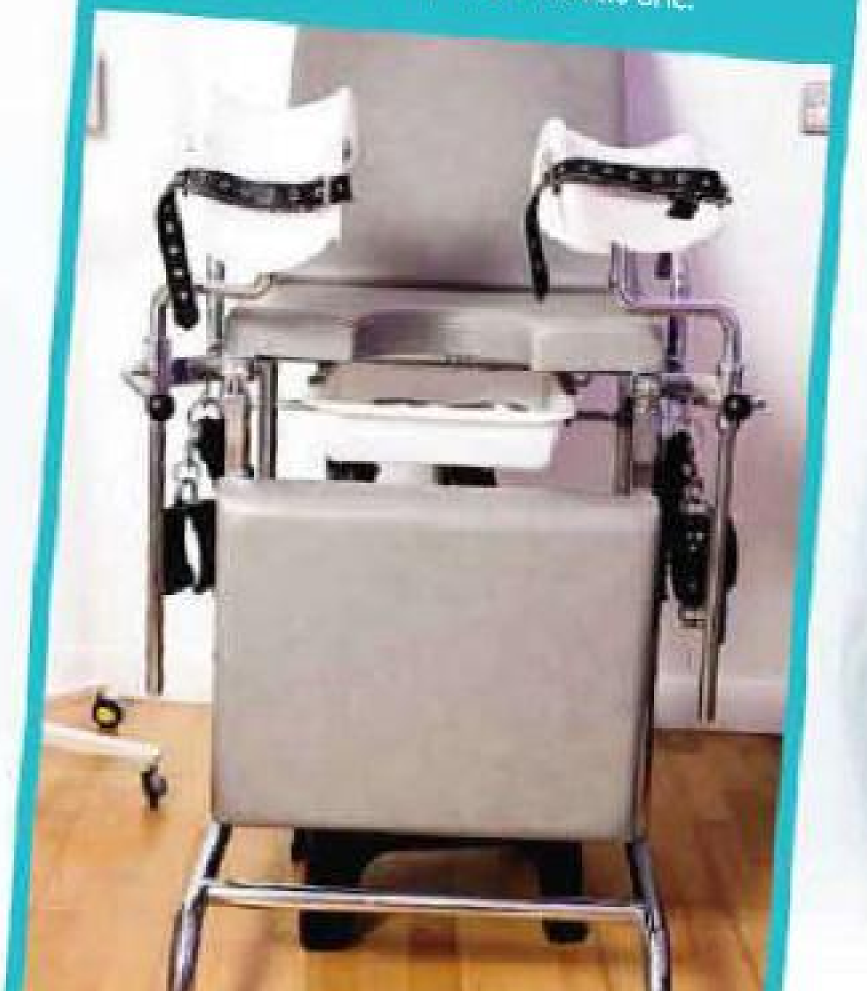
Medical instruments that'll make you squeal

Our Sim-Wise might've got you reaching for the tissues, but why settle for a regular wank when you could indulge your vices with these deviant medical devices? We took a trip to the Colonic Clinic, a medical fetish retreat in Cornwall (see p68), where Matron showed us the edgiest equipment in the house. Feeling better now? Titter...

Colonic-clinic.com

GYNAECOLOGICAL CHAIR

A big, adjustable chair with leg stirrups, which is usually used for examining ladies' inner workings. However, in medical fetish, the roles are often reversed, and the man is securely restrained, leaving his buttocks and genitals exposed for a variety of treatments, including anal play, prostate examination, bladder washing and urinary catheterisation. No serious medical player is complete without one.

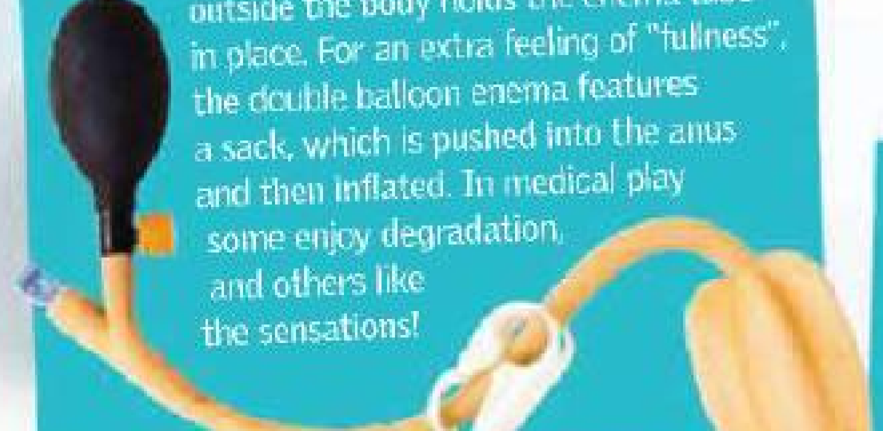


URETHRAL SOUNDS

Stainless steel metal rods that are inserted into the chap's eye, or penis meatus, in order to open and stretch the urethra. In medical practice for men, the sound is used to clear a blockage, or to make it easier to put in a urinary catheter. The thrill in BDSM comes from the submission, pain and pleasure.

DOUBLE BALLOON ENEMA

In an enema, a tube is inserted up the arse and liquid is squirted up it to flush poo out of the rectum and expand the intestinal tract. A balloon outside the body holds the enema tube in place. For an extra feeling of "fullness", the double balloon enema features a sack, which is pushed into the anus and then inflated. In medical play some enjoy degradation, and others like the sensations!

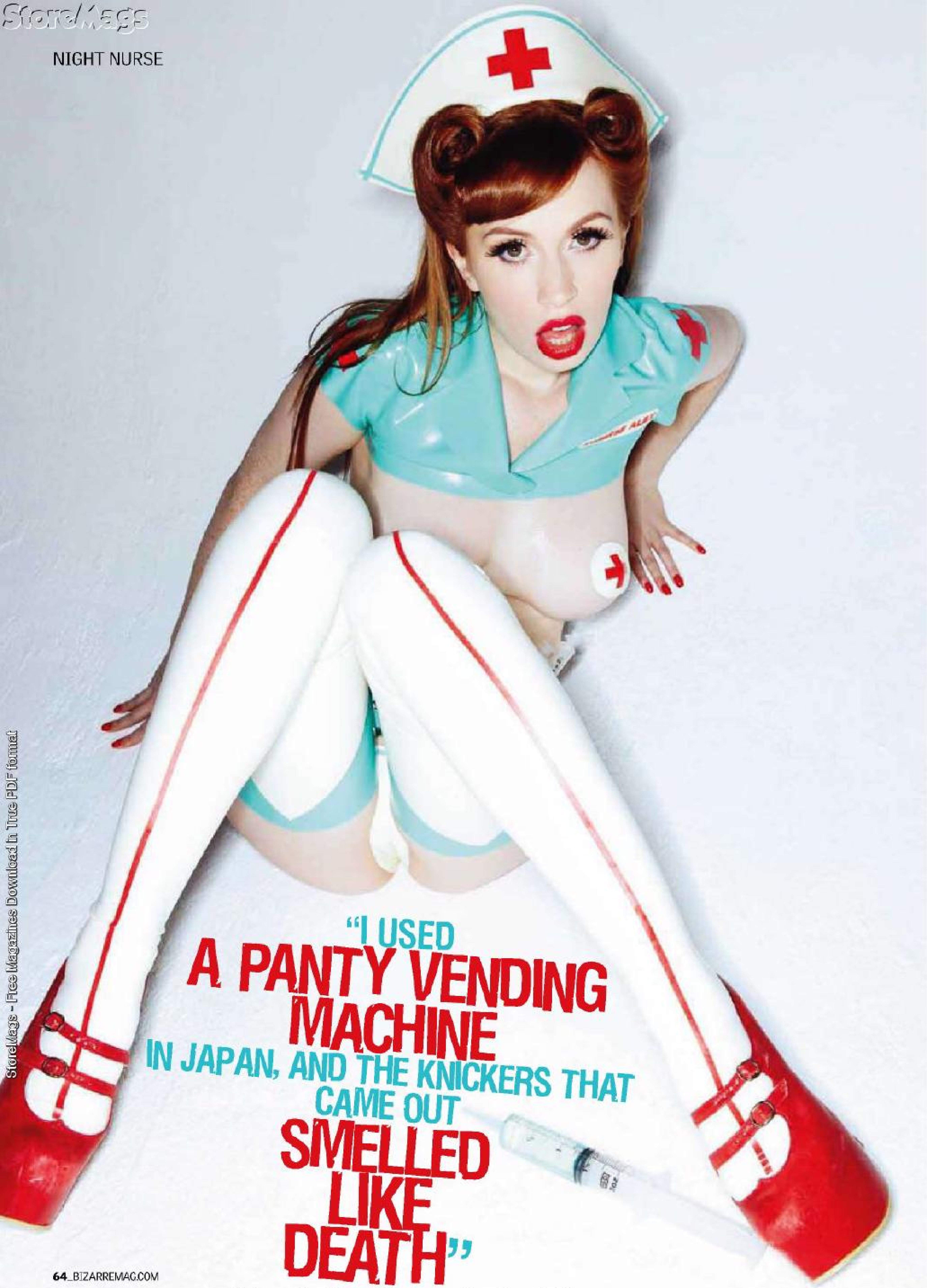


FOLEY CATHETER

A latex tube that's fed into the bladder through the urethra. It's kept in place by a balloon inflated with sterile water. Wee-wee then passes out into an external drainage bag. In medicine, it's used for patients who are incontinent or can't get to the loo because they're sedated or comatose. In BDSM, it's about surrendering your peeing functions to Matron!

VACUUM SUCTION AND VENTOUSES

An electrical device used in hospitals to deliver babies safely if the mother is having difficulties during labour. In the Colonic Clinic, little glass jars, called ventouses, are placed on the penis, creating a sensual sucking sensation, which can help folk who have trouble getting it up. It's generally safe, but the penis could get stuck, and turning up the sensitivity too high is excruciating!



"I USED A PANTY VENDING MACHINE IN JAPAN, AND THE KNICKERS THAT CAME OUT SMELLED LIKE DEATH"

"I LIKE LYING IN BED, WANKING AND PLAYING WORLD OF WARCRAFT"

"I TRIED **ASS-TO-MOUTH** WITH A BOYFRIEND, AND WE LEFT **A STAIN** ON HIS PARENTS' CREAM SOFA"

ASSISTANT: CARISSA HARROD. HAIR AND MAKE-UP: JOHANNA DALEMO. RATHER STUNNING CUSTOM-MADE COSTUMES AND STYLING: FLORENCE DRUART AND THE HOUSE OF HARLOT

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The strange old woman who haunted a family's staircase

The man who woke to find a demon in his bedroom

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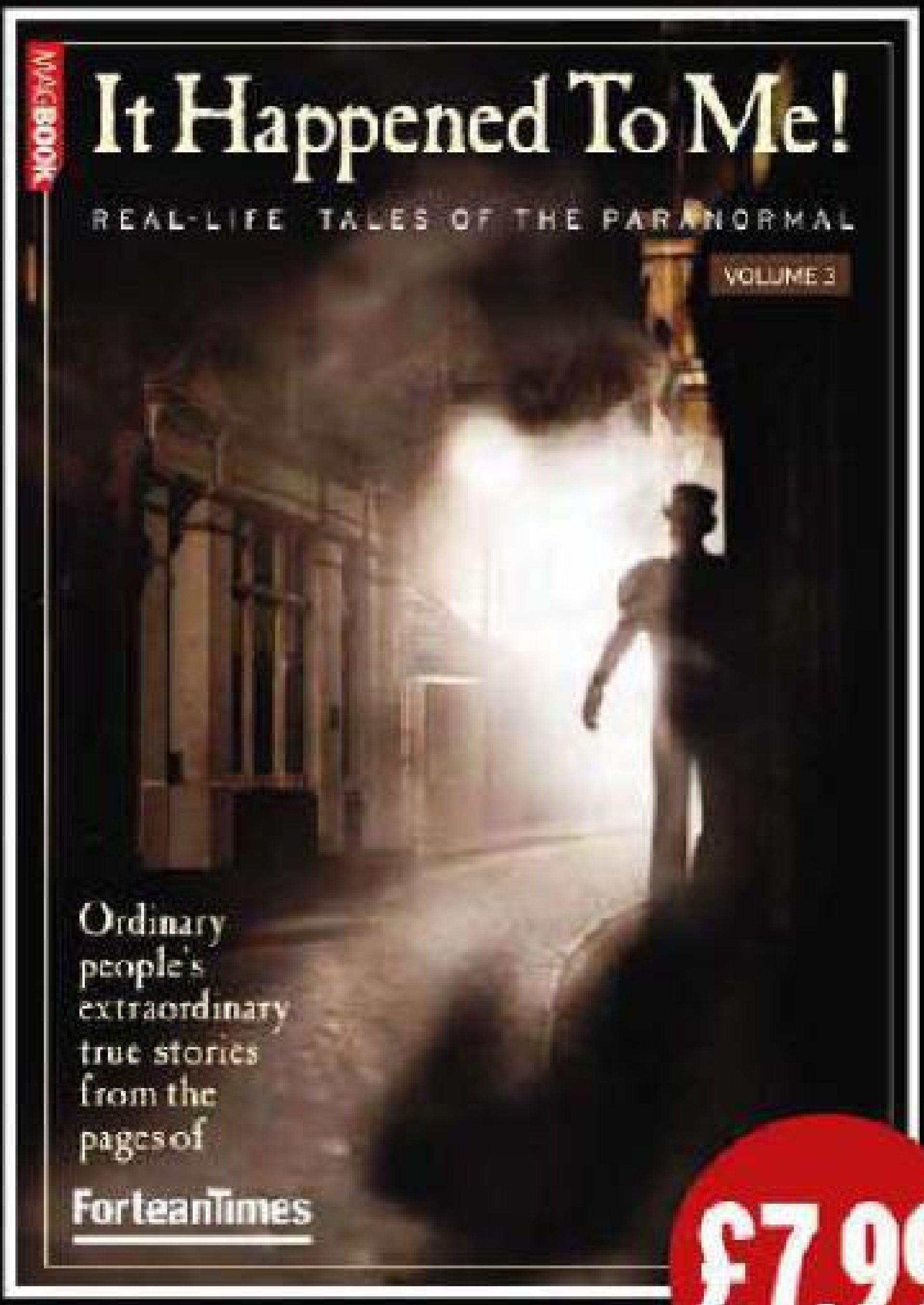

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BIZARRE DESIGNER MIKE SEEKS MEDICAL HELP

A PINK COTTAGE? THIS DOESN'T LOOK LIKE A HOSPITAL!

It's a sunny day, and *Bizarre* are on a field trip to a special clinic in Cornwall. Our accident-prone designer, Mike, has a broken foot after doing a failed BMX stunt, and we're hoping we can find a way to make him feel better…

Situated in a sweet village, the clinic is in one wing of a cottage that overlooks sprawling, golden fields. Through the innocuous-looking front door, we're met with pearly-white walls and the sound of classical strings swooping out of mounted speakers. Next to a rack of Buddhist peace CDs sits a glass cabinet, housing phallic instruments. There are bondage restraints cranked into the ceiling and the glistening floor mischievously dips into a plughole in the centre. "This is the white enema wet-room," beams our lovely host, 'Matron'. "It gets messy in here. Some of my patients do like to poo in front of me!"

This is the Colonic Clinic in Cornwall, a domain of twisted medical fantasies designed for those who love to play doctors and nurses. Medical play is a popular fetish in the UK, predominantly among professional men aged 40-60, who get a thrill from surrendering their bodily functions, being violated with medical instruments, or reigniting pubescent memories of being scolded by matron at public school.

Treatments these kinksters love to receive include enemas, where liquid is pushed up the rectum, invasive prostate examinations, in which a finger is pushed up the bum, and bladder washes, where sterile water is pumped through a tube and into the pee-sack. At some fetish dens – but not at the Colonic Clinic – 'patients' can even have their genitals stitched or go through incubation, a process where the submissive is fed liquid food directly into the stomach through tubes. Extreme services are banned under British law, but in countries such as America and Germany needles are commonly plunged into body parts, and saline solution is →

ORS AND NURSES

Meet the medical doms who help patients live out their clinical fantasies, whether it's sticking metal rods up their cocks or sucking their poo out…

WORDS **STEPHEN DAULTREY**
PHOTOS **JOE PLIMMER**

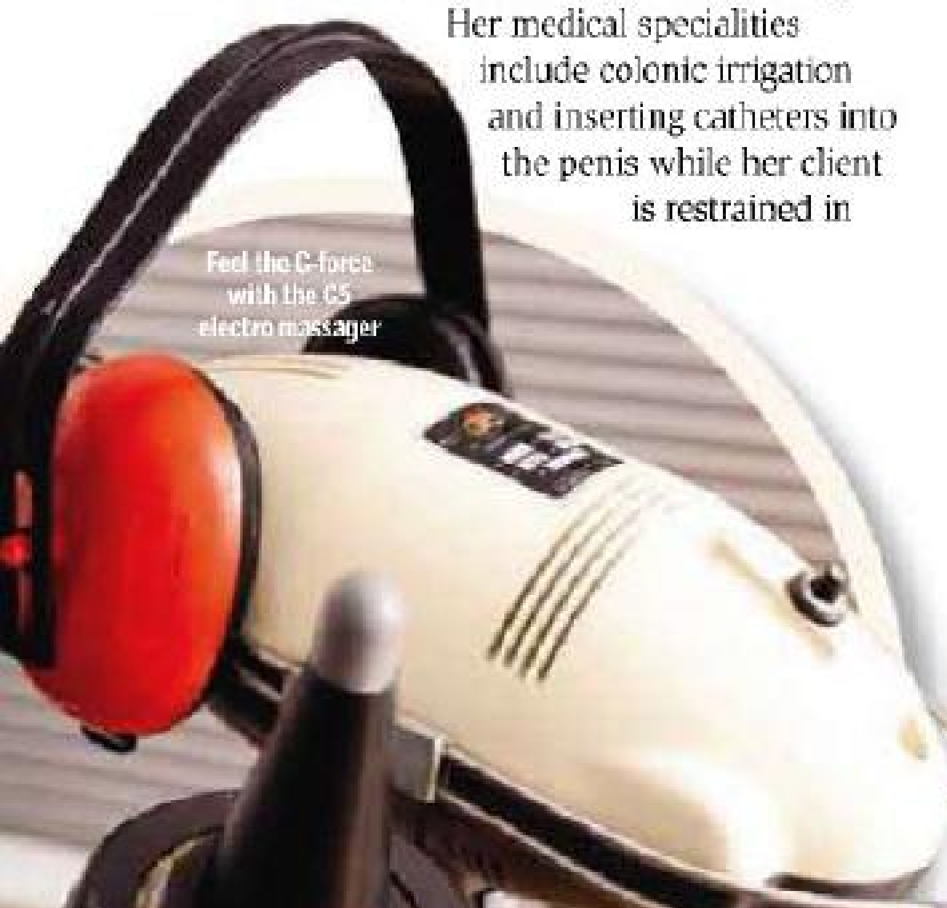
A CATHETER TUBE POPS OUT FROM MIKE'S WIENER!

Mike's wee-wee bag is full, so Matron takes the catheter tube out from his chap's eye injected into the testes to make the scrotum swell up to the size of a tennis ball.

Matron says medical fetishism has been around "since forever", because humans have always cared for each other. But surgical improvements since WWII mean that today's deviants have the tools to get kinkier – and safer – in their play than ever before, and there are plenty of doms who are happy to help.

Regular appointments

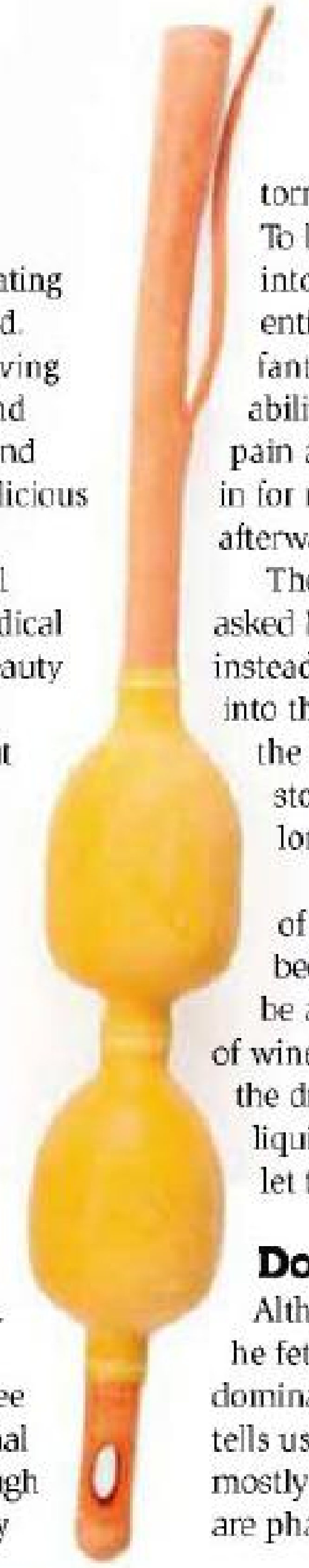
Matron's Colonic Clinic, which only caters to men, is unique; 'patients' can stay overnight, one at a time, and receive cosy home-cooking. Her medical specialities include colonic irrigation and inserting catheters into the penis while her client is restrained in a gynaecological chair. Matron also teases her submissives' genitals with a G5, an electronic machine with a vibrating attachment that looks like a shower head.


Feel the G-force with the G5 electro massager

But even though Matron makes a living terrorising patients with latex gloves and electrolysis kits, she's warm, friendly and motherly, and guests also enjoy her delicious cooking and chatty company.

Matron has always had a wonderful bedside manner, but she became a medical dom by accident. After training as a beauty therapist for women she set up a spa business called Stressbuster Breaks, but couldn't make ends meet. "My bank manager said I needed a niche, then turned up at my house dressed as a woman, and insisted I gave 'her' a facial and a manicure. 'There's your niche,' he said, so overnight I became a resort for transvestites."

Soon after her business was up and running, Matron received a call from a full-time surgeon and hardcore medical fetishist of 30 years, who introduced her to the kink and taught her extreme medical procedures. The surgeon had previously had so many catheters – tubes which divert pee directly from the bladder to an external bag – and metal rods inserted through his urethra that it was permanently torn, and Matron's initiation was gruelling. To learn the ropes, she inserted a catheter into the surgeon and left it inside him for his entire three-day sojourn in order to fulfil his fantasy of making her solely in charge of his ability to piss. He willingly suffered burning pain as a result. "Those who have a catheter in for more than an hour piss razor blades afterwards," says Matron.



The surgeon, who liked his booze, also asked Matron to give him enemas using wine instead of sterile water. Alcohol is absorbed into the bloodstream more quickly through the large intestine than it is through the stomach or small intestine, and it wasn't long before he was a happy chappy.

"The surgeon only took one eighth of a bottle because any more would've been far too dangerous and should *never* be attempted," says Matron. "I hooked a bag of wine up to an intravenous drip, connected the drip to the enema balloon, then squirted the liquid up his bottom. I controlled the drip and let the wine in slowly to make him drunk."

Doctor feelgood

Although the surgeon never told Matron why he fetishised his profession, another medical dominatrix, who wishes to remain anonymous, tells us that around 12 of her clients – who are mostly male – are professional surgeons and six are pharmacists. The medic-dom, who operates

Mike shits himself in the medical examination room

Colonic hydrotherapy turns Mike into a douchebag

"One guy can pump champagne into his bladder, then piss it back out"

from London's Harley Street, is nearly six-foot tall and combines an icy demeanour with an Oxbridge education. She also collects antique medical equipment from the 19th and early 20th centuries, but most of the items, such as a trepanning kit for drilling holes in skulls, are too dangerous to use in medical play.

The experienced dom, who acquired some of her skills in her previous job as a genital piercer, explains that the hottest new trend in medical play is pseudo dentistry. Kinksters love having their mouths filled with padding to make them drool, or feeling the touch of a latex glove-clad finger on their gums.

"In today's society, there are few people who put their hands inside your mouth, which is a sensitive area," she says. "With dental play, patients like the fear and arousal of not being able to see what the dentist is holding, and feeling the dom's closeness."

Like Matron, the Harley Street dom also discovered medical play under the tutelage of professional medical clients, and her talents include stapling a man's scrotum to his thigh, sewing mouths shut, and stitching a man's scrotum over his cock and balls in order to make his tackle "look like a pussy".

These procedures all require careful attention and steady hands. "Surgical staples don't go far into the skin and are safe," our medic-dom explains. "But I have to be more careful with sutures because they pass through the skin, and can become infected. It's important that I sterilise everything in medical play. Guys also shouldn't cum over their stitches, but piss is fairly sterile so they can wee on them."

While safety is essential, many 'patients' don't want to be treated with the respect they expect from their local GP. "A common trick is to put a tampon in a patient's mouth and sew it shut with the string hanging out," she says. "The string acts like a wick, which can be put into a glass of piss for added humiliation. I can also sew someone's cock to their leg, then make it erect with a vibrator so that the rising penis pulls on the stitches. But I don't sew around the anus because that's a health hazard; it's best to keep away from faeces."

Our London specialist also straps people to the gynae chair and is able to fist so deeply she can feel "the base of the spine". Like Matron, she also performs catheterisation and has a male friend whose urethra is so stretched he can pump champagne into his bladder, then piss it back out. "It gave him a bit of bladder irritation for a few days, but if I had a penis, I'd be doing that all the time," she laughs. "It's an amazing party trick. It squirts out foaming!"

Emergency services

It seems contradictory to suggest medical play can be bad for your health, but it can be dangerous if it's not done properly. Our medic-dom simulates breathplay involving rebreather circuits, which she describes as, "The classic black tubing and the →

A warming bowl of enema soup

"You'll only feel a small prick..."

Mike kneels into an enema-tic doggy pose in the wet room

“Medical play is edge-play; it involves bodily fluids and quickly becomes extreme”

What a nana!

big bag”. This equipment would allow a fetishist to breathe a contained amount of air until the oxygen levels dropped too low and the carbon dioxide levels became too high. Our medic-dom only *pretends* to oversee this procedure, because doing it for real could be fatal. “I’ll put a mask on the patient’s face and talk them through the process,” she says. “But I don’t do anything illegal or high-risk.”

Our London specialist is also frank about needing real medical knowledge to get down to play. “It’s important to extend a duty of care to the person you’re playing with,” she warns. “The best medical fetish tool you can buy for your partner is your own first aid certification. Medical play is edge-play; it involves bodily fluids and can quickly become extreme. If the situation ever gets out of control – and thankfully, it never has with me – you need to call an ambulance.”

Using sterilised medical equipment is also essential for professional clinics and everything used in procedures should either be properly disposed of or well cleaned in machines, such as the medical-style ‘dishwashers’ used in hospitals. “People ask, ‘Is your clinic clean?’ Well, I don’t want to die, either,” says Matron. “Clients could bring in something that I could catch. I keep my tools sanitised and sterilised. When playing with catheters, everything must be pre-packed and sterile, and when I use colonic irrigation equipment, it’s all pre-packed and disposable. Nothing has gone wrong so far and I’ll never attempt anything that I’m not confident with. But I wouldn’t hesitate to dial 999 if something did.”

Night, night, nursie

Back at the Colonic Clinic, our play is safely done. It’s late and we’re in Matron’s stylish kitchen, tucking into one of her resplendent dinners; a banquet of king prawns and exotic salads. Mike’s still hobbling around on crutches, but now he has a spring in his hop and a glint in his eye. Noticing that some of Matron’s services are genuine detoxification procedures, I suggest that her clients must leave with radiant glows.

“At the Clinic you enjoy health treatment with fantasy and fetish, and there aren’t many places that provide accommodation, which let you enjoy an aperitif while watching the host cook,” says Matron. “You also get to dine with me while getting on my fucking nerves. Ha-ha!”

Find out more about Matron’s kinky equipment on p63, and find out more about her at Colonic-clinic.com

Electrolisis kit: For taming Mike’s furry sack and crack

Our pooper trooper gets stuck into his post-slap, pre-slap-up-meal bubbly

More pics online at Bizarremag.com

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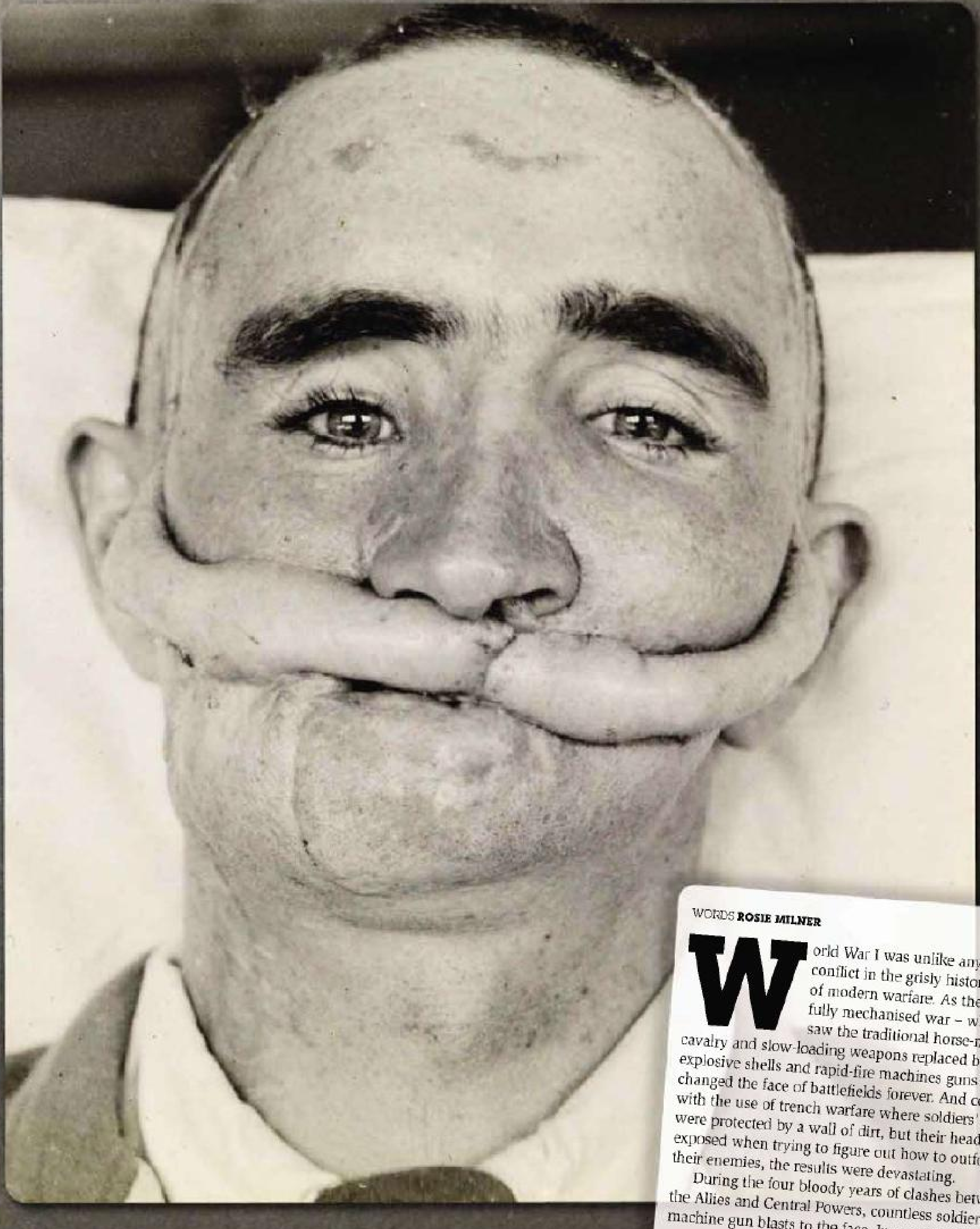
FACES OF WAR

Today, plastic surgery is associated with elfin noses, pendulous tits and plumped lips. But it was originally developed for more noble purposes…



WORDS **ROSIE MILNER**

World War I was unlike any other conflict in the grisly history of modern warfare. As the first fully mechanised war – which saw the traditional horse-mounted cavalry and slow-loading weapons replaced by tanks, explosive shells and rapid-fire machines guns – it changed the face of battlefields forever. And coupled with the use of trench warfare where soldiers' bodies were protected by a wall of dirt, but their heads were exposed when trying to figure out how to outfox their enemies, the results were devastating.

During the four bloody years of clashes between the Allies and Central Powers, countless soldiers took machine gun blasts to the face. In many cases, those →

Howard Gillies (above), and with colleagues outside the Queen Mary in Sidcup

THE AMERICAN DENTAL AMBULANCE
MAURETANIA

who died instantly were the lucky ones. Survivors with gaping facial wounds were frequently left in waterlogged sickbays – often an agonising death sentence in itself, because antibiotics had not yet been developed and infection was rife.

Worse for casualties who survived the trenches was the healing process. Before the development of skin grafts, many facial wounds were left to heal with only basic stitching, leading to horrific scars and restricted movement of the facial muscles, meaning victims couldn't speak, eat or even breathe properly. Not only were victims of machine gun fire left with deformed faces, many of them suffered abject pain.

But one surgeon – New Zealand-born Harold Gillies – was determined to allow victims of the trenches to lead a normal life after the guns had fallen silent, and his pioneering skin graft techniques to restore facial mobility and give dignity to those who'd been hideously scarred laid the groundwork for today's multimillion-dollar plastic surgery industry.

THE RESEARCH BEGINS

Following the outbreak of WWI, Harold Gillies joined the Royal Army Medical Corps and was posted to the Western Front in 1915, where he saw the devastating effects of machine gun fire first-hand. During his first posting to Wimereux, near Boulogne, he acted as medical minder to a French-American dentist named Auguste Valadier, who was attempting to develop jaw repair techniques using small skin grafts.

Inspired by Valadier's basic grafting – and armed with medical books from the 1700s, which recounted the pioneering work of surgeons who'd rebuilt the nasal passages of syphilis sufferers – Gillies soon left for Paris to meet the surgeon Hippolyte Morestin. Today, Morestin is celebrated as the 'father of mouths' due to his breakthroughs in oral surgery, and Gillies saw him remove a tumour from a patient's face, then successfully graft skin by cutting and 'rolling' it from the patient's jaw onto the wound, to allow the flesh to regrow.

Convinced that contemporary skin grafts, which only focused on small areas, could be expanded to rebuild entire faces, Gillies returned to England in 1916 and persuaded the army's chief surgeon, Colonel Sir William Arbuthnot Lane, that he should set up a facial injuries ward at The Cambridge Military Hospital in Aldershot. And after the Battle Of The Somme in 1916 where 1.5m soldiers were injured, over 2,000 servicemen with facial injures were sent to Gillies' ward for treatment, despite the fact he and his team were only prepared for 200.

But thanks to Gillies' tireless work in Aldershot, a hospital dedicated to treating facial injuries – the Queen Mary in Sidcup – was opened in 1917, with over 1,000 beds for soldiers returning from the Great War. And to help deal with the huge influx of disfigured servicemen, Gillies set up Project Façade – a group of highly trained surgeons who modestly referred to themselves as The Sidcup Team.

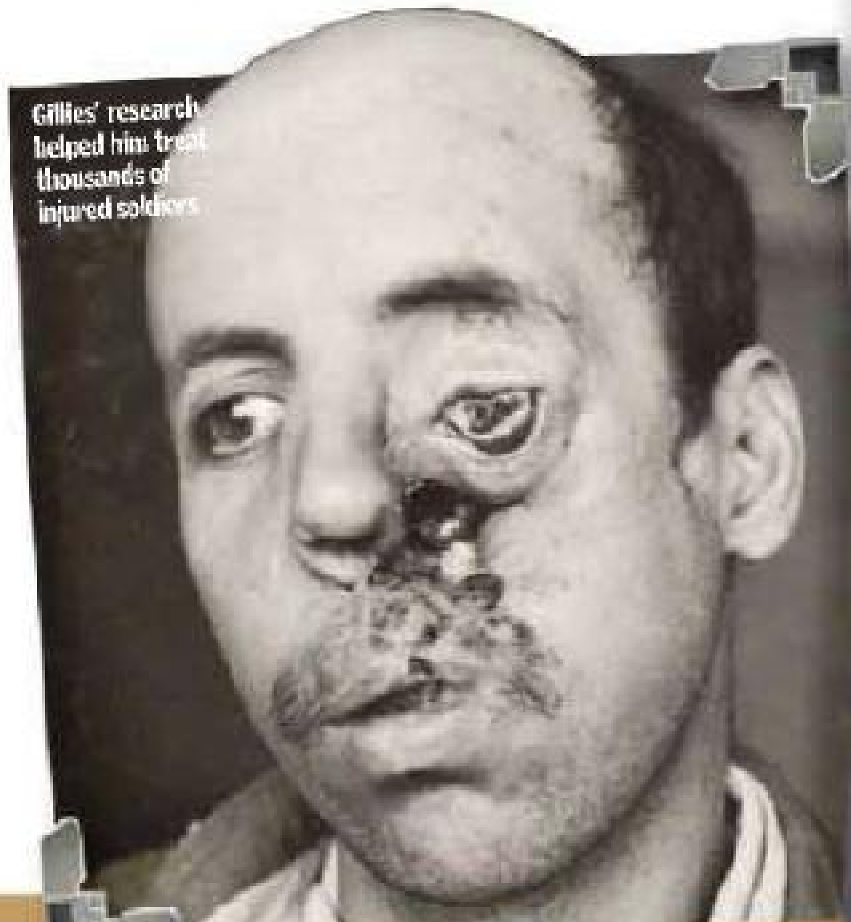
THE TUBED PEDICLE

While in the past most facial wounds had been roughly stitched together, which left faces twisted and disfigured when scar tissue contracted, Gillies used skin from elsewhere on a patient's body to rebuild features – something that's common in operating theatres today, but was completely new in the early 20th century.

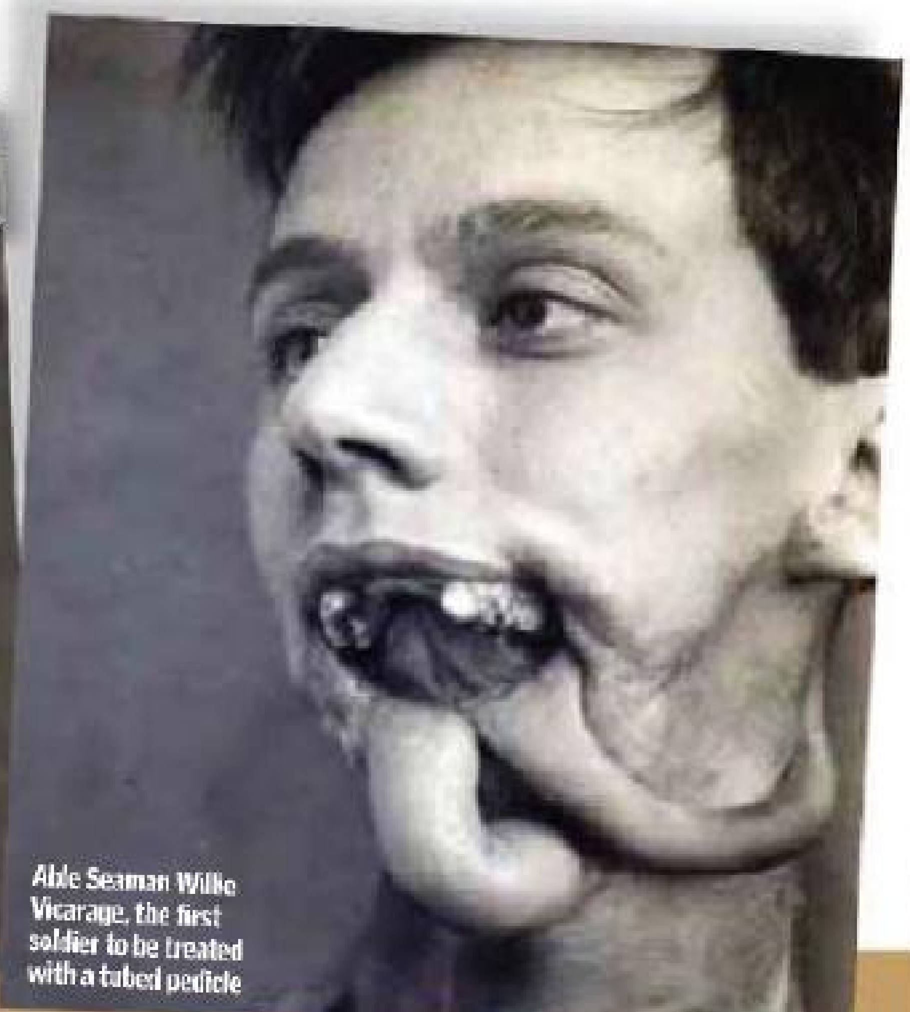
The main problem Gillies faced in his experiments was infection, as antibiotics weren't yet available and it was difficult to graft tissue without infection setting in. Undeterred, and recalling his time in Paris with Hippolyte Morestin, Gillies developed the tubed pedicle (see previous page, below, and opposite).

Gillies' tubed pedicle was a flap of skin cut from the patient's chest or forehead, and 'swung' into position over their face. This flap was attached to the facial area that needed to be treated, and the strip of skin running to the chest or forehead was formed into a tube using stitches; an ingenious technique that kept the patient's blood running directly to the wound, dramatically reducing the risk of infection.

The tubed pedicle was first used when treating Able Seaman Willie Vicarage (see below). Vicarage had served on HMS Mayalya during the Battle Of Jutland in 1916, where over 65 men died, and he sustained heavy facial injuries. Vicarage agreed to be the first person to undergo



Gillies' research helped him treat thousands of injured soldiers

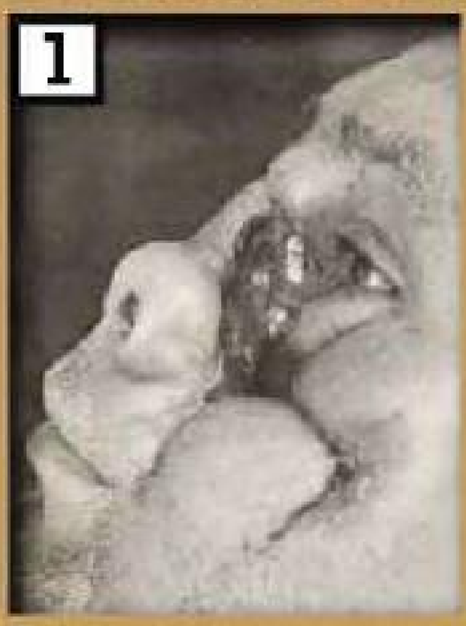


Able Seaman Willie Vicarage, the first soldier to be treated with a tubed pedicle

THE TUBED PEDICLE IN ACTION...

How Howard Gillies' amazing research helped rebuild faces, and lives

1



The injury was prepared for surgery

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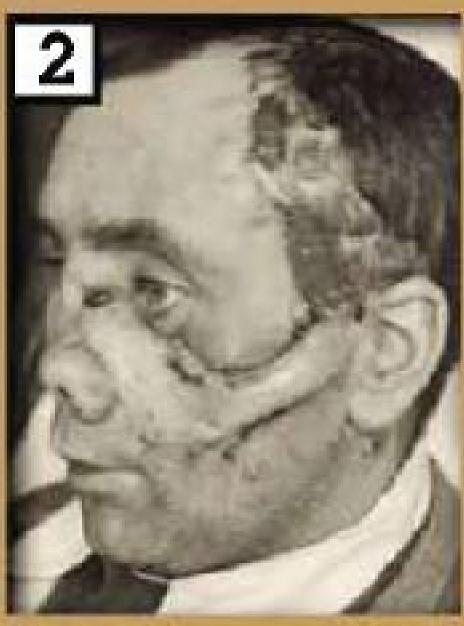
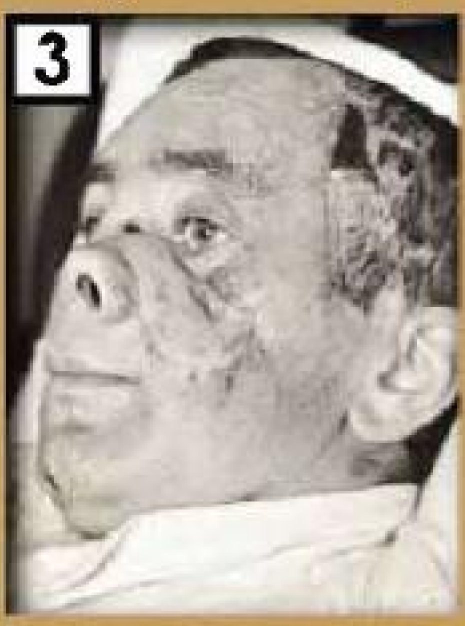


A tube of skin was 'swung' over the wound

3



The patient's blood circulated in the tube

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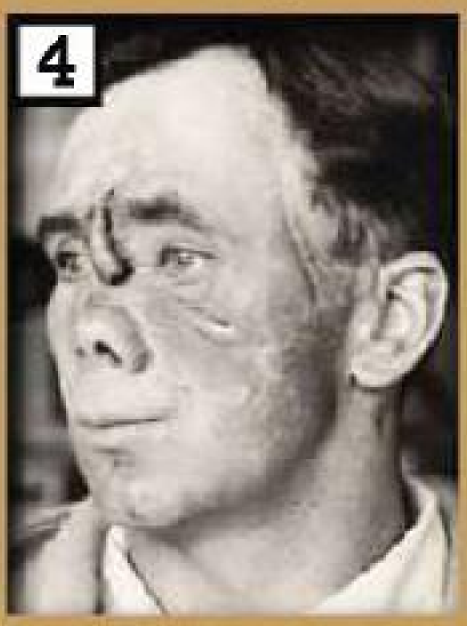

Over time, fresh skin grew over the wound

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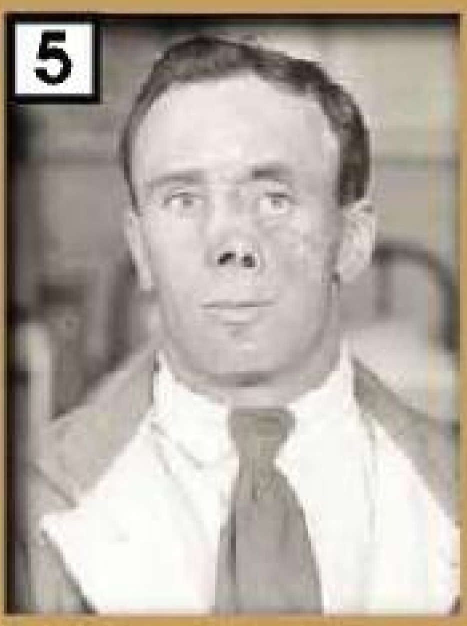
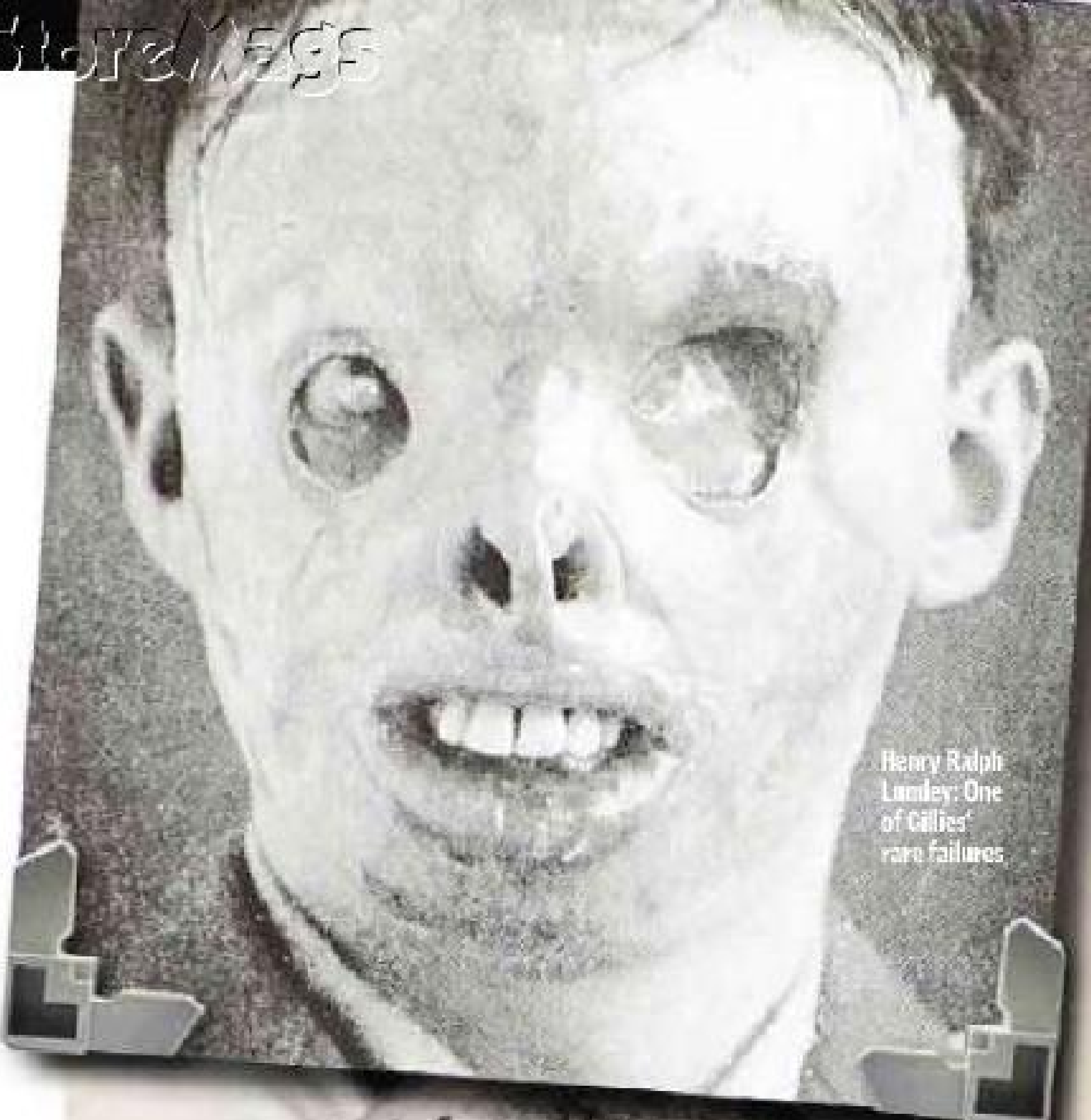
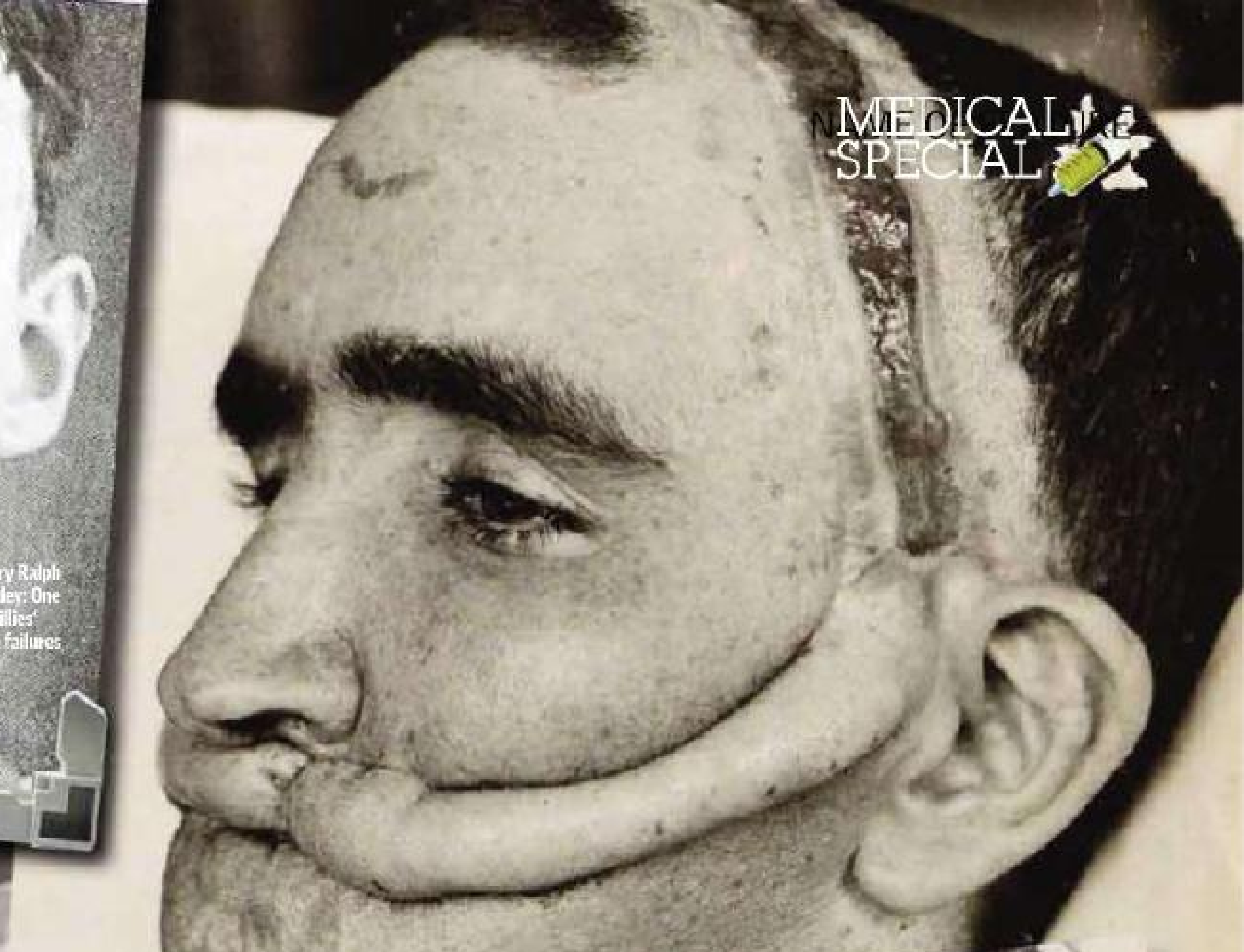


Hey presto! A new face grew

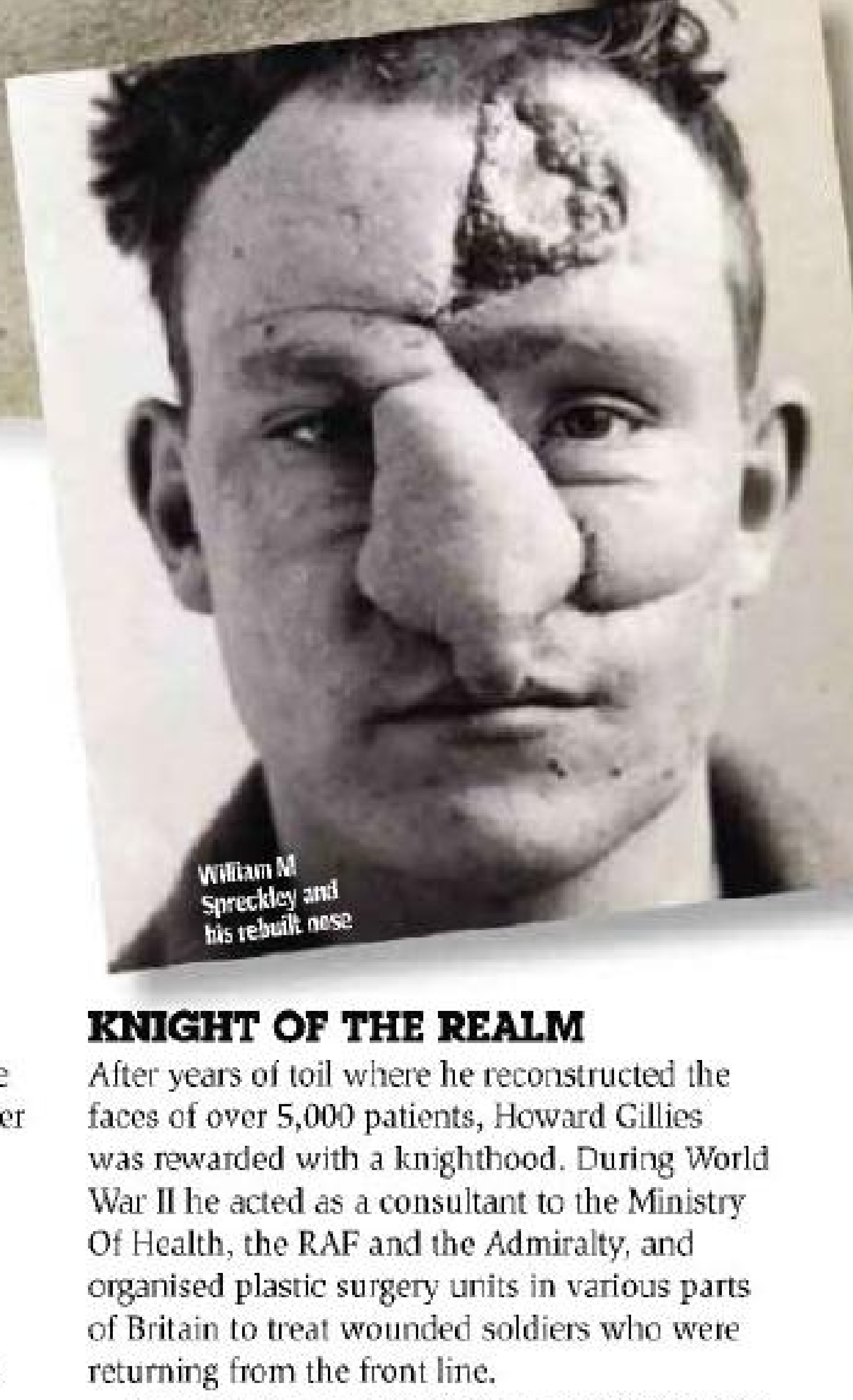


Henry Ralph Lumley: One of Gillies' rare failures



The early days of a tubed pedicle procedure

Gilles' research led to many radical treatments

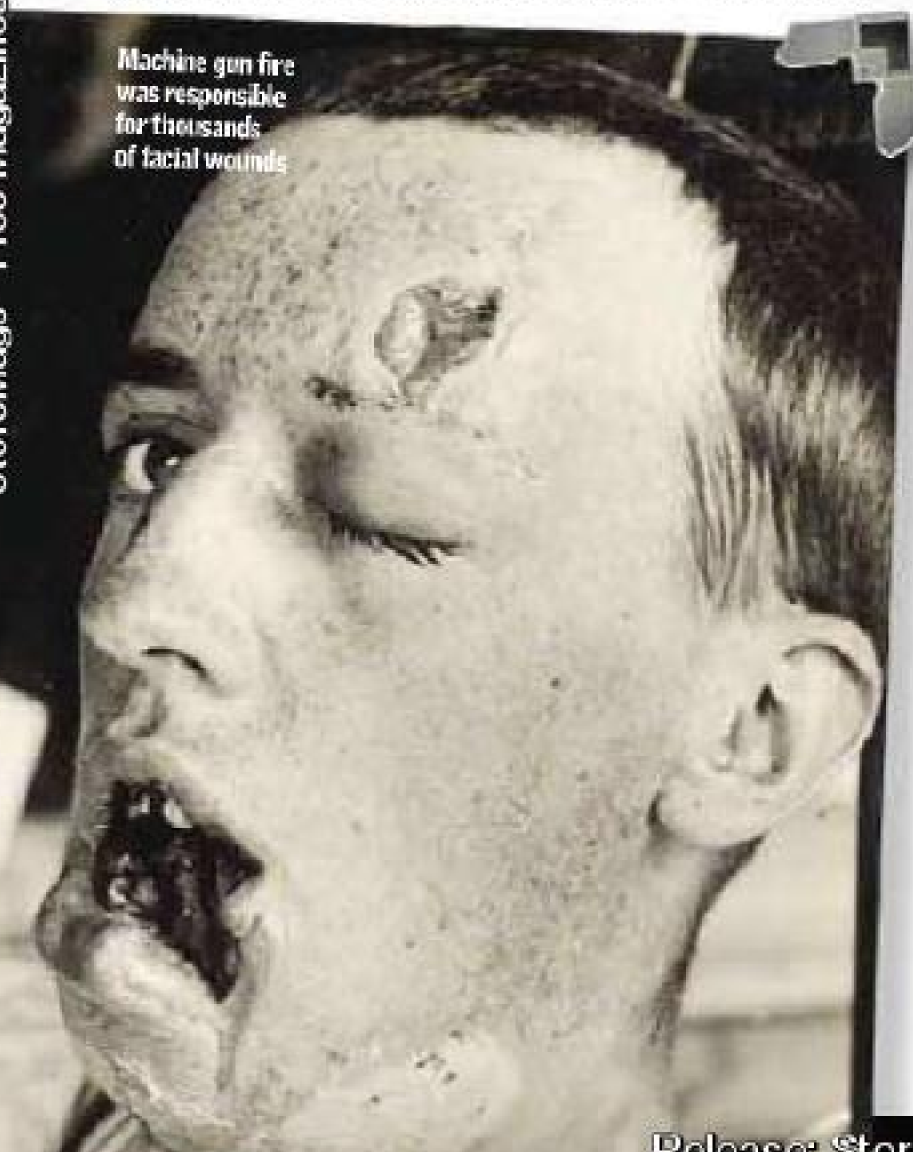


William M Spreckley and his rebuilt nose

A fleshy tube of the patient's skin was swung over their wound

the highly risky experimental procedure; and while the short-term results were horrific and left him with a fleshy tube running from his face to his chest, after several months recovery time his face had significantly healed.

Another of Gillies' early successes was William M Spreckley (right), a soldier whose nose had been blown off at the Battle Of Ypres, leaving him with a crater in the middle of his face. Gillies implanted a section of cartilage from one of Spreckley's ribs under his forehead, then swung the cartilage and a flap of skin into the nasal cavity to create a new nose. Over time the new tissue fused with the old and filled the hole, and years later Spreckley's physical scars were barely visible. Sadly, Gillies couldn't begin to treat Spreckley's psychological scars – according to his granddaughter, he always felt he looked like a "freak" – but Spreckley was still hugely grateful to the surgeon, and named his son Michael Gillies in his honour.



Machine gun fire was responsible for thousands of facial wounds

A RARE FAILURE

Of course, it's impossible to pioneer surgical procedures without casualties, and Gillies admitted he went too far too quickly in the case of Henry Ralph Lumley (see above). Shortly after his graduation ceremony from Central Flying School, Lumley's plane crashed and burst into flames. Lumley's face, including his lips and eyelids, was entirely burned off in the inferno.

Gillies and his team attempted to replace the skin on Lumley's face by using a large slice of flesh from his chest; essentially, a complete face transplant. But only a few days after the operation Lumley's immune system reacted badly towards his new face, and he died of heart failure before his bandages were removed.

Saddened but undeterred, Gillies used his experience with Lumley to rethink his skin graft procedures, and went on to master the process of staged grafts. With staged grafts, surgeons rebuild areas of skin little by little, reducing the risk of infection and rejection from the patient's immune system. Gillies and his team carried on using and perfecting this gradual rebuilding of the skin on burns victims, and others who had suffered damage to large sections of skin. And while their methods were rather naïve by today's standards, the basic techniques Gillies perfected and documented are still used today.

KNIGHT OF THE REALM

After years of toil where he reconstructed the faces of over 5,000 patients, Howard Gillies was rewarded with a knighthood. During World War II he acted as a consultant to the Ministry Of Health, the RAF and the Admiralty, and organised plastic surgery units in various parts of Britain to treat wounded soldiers who were returning from the front line.

Perhaps not surprisingly, in 1946 Gillies also carried out one of the first sex change operations, in which Laura Dillon was transformed into Michael Dillon – the first female-to-male transsexual to have a surgically constructed penis. In 1951, Gillies and his colleagues also carried out one of first male-to-female sex change ops, where Robert Cowell became Roberta Cowell, using a pioneering vaginoplasty technique that became the standard for 40 years.

Harold Gillies died at the age of 78 on 10 September 1960. And while the plastic surgery techniques he developed have been abused by many of today's celebrities in the pursuit of eternal youth (meet some of the worst offenders on p79), his noble mission to give war heroes a sense of dignity and confidence means he'll be forever remembered as the pioneering 'father of plastic surgery'. ●

PICTURES: WELLCOME COLLECTION; GETTY IMAGES; PA PHOTOS

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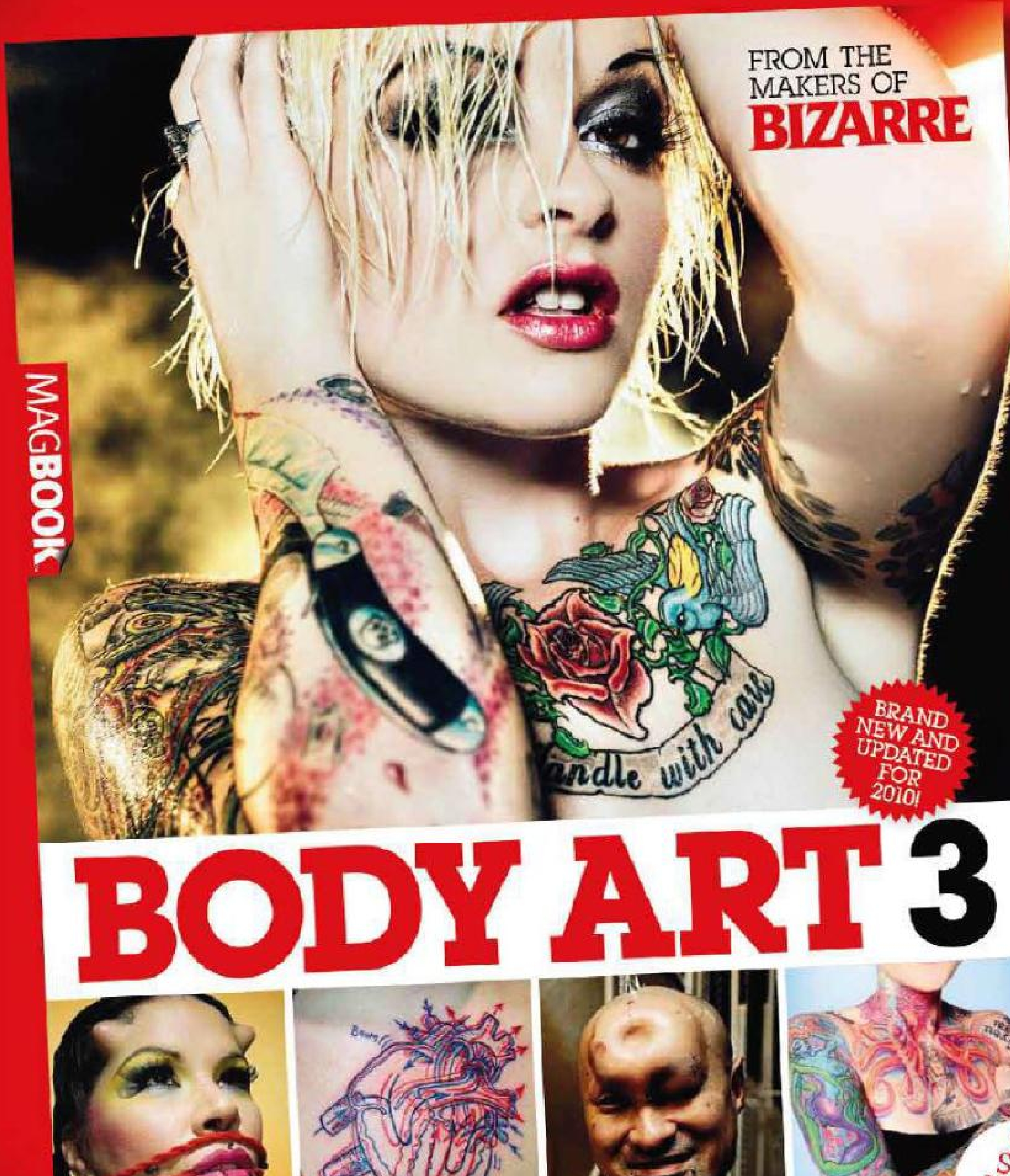
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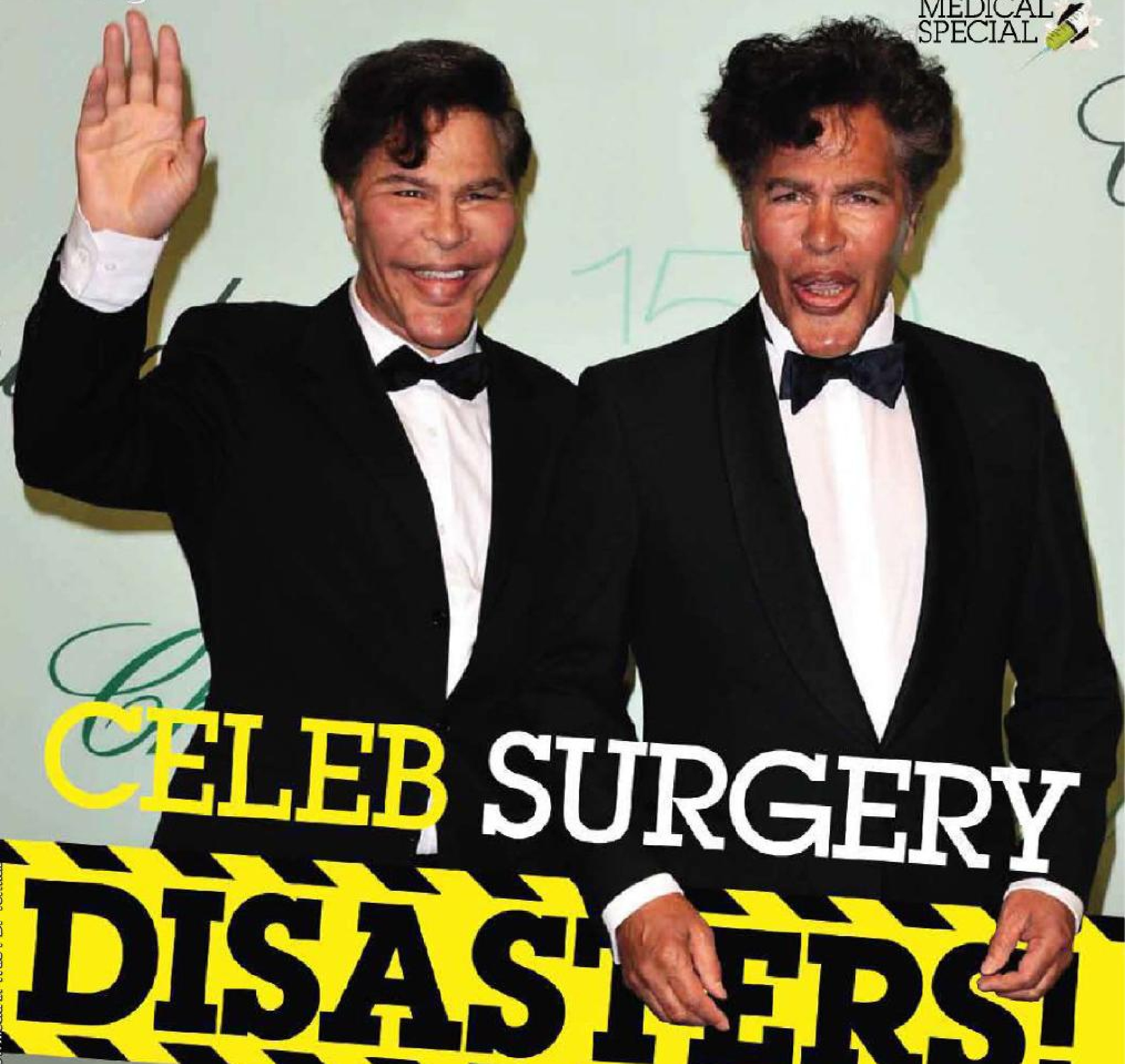


CELEB SURGERY DISASTERS!

Meet the stars and socialites who've taken plastic surgery at least 10 steps too far…

While Harold Gillies (see p74) devoted his life to giving disfigured soldiers a new face, cosmetic surgery has taken a darker path in recent years, with the rich and famous abusing plastic procedures in the pursuit of eternal youth.

From the horror of Michael Jackson's ravaged nose, to the 2010 Miss Plastic pageant in Hungary – where only girls who'd had ops on their boobs and buttocks were allowed to enter – these days plastic surgery is rarely used for noble purposes, and is most often exploited by those who want to tinker with their natural looks.

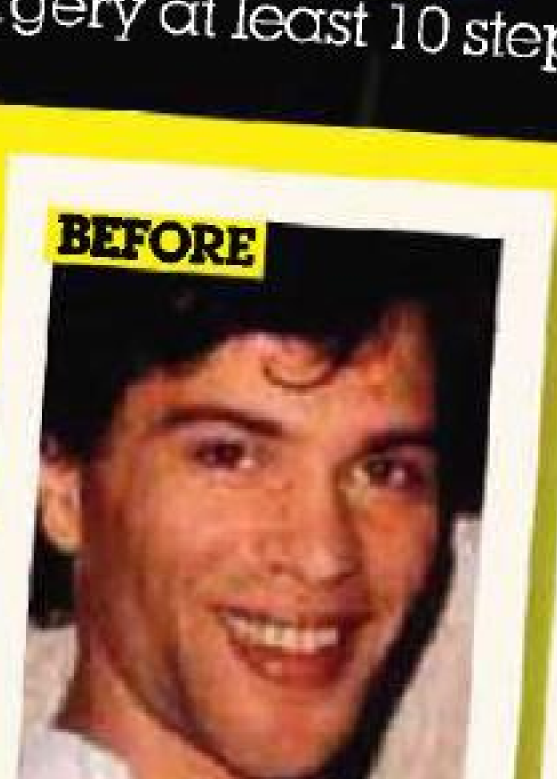
In the shallow world of celebrity, there's a disturbing trend for stars taking their obsession with youth a step too far. And when it comes to plastic surgery disasters, the famous people over the next three pages are the ones most likely to make your skin crawl…

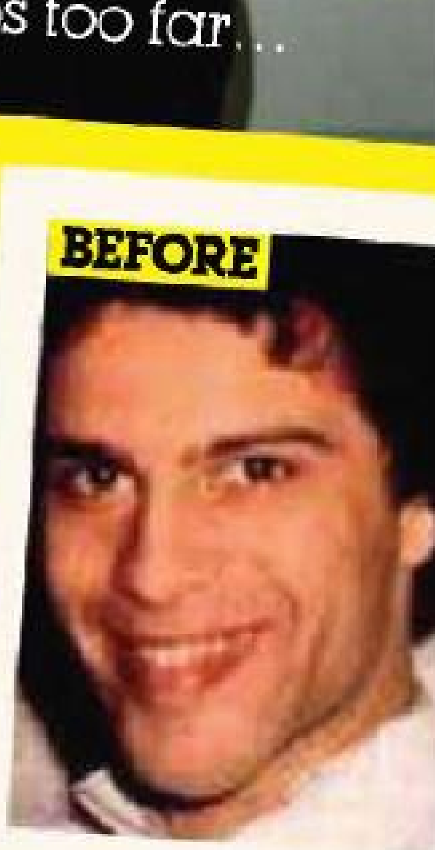
PICTURES: PA PHOTOS, REX FEATURES, JAMES STAFFORD

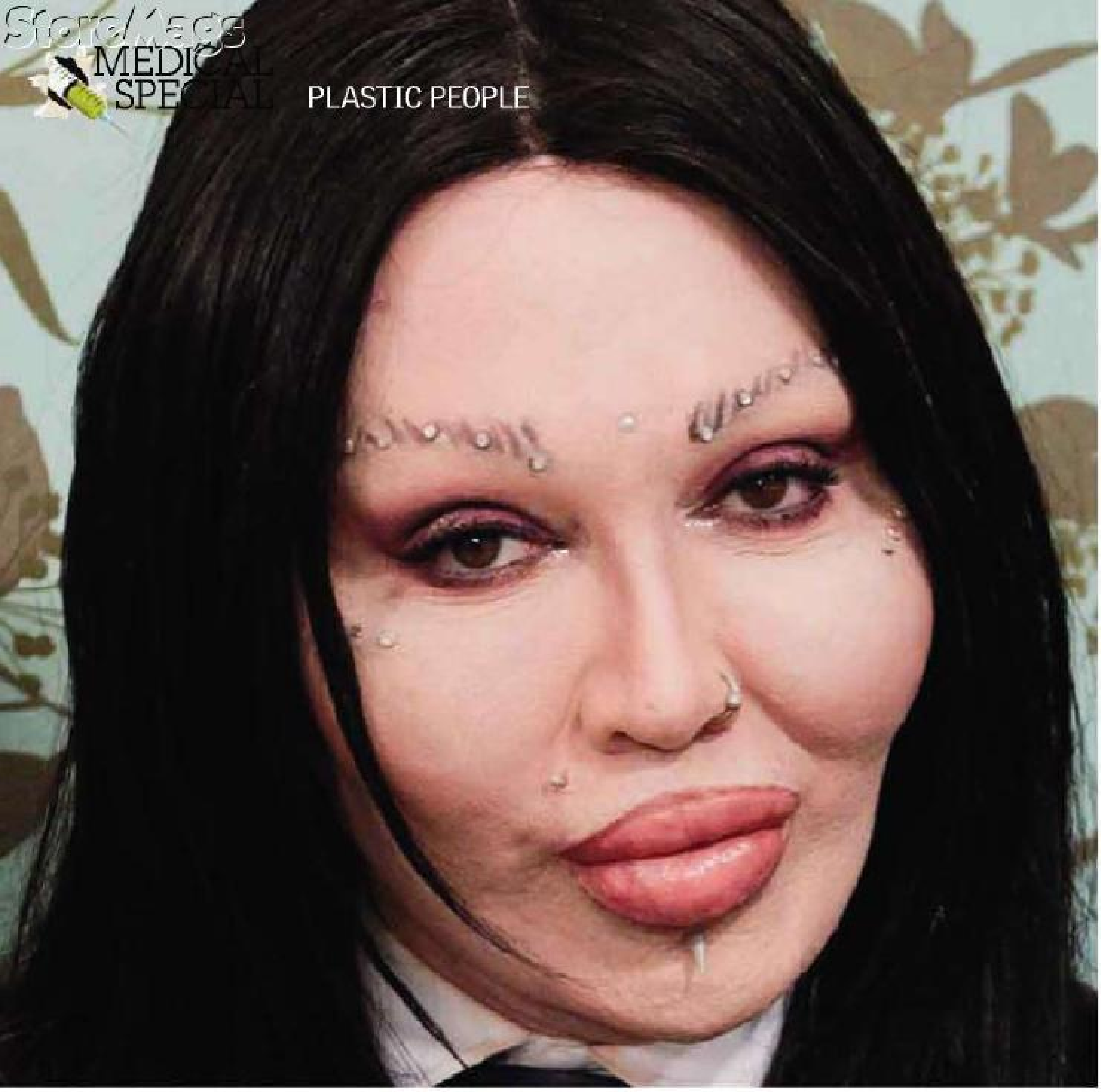
Bogdanoff Brothers

Twins taking it on the chin

Back in the 1980s, Igor and Grichka Bogdanoff were huge stars in France, where they hosted TV shows on popular science and sci-fi. But when their boyish looks began to fade, the twins, now 60, embarked on an epic series of cosmetic ops that are understood to have included chin and cheek implants, as well as Botox and fillers. Now the brothers look more like the aliens they once speculated about in their TV shows. →



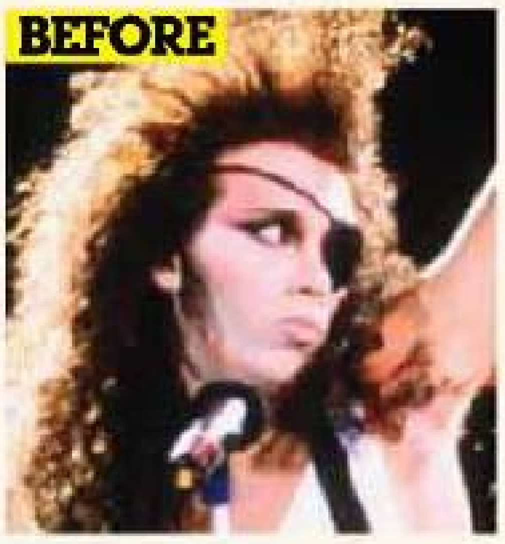




Pete Burns

Bizarre's fave surgery veteran

We love Pete Burns. Whether it be the BBC having to issue an apology for Pete's pre-watershed swearing on BBC Three gossip show *Liquid News*, or getting into trouble with the police for wearing a coat made from a dead monkey on *Big Brother*, the former Dead Or Alive singer clearly doesn't give a fuck what people think, and for this we salute him. But what happened to Pete's beautiful face? Over the years he's had extensive lip-plumping injections, cheek implants and several nose jobs, and in 2006 he revealed that he'd spent most of his life savings on 18 months of surgery after a procedure on his lips went horribly wrong.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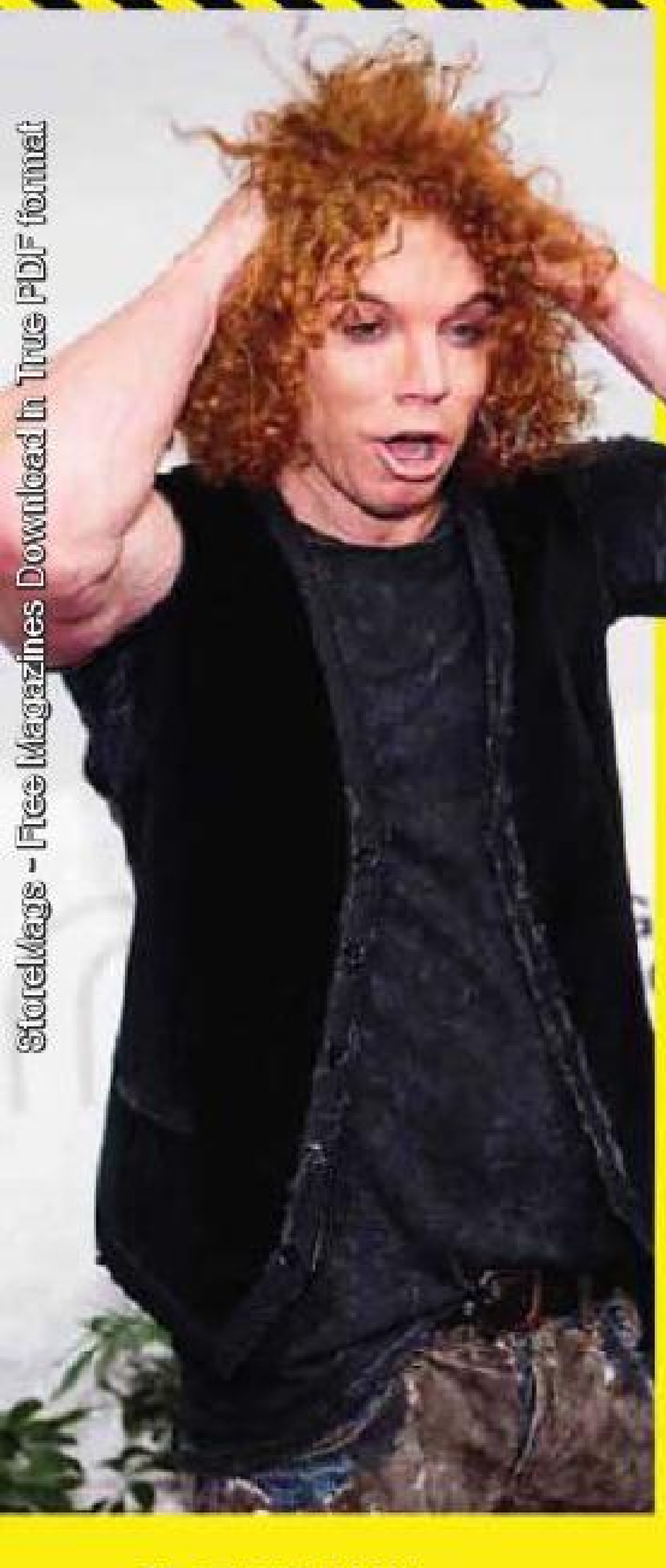
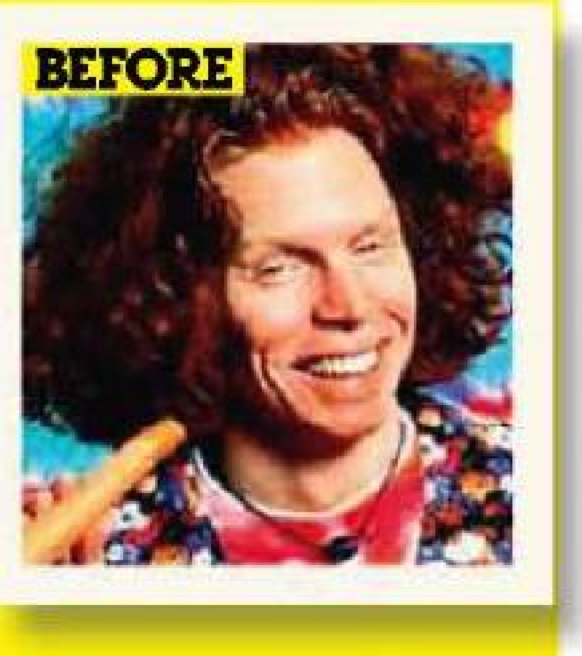


Carrot Top

A transformed man

Scott Thompson, better known as Carrot Top, is a US comedian whose looks have changed radically over the past 15 years. Although he's never admitted having plastic surgery, his face appears more angular, his lips look fuller, his eyebrows are more pronounced, and there's barely a crinkle in the 45-year-old's face. And as he's spent countless hours in the gym transforming himself from a skinny weakling into a muscular bruiser, the only thing that's remained the same is his shaggy mop of ginger hair.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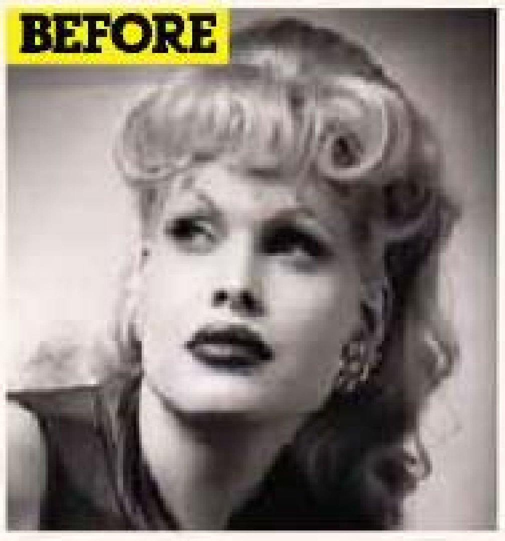
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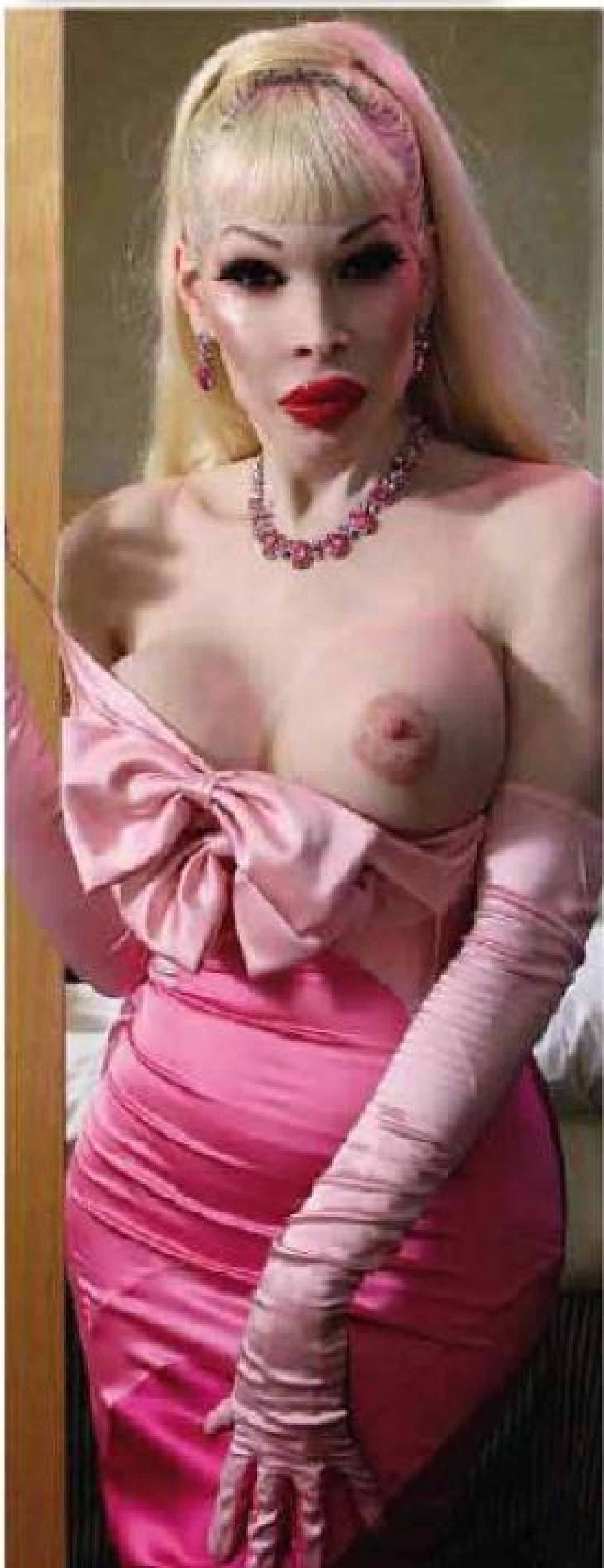
Amanda Lepore

Plastic transsexual icon

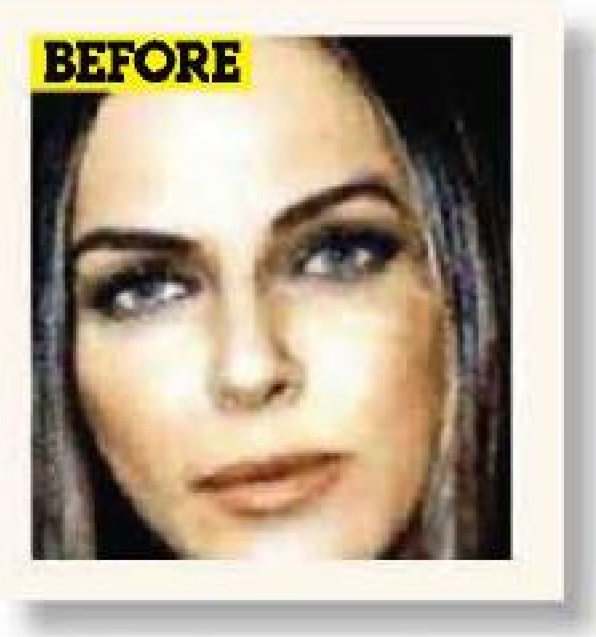
Model, nightlife hostess and performer Amanda Lepore was born a man, but at the age of 11 decided she wanted a sex change. Her first cosmetic op was a nose job at the age of 15, and since then Amanda's had three boob jobs, her eyes slanted twice, her forehead lifted, her hairline pulled down, and her brow bone reduced. She's also had her buttocks, lips and hips enlarged, and her lower rib broken and pushed in for more feminine curves. And while Amanda's first ops made her look hot as hell, today she looks more like a caricature of femininity than the woman she desires to be.



Lolo Ferrari

Queen of fake boobies

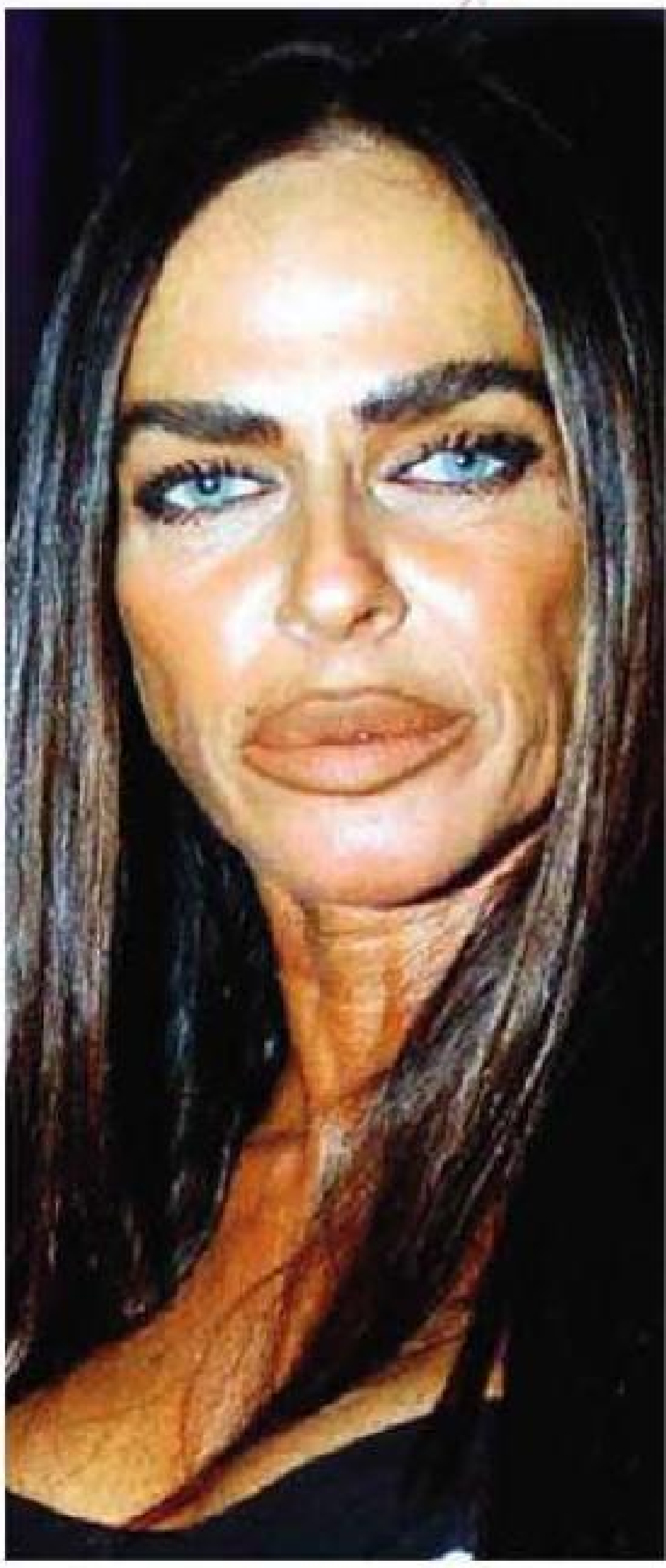
Famous for her appearances on TV show *Eurotrash*, Lolo was a French model and porn star who appeared twice in *Guinness World Records* as owner of the world's biggest boobs. Lolo underwent 22 operations to create her 180cm silicone-enhanced bust, and each of her breasts weighed 2.8kg and contained 3 litres of saline. She even needed a specially-designed bra to tame her bouncers. Lolo died in 2000 under suspicious circumstances.



Michaela Romanini

From hot to definitely not

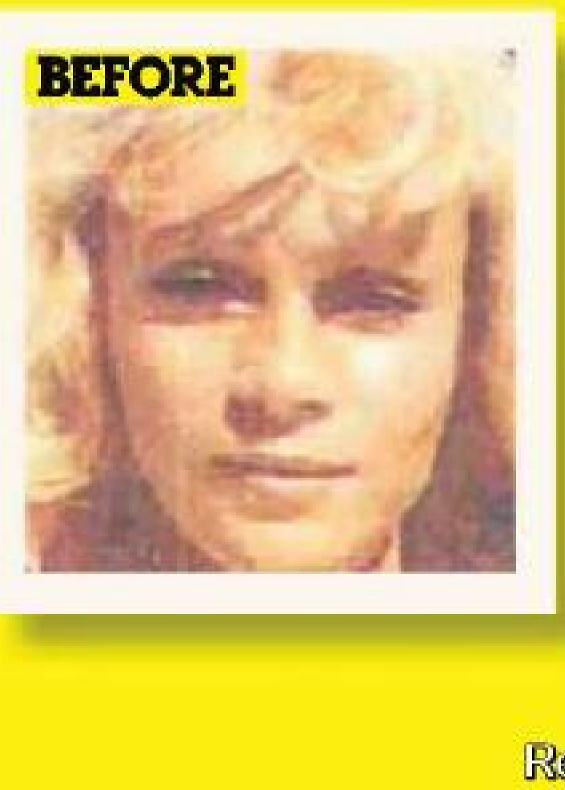
When she was in her 20s, Italian socialite Michaela Romanini was drop-dead gorgeous, with perfect cheekbones and smouldering eyes that could set hearts aflame from 200m. But after years of collagen injections that have pumped her lips up to the size of a 1970s space hopper, she now looks more like an unconvincing drag queen than one of Italy's premier party animals. And while her neck is crinkled like anyone else in their mid-40s, there's barely a wrinkle on her shiny face, leading plastic surgeons to believe she's one of Europe's biggest Botox users.

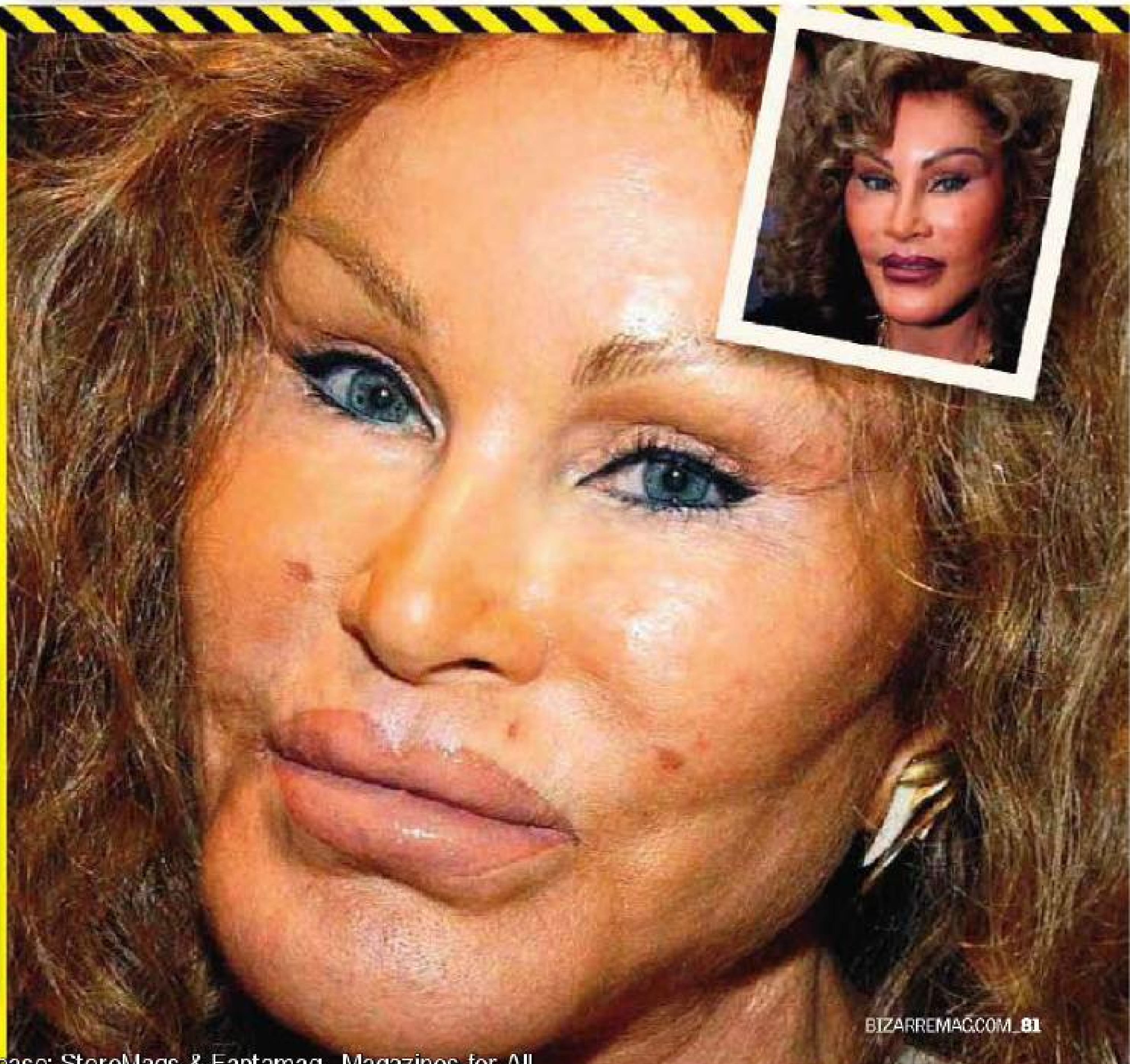


Jocelyn Wildenstein

Queen of plastic surgery

Jocelyn Wildenstein is the putty-faced postergirl for plastic surgery gone wrong. But while we all know how the 65-year-old socialite went under the knife to get feline features and please her big cat-loving husband, it looks like she's trying to reverse her grim transformation. In recent months plastic surgeons have noted that her brows are back to their normal position, her cheeks are smaller and her lips are starting to look less fake. And while there's a long way to go before Jocelyn looks normal, at least she's taken a step in the right direction.





AS GOOD AS EVIL GETS

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DEATH IS NOT THE END

Hold on to your guts and take a look at the blood, bones and organs that make us tick. Welcome to an autopsy →

WARNING EXPLICIT CONTENT

The photographs over the next three pages are not for the faint-hearted or easily offended. If the sight of blood, guts or dead bodies is likely to upset you, please don't go any further

IF YOU'RE UNDER 18, OR MAY BE SHOCKED BY EXPLICIT CONTENT, STOP RIGHT HERE!

Forensic doctors analyse the vital organs after they've been removed from the body to check for lesions that might have caused the person's death

A pathologist holds an aorta, the body's main artery

The voicebox is removed from the corpse

HEAD FIRST

Examining the brain

A pathologist peels the scalp back from the skull

Forensic doctors stuff the head with paper after removing the brain

Slicing up the brain to look for abnormalities

For thousands of Britons, a cold medical mortuary is the last call before the grave. Here, many people make their final contribution to the human race by being autopsied.

By weighing, examining and dissecting human cadavers, pathologists and medical experts can decipher the hidden secrets of our mortality.

Gory, traumatic and taboo, autopsies have been a vital medical tool for centuries. Forensic autopsies are a crucial part of investigations into suspicious deaths, and clinical autopsies, which are mainly conducted by hospitals, help medics improve their diagnoses and treatment by finding out why a person died. In England, an estimated 34 per cent of autopsies conducted into 'routine natural deaths' reveal that the assumed cause of death before examination was incorrect. Meanwhile, academic autopsies in medical schools are used to teach new generations of doctors about the human anatomy.

With its soundtracked depiction of effortlessly cool dissections conducted by unflappably handsome pathologists, *CSI* has given autopsies an unlikely Hollywood sheen. Meanwhile, Gunther Von Hagens, the fedora-wearing anatomist who tours his *Body Worlds* exhibition of plastinated corpses around the globe, stirred up controversy after contravening the 1984 Anatomy Act when he dissected a human live on TV in 2002. But even though autopsies are more visible than ever, they're being performed less and less.

On the slab: An autopsy table

Low body count

Studies show that despite the obvious benefits to science, the number of autopsies conducted in the West is dropping. In 2005, only 600 people in the UK left their entire bodies to medical science, compared with 670 in 2000, leading the Department Of Health to appeal for more donations in order to fulfil demand.

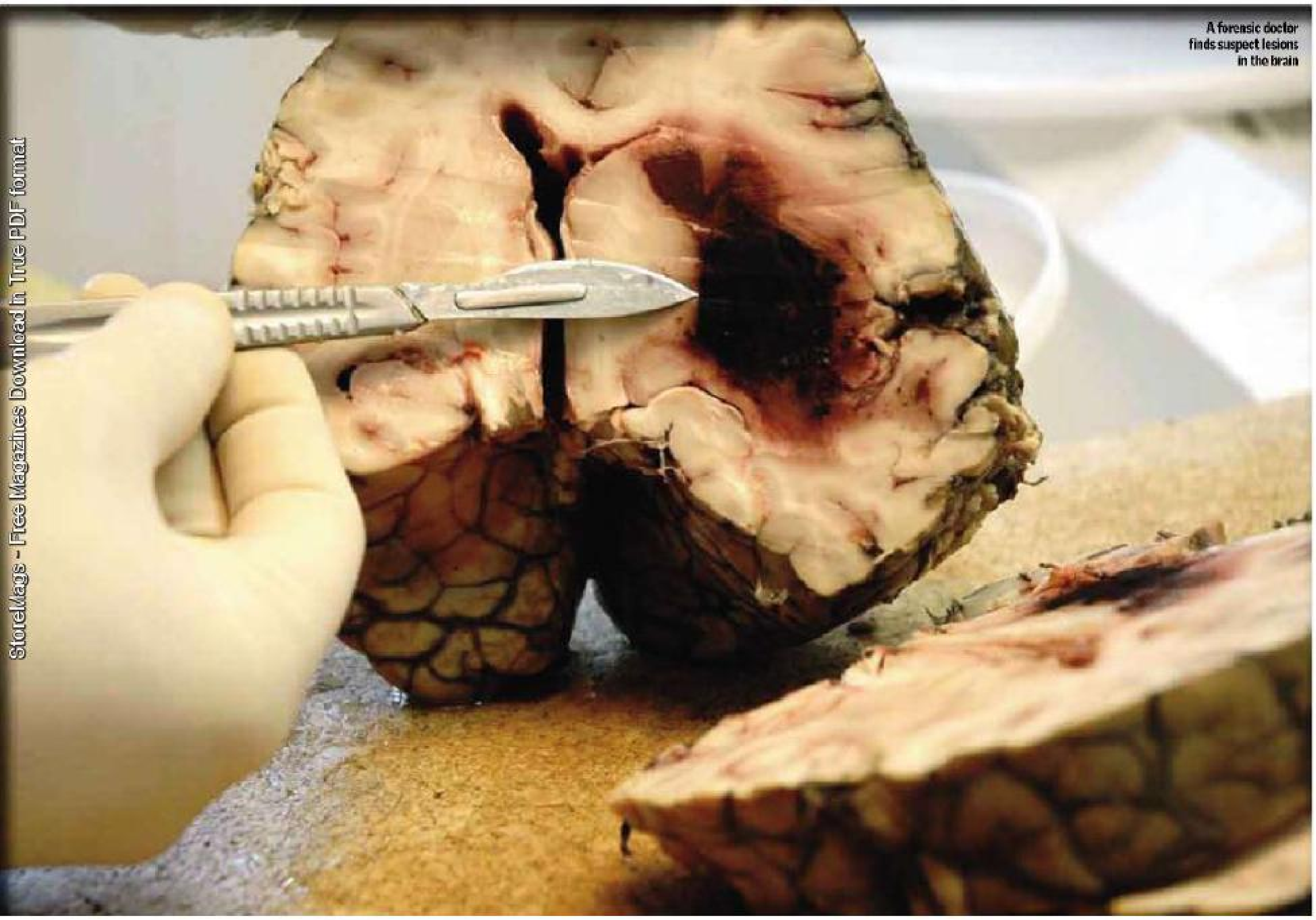
While forensic autopsies are ordered by a coroner, clinical autopsies require the permission of the grieving family and, according to Adam Kay, a junior doctor and one half of medical comedy tunesmiths Amateur Transplants, many relatives don't want to give the go-ahead. "Obviously an autopsy is a hugely emotive thing, and there's no way of making it sound any better than it is," he says. "Forty years ago there were more autopsies because less was known about diseases, but imaging and diagnosis has become considerably better over the last few decades."

Due to a shortage of cadavers, medical schools are struggling to teach students about anatomy and Dr Kay explains, "Primarily, autopsies are needed as a teaching tool. No matter what job you're in, you have to complete a process a number of times before you become any good at it. It's the same with autopsies. Pathologists coming up to retirement age will have done hundreds of autopsies, but doctors in training might only do one every couple of months."

Enlightenment in death

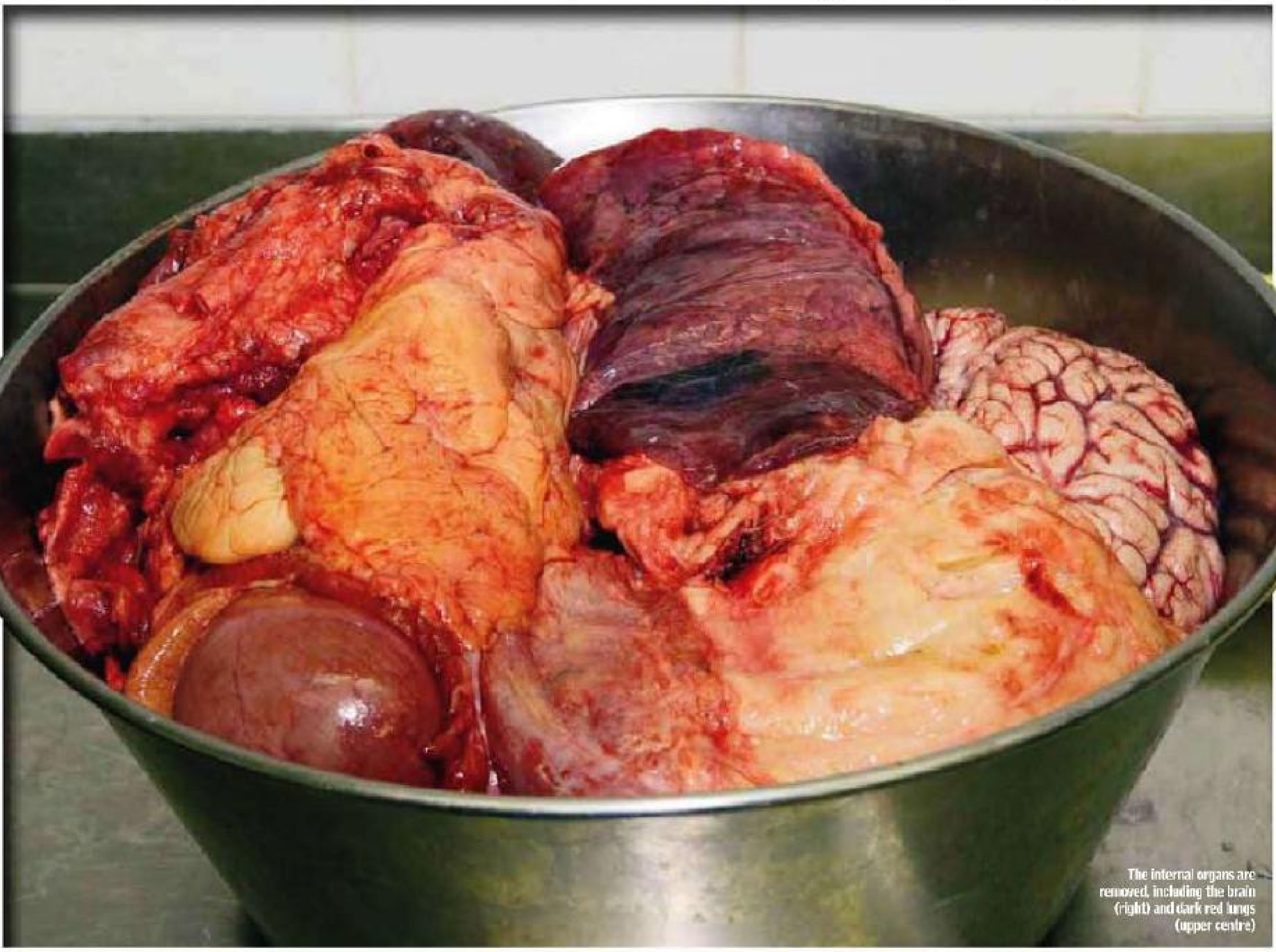
Attitudes to autopsies have come full circle in Britain. Even though the procedure has a proud history – the earliest recorded dissections were conducted in Ancient Greece by scientists such as Herophilus – in England, autopsies were banned by the Catholic Church until the 16th century. →

"Trainee doctors do an autopsy every two months"



A forensic doctor finds suspect lesions in the brain

"Autopsies are generally fairly dry processes. You don't see much blood *and* guts, just guts"



The internal organs are removed, including the brain (right) and dark red lungs (upper centre)

However, once medical schools began to spring up across the country during the 18th century, the demand for cadavers became so overwhelming that the body-snatching business took off.

Invasion of the body-snatchers

Otherwise known as 'resurrectionists', corpse robbers sold cadavers to medical schools for a tidy profit, and body-snatching reached its zenith when Burke and Hare murdered 17 people, then sold their victims' bodies to science. The nationwide uproar prompted by the killings led to the 1832 Anatomy Act, which loosened the rules governing autopsies and effectively halted the body-snatching industry.

Autopsies became a crucial tool in medicine, furthering doctors' understanding of the human body. The revelations dissection threw up were so exciting that before he died in 1832, the founder of University College London, Jeremy Bentham, requested that his body be cut up during a series of lectures, and his skeleton displayed at the university.

But that heyday is over, and the gross thought of your loved ones being sliced open, along with advancements in technology, have diminished the role of autopsies in medicine. "Within the next decade there will be more and more MRI autopsies (a technique that uses a magnetic field to construct an image of the body)," says Dr Kay. "They're not as accurate but they're increasingly used on babies because they're less invasive. I don't see the declining trend of autopsies reversing. There will always be scenarios where they are needed, but hopefully technology will catch up with the demands. I think in 50 years time people will look on autopsies as an anachronism."

Blood and guts

Probing into our bodies with metal equipment without breaking the skin is all well and good, but is an autopsy really that stomach-churning? Considering Dr Kay's witnessed his fair share while training, we believe him when he says it's not very gory. "There's a lot more to an autopsy than just blood and guts," he asserts. "The dissection part of the autopsy only takes a couple of hours. First, there is an external exam to check for anything unusual or signs of trauma, then the pathologist runs a series of microscopic tests; taking samples from organs. Toxicology tests are also done on the blood and organs such as the heart, liver and even the fluid from around the eye. Dissection is only a small part of the overall autopsy."

A doctor uses forceps to get under the ribcage after cutting the corpse from the neck to the pubis

It's not splatterific, either. "Tissues only bleed when blood is circulating through them so generally an autopsy is a fairly dry process," Dr Kay explains. "You don't see much blood *and* guts, just guts."

A mortuary rarely looks like a scene from an Eli Roth torture porn movie. But it doesn't look like the modern, fetishistic laboratories in *CSI*, *Silent Witness* and other forensic cop shows, either. "A programme that dealt with the reality of autopsy wouldn't get many viewers," says Dr Kay. "Most of the time, autopsies occur when there hasn't been a crime and the person being examined is someone's relative who has died. It's more tied up with emotions, more clinical and less gory than most people would think."

PICTURES: SCIENCE PHOTO LIBRARY; ISTOCKPHOTO

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EXPERIMENTS IN TERROR

Pop a Prozac and join our grizzly tour of the most evil medical tests

WORDS **SORREL NEUSS**
ILLUSTRATION **THE COMIC STRIPPER**

Sliced from head to toe without anaesthetic, injected with diseases, exposed to toxic levels of radiation and poisoned, thousands of people in the last century got trapped in a nightmare and never woke up.

Governments in countries such as the USA, Japan, Russia, South Africa and Germany ordered and funded scores of horrific experiments on live humans to explore genetics, find cures for diseases, develop biological weapons and poisons, or just to see what would happen if they tortured, maimed and killed people in new, terrifying ways.

These top-secret tests went unchallenged until details of those conducted in WWII came to light in 1946. But despite the introduction of ethical codes of medical practice in international treaties such as the 1949 Nuremberg Code and the 1964 Helsinki Declaration, some evil quacks continued to experiment on people without their consent until the 1980s, and in North Korea's Prison Camp 22, they still do. If you weren't scared of white coats before, you will be after you've read about the world's most horrific medical experiments...

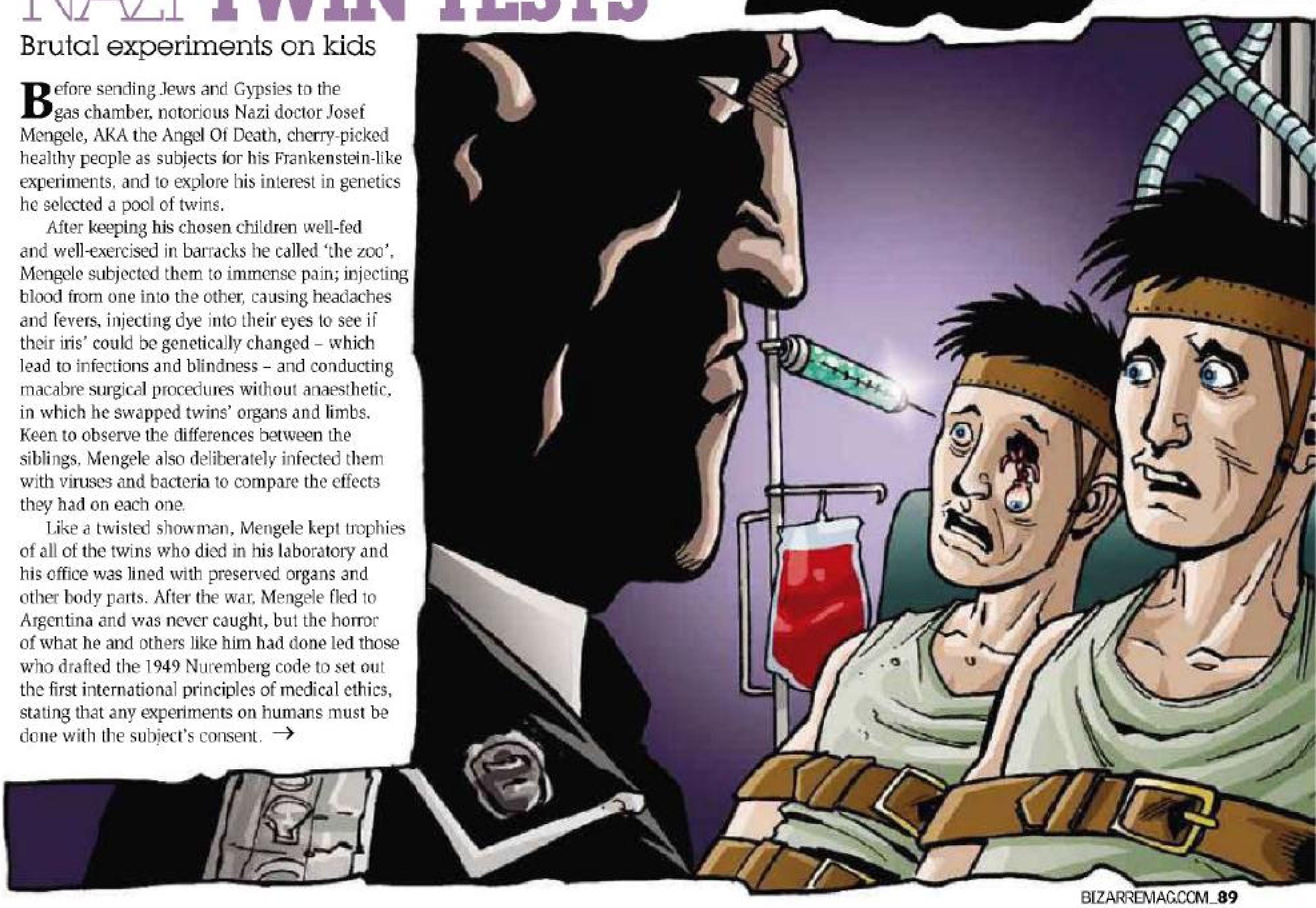
NAZI TWIN TESTS

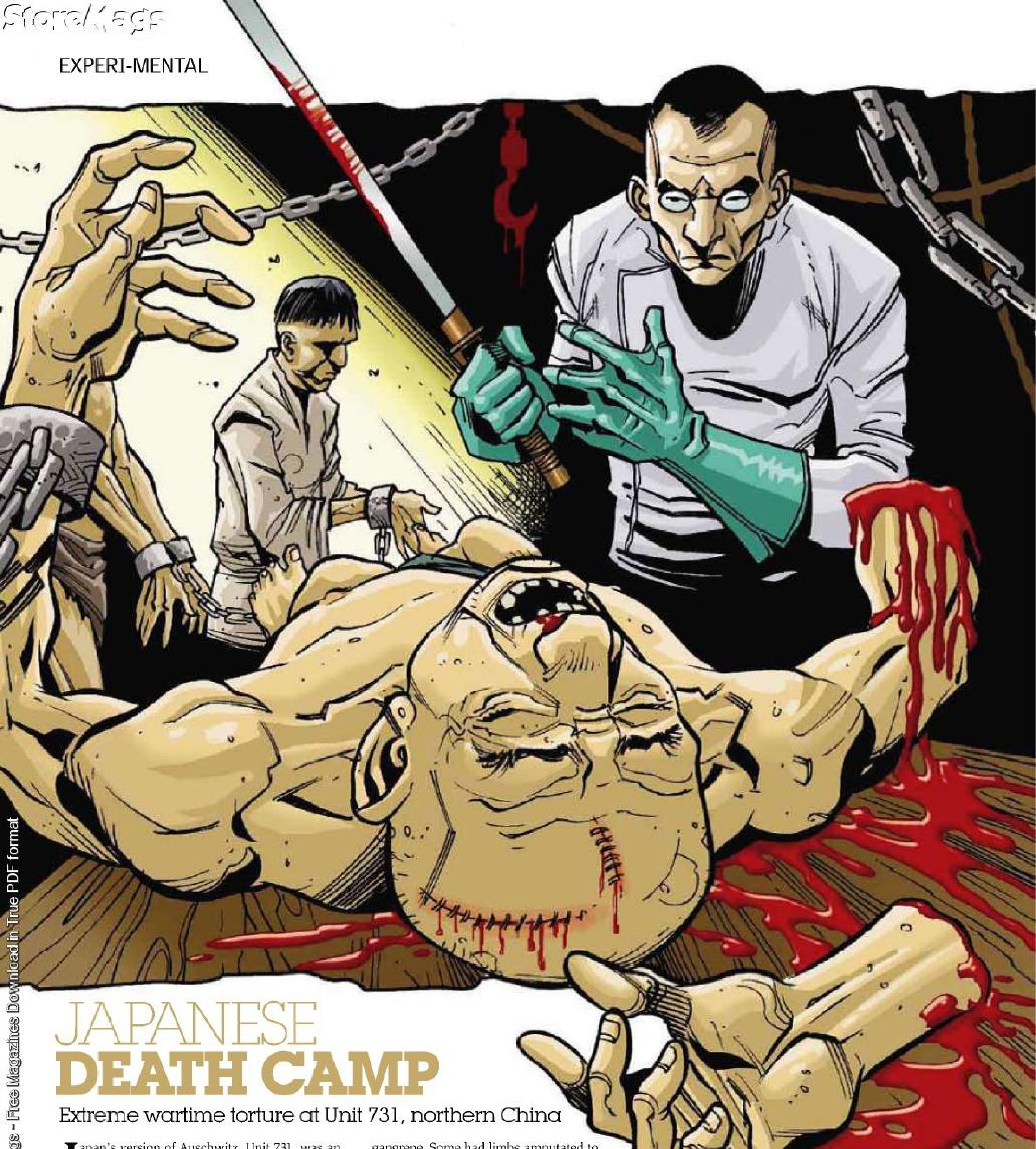
Brutal experiments on kids

Before sending Jews and Gypsies to the gas chamber, notorious Nazi doctor Josef Mengele, AKA the Angel Of Death, cherry-picked healthy people as subjects for his Frankenstein-like experiments, and to explore his interest in genetics he selected a pool of twins.

After keeping his chosen children well-fed and well-exercised in barracks he called 'the zoo', Mengele subjected them to immense pain; injecting blood from one into the other, causing headaches and fevers, injecting dye into their eyes to see if their iris' could be genetically changed – which lead to infections and blindness – and conducting macabre surgical procedures without anaesthetic, in which he swapped twins' organs and limbs. Keen to observe the differences between the siblings, Mengele also deliberately infected them with viruses and bacteria to compare the effects they had on each one.

Like a twisted showman, Mengele kept trophies of all of the twins who died in his laboratory and his office was lined with preserved organs and other body parts. After the war, Mengele fled to Argentina and was never caught, but the horror of what he and others like him had done led those who drafted the 1949 Nuremberg code to set out the first international principles of medical ethics, stating that any experiments on humans must be done with the subject's consent. →





JAPANESE DEATH CAMP

Extreme wartime torture at Unit 731, northern China

Japan's version of Auschwitz, Unit 731, was an enormous torture chamber in Pingfan, northern China. In the remote, desolate complex, medics led by the terrifying Doctor Shiro Ishii had free reign to do whatever they pleased to the 3,000-12,000 prisoners interned there during WWII. The number of people killed there is still unknown, but none of the locals herded up by Ishii's men, captured Russian soldiers or downed American airmen who entered its gates ever came out again.

Ishii exposed his victims to phosphine gas to see how it affected the lungs, gave them electrical charges that slowly cooked them, or left them outside in sub-zero temperatures until their limbs froze, then defrosted them to study the effects of gangrene. Some had limbs amputated to study blood loss, which were sometimes stitched back on the opposite side of the body. Others were put in high pressure chambers until their eyes popped out or hung upside down until they choked, and when Ishii demanded a brain to experiment on, his underlings would grab a prisoner, pin him down, and slice open his head without anaesthetic.

The people used for experiments were nicknamed "logs" because Japan told China that Unit 731 was a lumber mill, and the name fitted Ishii's view of his captives. Granted immunity by US Army General MacArthur in 1945, Ishii lived a pleasant life and died of cancer at home, aged 67.

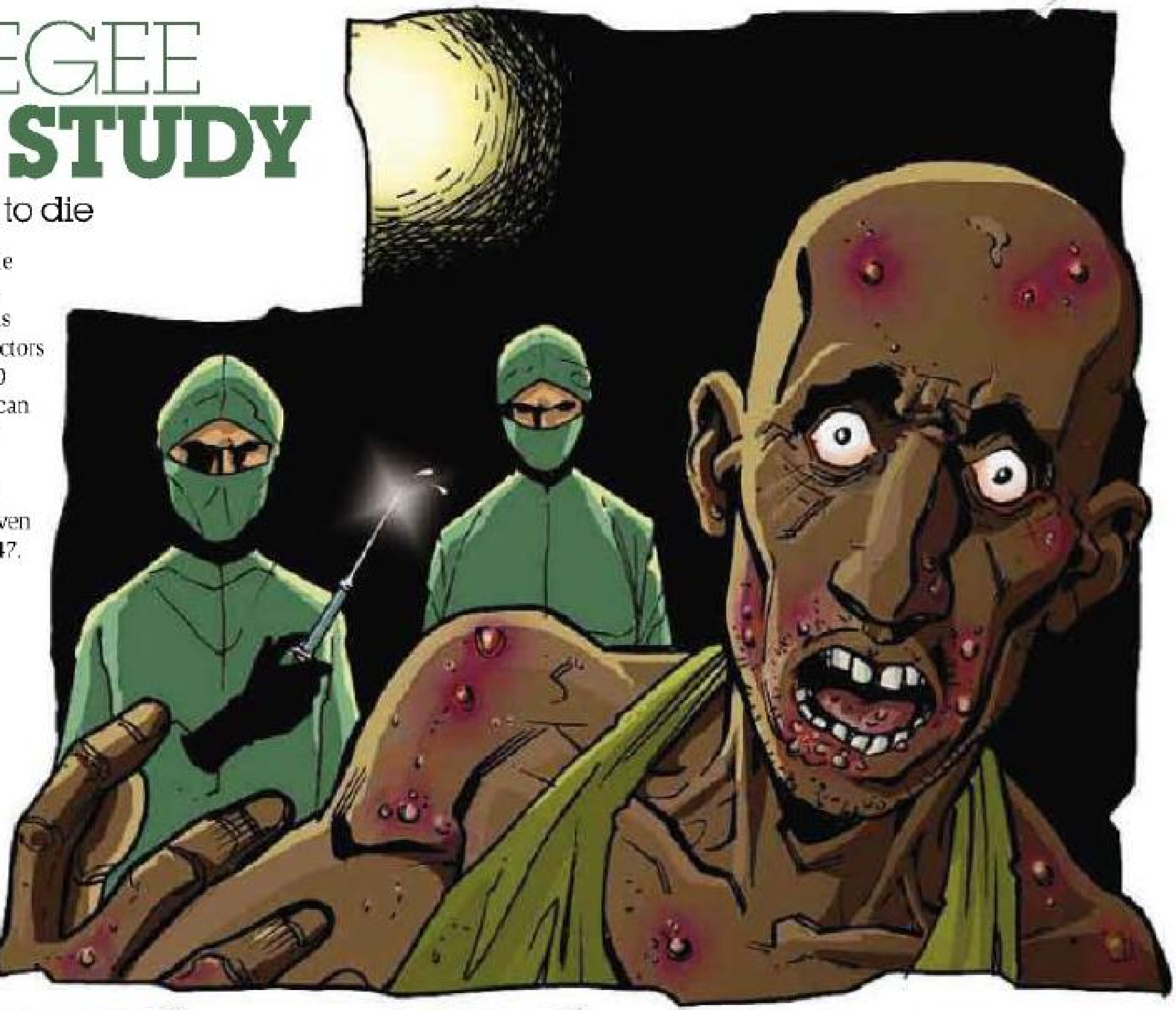
THE TUSKEGEE SYPHILIS STUDY

African-American men left to die

This racist study (1932-1972) was one of the longest-running unethical experiments on humans in the US. To find out whether syphilis affects black men differently to white men, doctors at Tuskegee University in Alabama studied 400 poorly educated, impoverished African-American men who'd been diagnosed with the sexually transmitted disease which, in its later stages, can cause madness and death. Doctors didn't tell patients they had syphilis, or treat them, even when penicillin became a standard cure in 1947.

To lure the men into taking part in the study for life, scientists offered them hot meals, rides to and from the clinic, and free treatment for other illnesses. Any of the jabs or pills they were given to 'treat' their 'bad blood' were bogus concoctions of aspirin or mineral supplements. By the time the study ended in 1972 following a public outcry, all but 74 of the men had died, 40 wives had become infected and 19 children had been born partially deaf, blind, and with malformed faces and bones due to congenital syphilis.

Former US president Bill Clinton apologised for the experiment in 1997.



THE AVERSION PROJECT

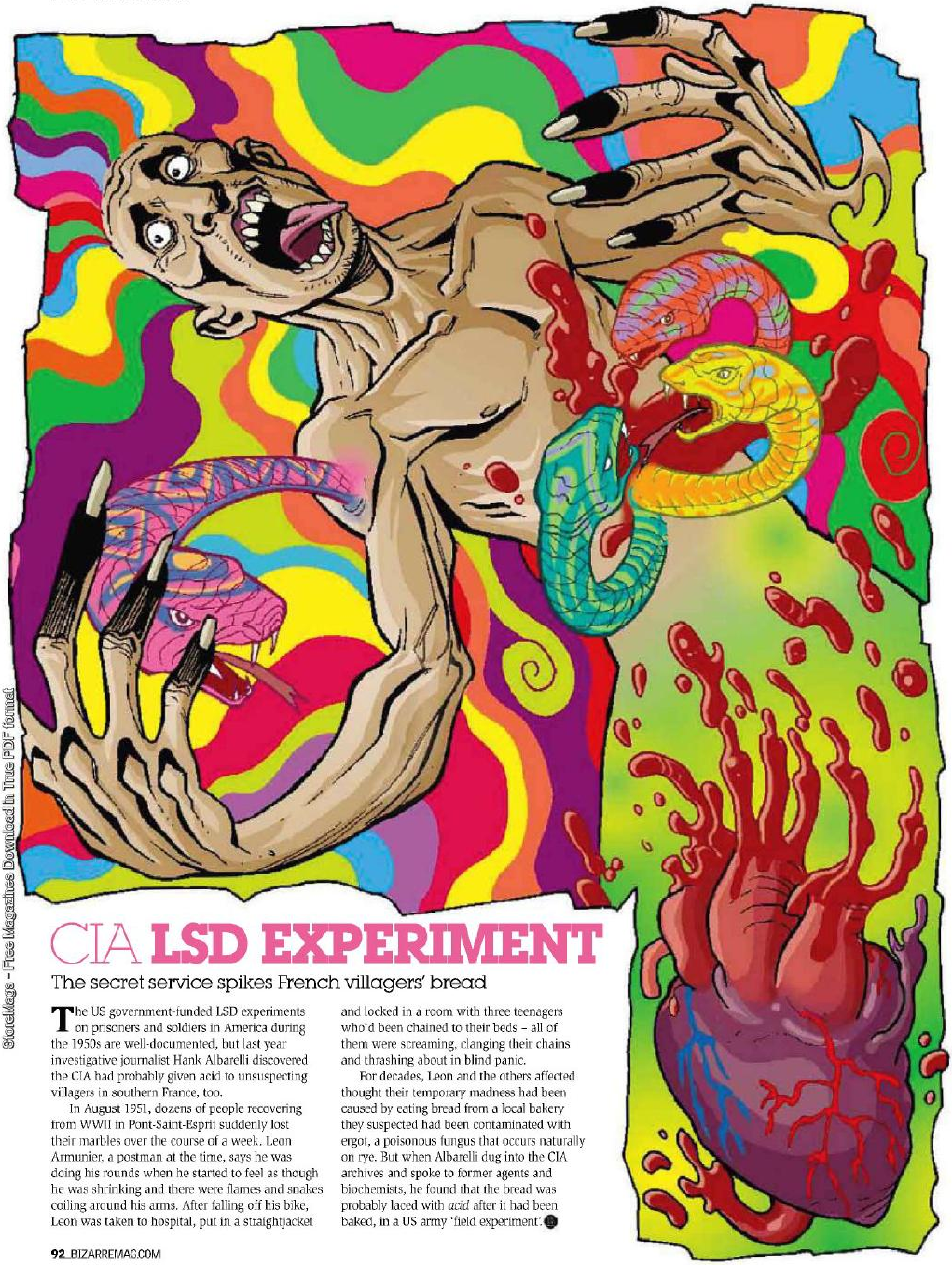
Electroconvulsive therapy on gay people, South Africa

Homosexuality was illegal under apartheid. From 1969 to the 1980s, white gay or lesbian army conscripts were forced to undergo psychologically and physically debilitating 'treatment' to 'cure them', mainly at Voortrekkerhoogte military hospital near Pretoria. Former patients have accused ex-chief military psychiatrist Aubrey Levin, who they call 'Dr Shock', of holding gay people against their will and trying to alter their sexual preferences through a series of electric shocks, hormone treatments, castration and sex-change operations.

Levin's preferred method was to show a patient naked images of the same sex, encourage them to fantasise about the pictures, then zap their brains with increasing volumes of electricity until they couldn't take any more. Afterwards he gave them barbiturates as a truth serum, and asked pointed questions about their desires. Those who failed to show they'd become straight were zapped again or physically turned into the opposite sex.

The army conducted up to 50 sex-change operations a year, but some were never properly seen through and several people were left in gender limbo as half-man, half-woman. Levin, who has lived in Canada since 1995, denies treating people without their consent, saying, "We only had patients who wanted to be cured and were there voluntarily."

→



CIA LSD EXPERIMENT

The secret service spikes French villagers' bread

The US government-funded LSD experiments on prisoners and soldiers in America during the 1950s are well-documented, but last year investigative journalist Hank Albarelli discovered the CIA had probably given acid to unsuspecting villagers in southern France, too.

In August 1951, dozens of people recovering from WWII in Pont-Saint-Esprit suddenly lost their marbles over the course of a week. Leon Armunier, a postman at the time, says he was doing his rounds when he started to feel as though he was shrinking and there were flames and snakes coiling around his arms. After falling off his bike, Leon was taken to hospital, put in a straightjacket and locked in a room with three teenagers who'd been chained to their beds – all of them were screaming, clanging their chains and thrashing about in blind panic.

For decades, Leon and the others affected thought their temporary madness had been caused by eating bread from a local bakery they suspected had been contaminated with ergot, a poisonous fungus that occurs naturally on rye. But when Albarelli dug into the CIA archives and spoke to former agents and biochemists, he found that the bread was probably laced with *acid* after it had been baked, in a US army 'field experiment'.

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S.T.R.I.P: Jimmy (right) is deaf and blind, so JJ The Clown signs Solitaire's movements on his palm

WORDS **ALIX FOX**
PHOTOS **ASHLEY SAVAGE**

A touchy subject

Meet the severely disabled people learning to get their rocks off, and the folk who are helping them to do it

When most of us get an itch in our libido, we're able to scratch it somehow. Even if we can't find a partner, we can always release the pressure with a cheeky Tommy Tank. But how do people who are physically unable to have sex or masturbate get relief? How do they find a partner with whom to explore their sexuality?

Dominic Webb (below) fell out of a fifth-floor window when he was 30, and the impact on landing severed his spinal chord from his brain, leaving him dependent on a ventilator to breathe, and unable to feel anything from the shoulders down. "Before my accident, I was very open about sex – a bit of a hippy, really – and my sexuality and sensuality was a big part of my identity," Dom explains. "Yet when I became disabled, it was as though I had immediately become asexual in people's eyes."

For 14 years after Dominic's accident his sex life was nonexistent, largely because others didn't want to think of him as a horny man. "People in the UK tend to have Victorian levels of prudishness, and they're terrified of hugging a disabled person in case they hurt them, or it's somehow 'weird' or 'awkward'," he says. "As a result, I missed out on the joy of being close to somebody, even if I can't actually hold them or feel their body press against mine."

A SEXUAL CONNECTION

To prevent those misconceptions from squashing the sexuality of disabled people, a charity called the TLC Trust is running a controversial web service, which helps disabled people to get life-enriching kinky kicks by connecting them with sex workers, therapists and teachers.

"It shouldn't be the case that if you have a disability, your sex life is screwed," frowns Tuppy Owens, who founded the TLC Trust. "Disabled people can be scared of being taken advantage of by a sex worker, and sex workers can be scared of making a mistake with someone whose body is atypical." →

Say "Ahhh!": Dominic and Sue's flirting comes to a head

"There are also huge misconceptions about the law. It's not illegal for a disabled person to hire a sex worker. Regulations in the UK always seem to be geared towards preventing abuse, which is obviously important, but I'd also like to see the government making a positive provision for the disabled community's sexual needs, and hence their mental health and quality of life."

Rather than wait for society to get its act together, Tuppy is taking her own steps to bring sex to disabled people, with a little help from her sensitive contacts and an unconventional entertainer. JJ (right) originally trained as a clown, and entertained crowds at holiday parks such as Butlins, but moved into care work in 2003 and began facilitating erotic experiences for deafblind people – those who have neither hearing nor sight.

"I noticed that the support offered to the deafblind community was all about keeping them safe and teaching them how to complete mundane tasks; there was little genuine fun to make their lives worth living," JJ recalls.

"I drape my dress over his legs or run my fingers across his face"

"I started teaching people who couldn't see or hear how to do magic tricks and juggle. I got them to stand on a sheet with the corners raised and drop a ball, which rolled towards their feet so they could feel it and pick it up again. I organised trips to see The Circus Of Horrors and encouraged attendees to feel the performers' piercings and pull sideshow star Garry Stretch's elastic skin so they could better visualise what was happening. Many of the individuals I worked with expressed a desire to find out more about sex, so I helped arrange a trip to Sunset Strip striptease club in Soho."

RANDY PALM READING

JJ's close pal Jimmy, 41, who was born deaf and lost his eyesight as a child, came along and met a stripper named Solitaire, who he's since employed to titillate him in private. Solitaire got involved with the TLC Trust through the Erotic Awards, which is managed by Tuppy, when she was nominated for an accolade. "I wasn't at all freaked out by the idea of catering for Jimmy's disability," smiles Solitaire. "One of the main differences in dancing for a deafblind chap is how slowly I have to move. Meanwhile, JJ describes what I'm doing to Jimmy by using manual sign language to spell out words on his hand, letter by letter (see right). It's a laborious process, and if I lose my kit too fast, they both get befuddled!"

JJ has to keep his signing simple. "Jimmy hasn't been exposed to much slang," he observes. "If I spelled out the word 'pussy' on his palm, he'd think a cat had entered the room! I'm so busy making sure Jimmy has all the info he needs to visualise the erotic scene that I don't get turned on by Solitaire, even though she's gorgeous."

Solitaire doesn't reckon she looks that gorgeous during Jimmy's sessions though, as she wears outfits that feel good, but look grim. "I choose my costumes solely on texture," she explains. "A thick, heavy, floor-length velvet gown may look horrendous paired with slippery purple satin opera gloves, but it feels fantastic for Jimmy when I drape my discarded dress over his legs or run my fingers across his face. I avoid scratchy sequins and beads, but he loves feathers, and I wear my long hair down so it brushes against his skin. He rubs his hands over each other in a certain way when that happens, which means he's enjoying himself. He's also developed a penchant for expensive silk stockings. Although I always make sure I smell great when I perform, I haven't experimented with using scents yet, but I do play music. It gets me in the mood to dance, and if the bass and beats are strong enough, Jimmy can feel the vibrations, too."

Sex worker Sue gives Dominic the physical closeness he craves

La Fée
ABSINTHE

GIMME SOME HEAD

Jimmy is just beginning to explore his sexuality, and he's still a virgin, but he can touch himself. Dominic can't. After leading a frustrating asexual life for 14 years after his accident, Dom's bonking breakthrough came when he was given voice recognition software that allowed him to privately surf the internet. After discovering the TLC Trust online, Dom got in touch with Tuppy, who suggested that he try a 'multi-sensory head massage'. Tuppy then put Dom in touch with tantric sexpert Sue Newsome, who he now hires to concentrate on stimulating the part of his body which still has sensation.

Solitaire often dances to music and if it's loud enough, Jimmy can feel the vibrations

"If you'll excuse the phrase, Tuppy's recommendation initially rubbed me up the wrong way!" Dom jokes. "I thought it was almost ridiculously ambitious for her to tell me I could replicate the feeling of cumming by having someone press on my scalp! But I decided I had nothing to lose, and through tantric sessions with Sue, I've found that head massages relax me and turn me on. In a strange way, it's an alternative method of having an orgasm. It doesn't feel the same as ejaculating, but it's a delicious equivalent. Able-bodied folks should try it too."

Sue makes sure that Dom dictates the action, so he doesn't feel helpless. As well as touching, rubbing and kneading, she helps Dom build up to the big O by scratching her nails through his hair, kissing him, sharing seductive eye contact, licking and blowing into his ears, and caressing him with her breasts and hair. "We set the mood with music and incense, and I love it when we moan for each other in a naughty, sexy way," Dom says. "I particularly relish our cuddles, which are more of a sociable than a sexual thing."

Dom recently asked doctors at his spinal trauma unit about experimenting with Viagra. "Sleeping with someone is a lot about visuals, so I suspect that just watching someone ride me would be a thrill," he muses. "Because my circulatory system works fine, I should be able to get an erection if we can find an anti-impotence tablet that interacts successfully with the other drugs I'm prescribed."

Dom also wants to see if he can get any pleasure from exploiting his autonomic nervous system – the 'involuntary' nerves that control basic, subconscious bodily functions, such as heartbeat and urination. If Dom's autonomic system is over-stimulated he can suffer an effect called 'autonomic dysreflexia'. For example, if Dom over-stimulates himself by letting his catheter bag, which drains pee from his bladder →

Together, JJ The Clown and Solitaire have helped Jimmy learn about his body

Sue kisses Dominic, who only has sensation in his head

via a hole in his pelvis, get full to bursting, it affects his autonomic system. "I feel hot and strange. I start sweating, and get red marks on my shoulders," Dom explains. "It's an odd feeling, but it's a *feeling*, and given the fine line between pain and pleasure, I think it has sexual potential. I'll have to be very careful playing with those sensations though, as autonomic dysreflexia can kill if it's pushed too far – it's a dangerous game. Using Viagra to help me get hard and ejaculate would probably trigger it too, so I'll have to proceed with caution."

CUMMING TO A TURNING POINT

Ideally, Dom would prefer to explore his desires with a life partner rather than a paid sex worker. But he believes that hiring Sue will help him find a mate, since he'll be able to reassure women that he knows how they can have a fulfilling sex life.

Jimmy is looking to the future, too, and JJ hopes he might one day lose his virginity. "He wants sex and has thought about hiring a prostitute, but he's not ready yet," JJ reflects. "There's still a lot about other people's bodies he's never learned because he can't see or hear; he only found out recently that he's not the only person who farts! Full-on lovemaking could be overwhelming for him if he tries it too soon. But he's much more sexually sophisticated these days. College classes have taught him how to do boring tasks like ironing, but Solitaire and I have helped him develop social skills and gain a sex education, so now he knows how to approach a lady when he's looking all smart in his pressed shirt." ●

> "I relish our cuddles, which are more of a sociable than a sexual thing"

Sexual healing

Find the folk featured here

Learn more about disability and sex, and find resources and advice at Tlc-trust.org.uk, Outsiders.org.uk and Shada.org.uk

See more of JJ clowning around at Extremeclowning.piczo.com. If you're willing to give JJ free tickets to an exciting gig, show or event you're running, so he can bring along a deafblind pal to enjoy a new experience, please email him at Instantmash@hotmail.com

Check out the beautiful Solitaire's work at Solitairelondon.co.uk, and find out about Sue Newsome at Shaktitantra.co.uk

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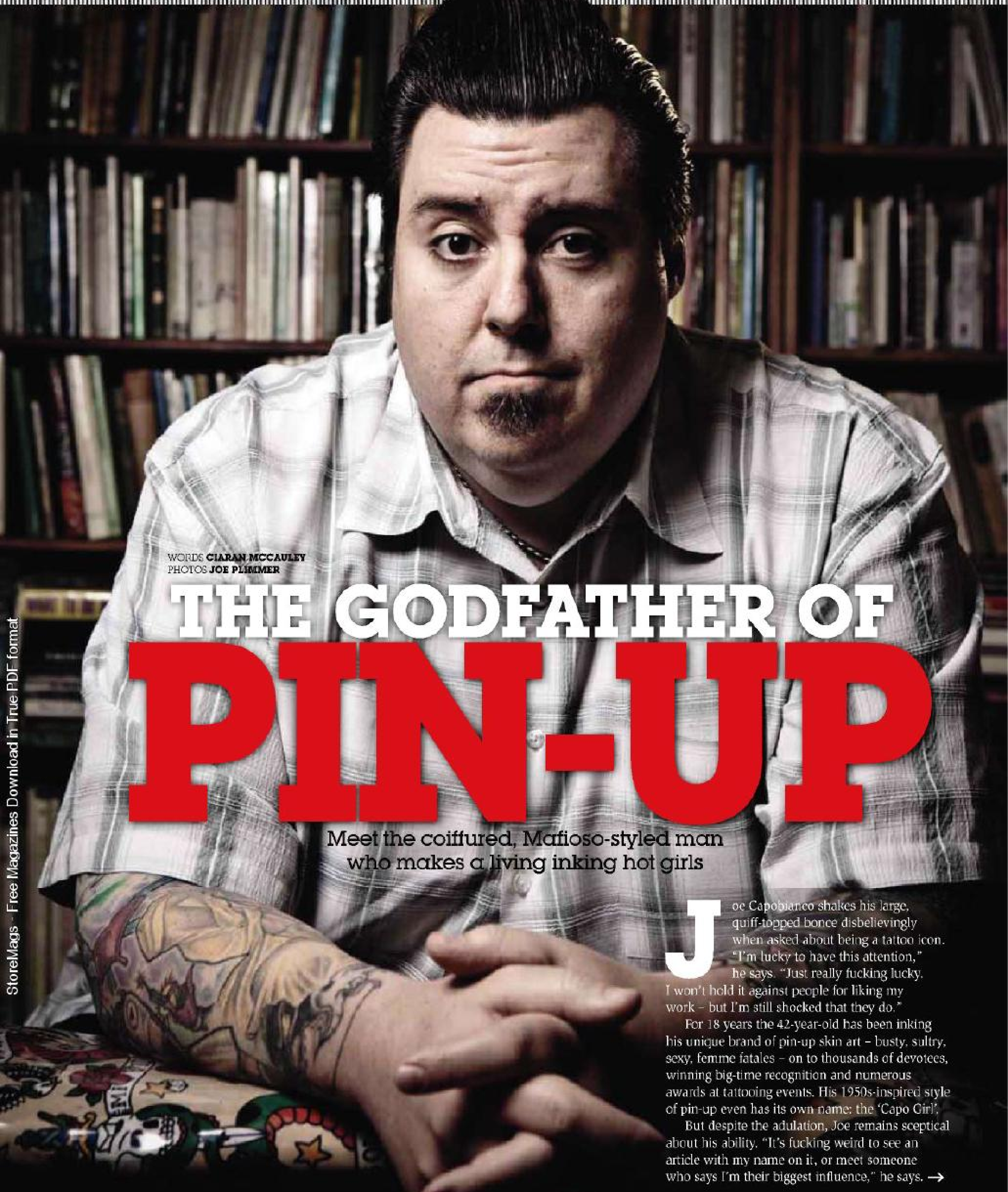
No.3 Joe Capobianco

Every month, *Bizarre* celebrates the world's finest tattooists. Only the best flesh artists deserve our **Inking Icon** accolade



WORDS **CIARAN MCCAULEY**
PHOTOS **JOE PLIMMER**

THE GODFATHER OF PIN-UP

Meet the coiffured, Mafioso-styled man who makes a living inking hot girls

Joe Capobianco shakes his large, quiff-topped bonce disbelievingly when asked about being a tattoo icon. "I'm lucky to have this attention," he says. "Just really fucking lucky. I won't hold it against people for liking my work – but I'm still shocked that they do."

For 18 years the 42-year-old has been inking his unique brand of pin-up skin art – busty, sultry, sexy, femme fatales – on to thousands of devotees, winning big-time recognition and numerous awards at tattooing events. His 1950s-inspired style of pin-up even has its own name: the 'Capo Girl'.

But despite the adulation, Joe remains sceptical about his ability. "It's fucking weird to see an article with my name on it, or meet someone who says I'm their biggest influence," he says. →

Joe inks a dastardly doppelgänger

Nice
mar

What am I gonna do?

Usually, Joe can be found working out of his jointly owned shop Hope Gallery in New Haven, Connecticut, where he lives with wife Alethea and Molly, a French Bulldog. But this week he's visiting old pal Lal Hardy at his New Wave Tattoo studio in Muswell Hill, London (see *Bizarre 170*).

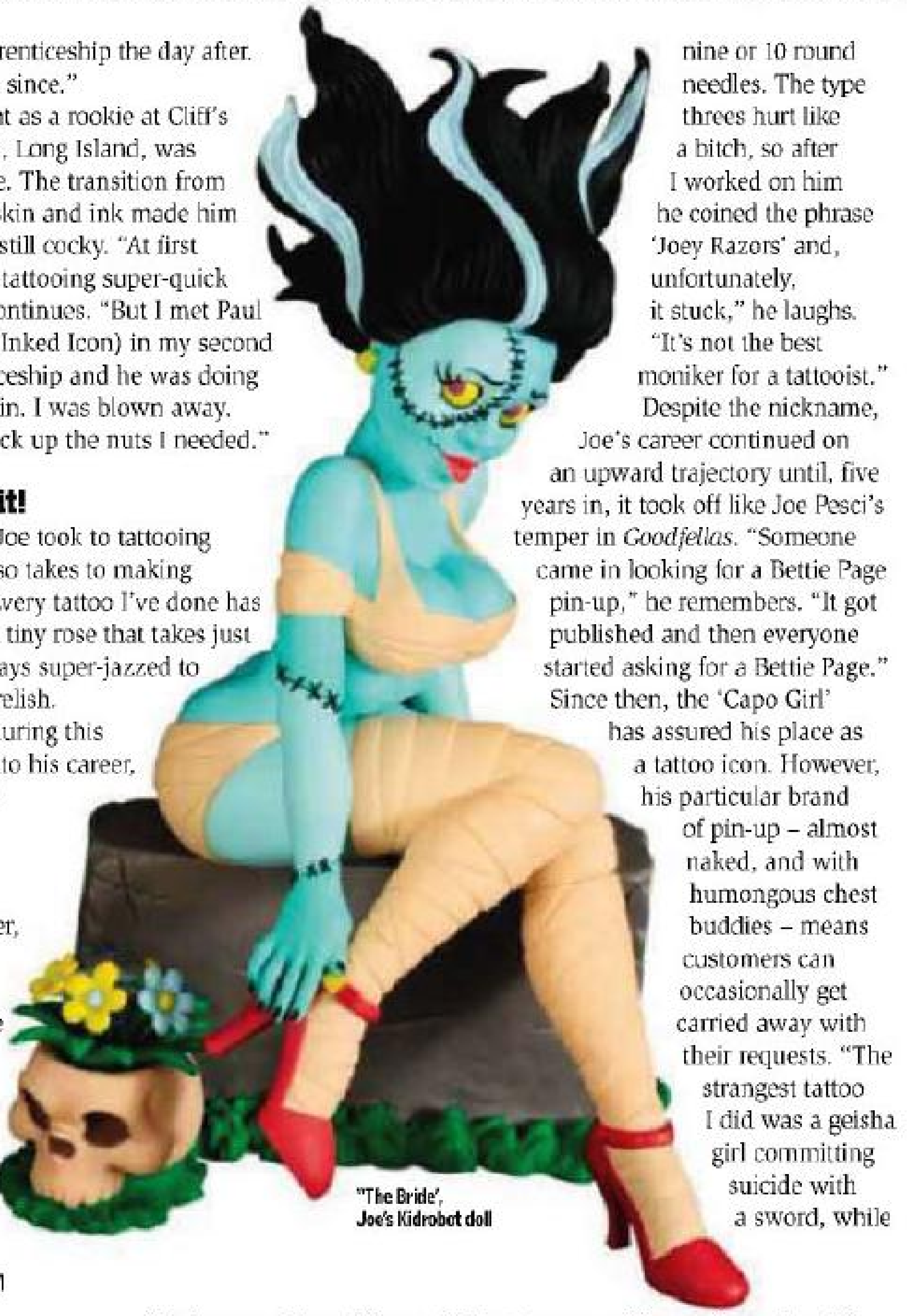
Looking like a ruthless mafia-made man, it's a relief to find out Joe is laid-back and good-humoured – more Tony Curtis than Tony Soprano. However, the godfather of pin-up tattoos remains modest, even admitting he had no intention of being involved with ink when he was younger. "I never thought of myself as being tattoo material, or being heavily tattooed," he admits.

An artist foremost, the Long Islander had already developed his unique style, influenced by pin-up artists Olivia De Berardinis (*Bizarre 159*) and Sorayama (*Bizarre 166*), before wielding a needle. But in 1993, while working as a freelance designer for a T-shirt company, a chance opportunity led him to tattooing.

"I was 21, and a bunch of friends and I got tattooed as a group," he recalls. "It was my first tattoo – Porky Pig and Daffy Duck on my upper arm. The guy who inked me saw my artwork and said I should be a tattoo artist. He hounded for me a year and half. Then I lost my freelance job and he offered me an apprenticeship the day after. I haven't looked back since."

> "The strangest tattoo I did was a geisha girl committing suicide with a sword, while masturbating and pissing on herself"

The year Joe spent as a rookie at Cliff's Tattoo, in Centereach, Long Island, was a huge learning curve. The transition from paint and canvas to skin and ink made him nervous, but he was still cocky. "At first I thought I'd pick up tattooing super-quick and excel at it," he continues. "But I met Paul Booth (*Bizarre*'s first Inked Icon) in my second week of the apprenticeship and he was doing incredible stuff on skin. I was blown away. That was the swift kick up the nuts I needed."



'The Bride', Joe's Kidrobot doll

Forget about it!

Cockiness dispelled, Joe took to tattooing quicker than a Mafioso takes to making concrete footwear. "Every tattoo I've done has been exciting. Even a tiny rose that takes just 10 minutes – I'm always super-jazzed to do it," he says, with relish.

Although it was during this period, three years into his career, that Joe acquired the unfortunately brutal nickname 'Joey Razorblades'. "I was working on my barber, who also used to be a body piercer," he explains. "Back in the day, we used single needles, like type threes, but he had a lot of new school ink on him that was done using nine or 10 round needles. The type threes hurt like a bitch, so after I worked on him he coined the phrase 'Joey Razors' and, unfortunately, it stuck," he laughs. "It's not the best moniker for a tattooist."

Despite the nickname, Joe's career continued on an upward trajectory until, five years in, it took off like Joe Pesci's temper in *Goodfellas*. "Someone came in looking for a Bettie Page pin-up," he remembers. "It got published and then everyone started asking for a Bettie Page."

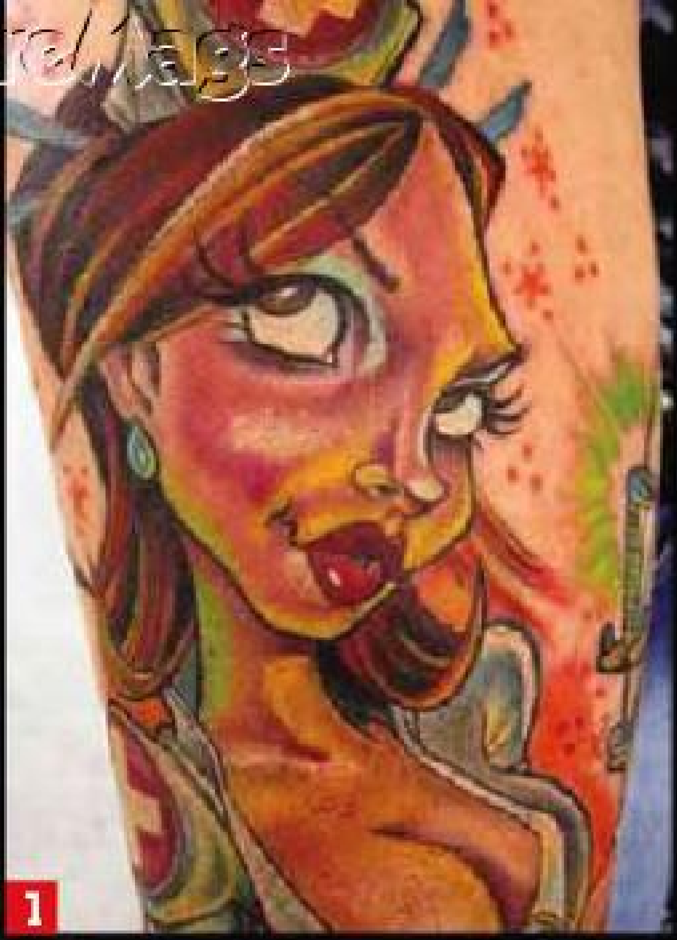
Since then, the 'Capo Girl' has assured his place as a tattoo icon. However, his particular brand of pin-up – almost naked, and with humongous chest buddies – means customers can occasionally get carried away with their requests. "The strangest tattoo I did was a geisha girl committing suicide with a sword, while masturbating and pissing on herself. Why did the guy want it? Because he's a fucking nutjob, a kook," insists Joe, grinning with yet more disbelief. "I've done masturbating nuns countless times, too. I have a reputation for being a sexual deviant because of my style, but I'm as normal as it gets. Some inner thing attracted me to the female form – my love of women I guess – but in tattooing, the pin-up style is timeless. It's been around for as long as anybody has been doing tattoos. And there's worse things to be doing in the world than inking pin-up girls all day long."

An offer I can't refuse

Now Joe's branching into unique projects. This year he joined forces with designer toy company Kidrobot to produce a limited edition figurine, called 'The Bride'. "I did a tattoo for The Baroness, who works for Kidrobot, and she offered me the chance to design a toy," he explains. "I didn't have a clue what do but we ended up making the Bride Of Frankenstein because it's iconic, and I knew people in the tattoo industry would love it. There was a run of only 400 but we absolutely killed it. And there's a possibility for more."

Joe might also illustrate a horror-themed cookbook using a pin-up style he calls 'blood pudding'. "It's my take on the cheesecake style, but just straight-up darker," he says. And, even more excitingly, big-quiffed Joe is producing his own brand of hair pomade.

But even though the 1950s-style masculine glamour-puss is the king of style, he doesn't like attention. "I have ridiculous hair and I already stand out, so I don't want any more attention," he laughs, before pausing to add, "But as much as I don't like it, I hope the attention never goes." ●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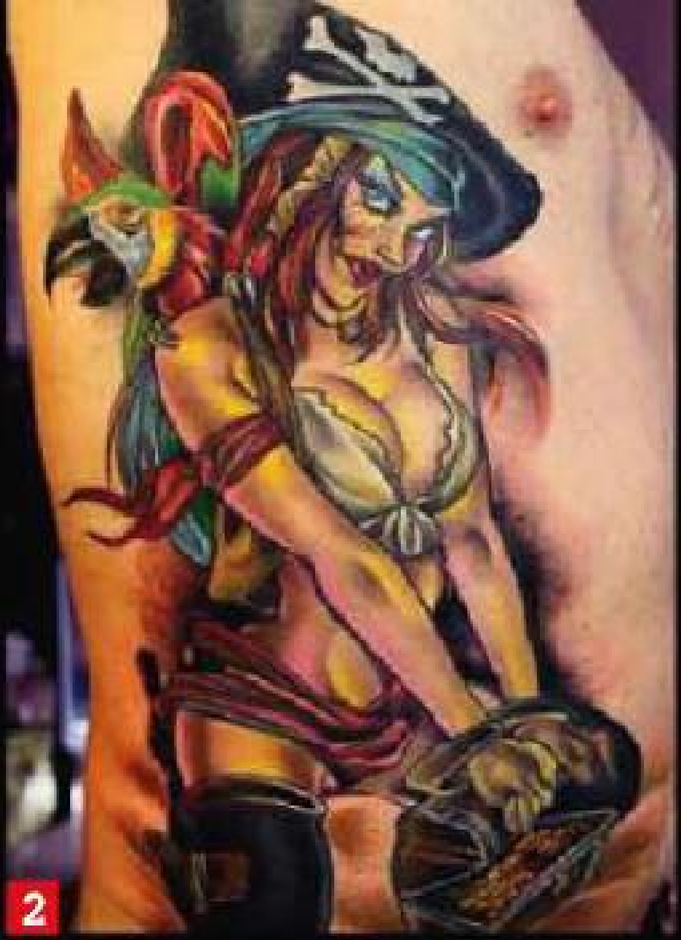
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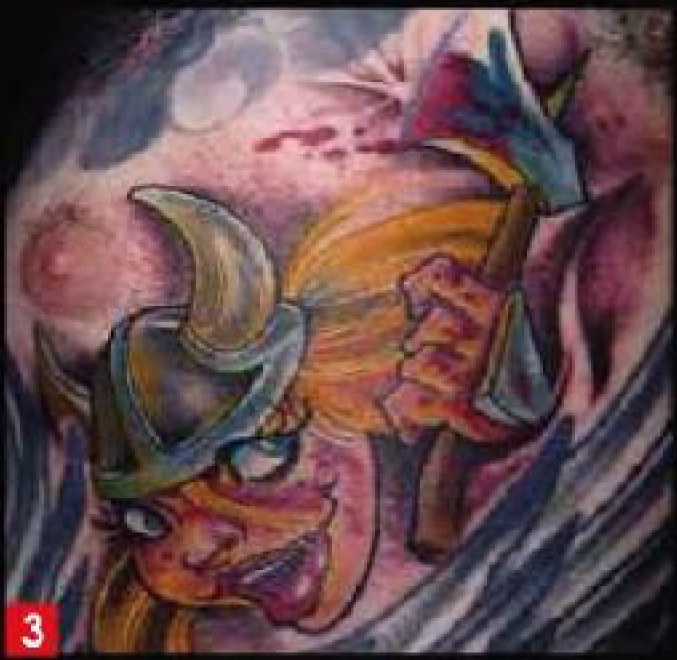
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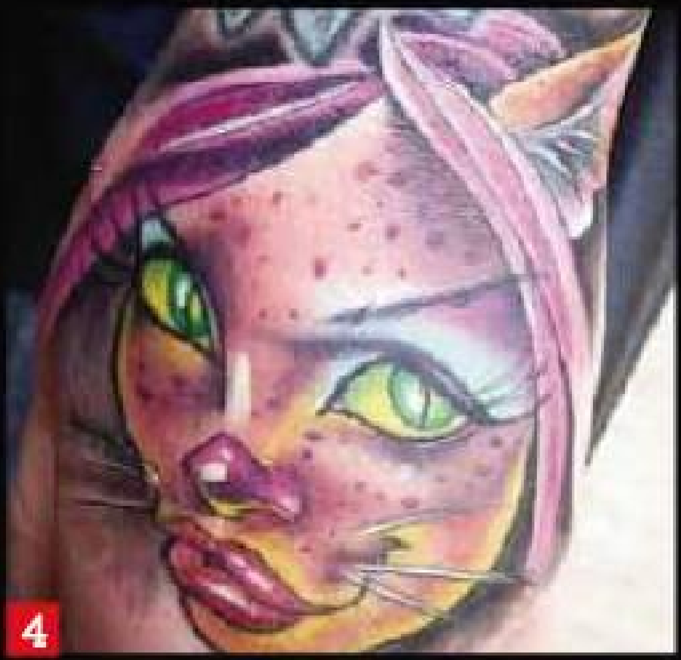
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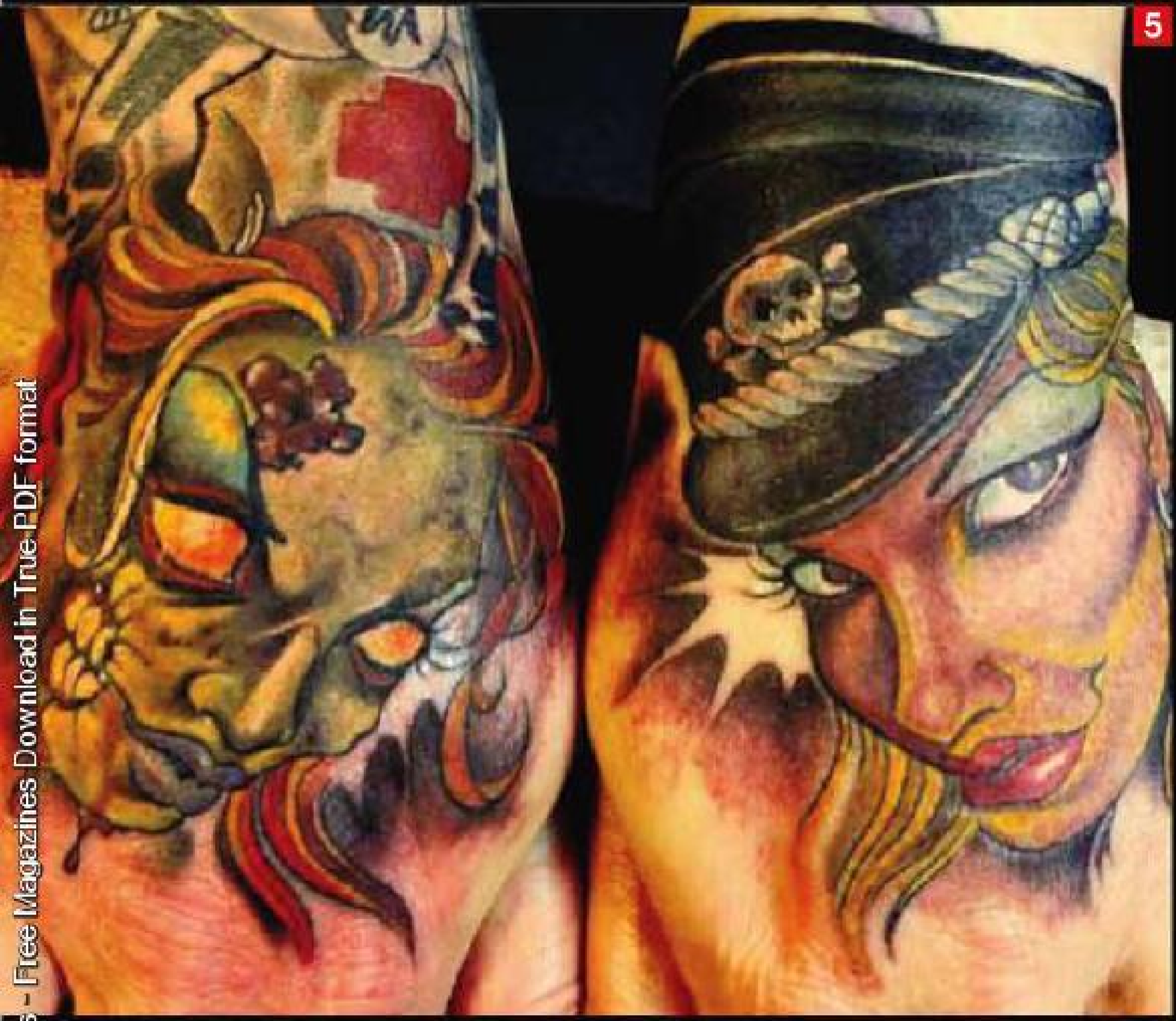
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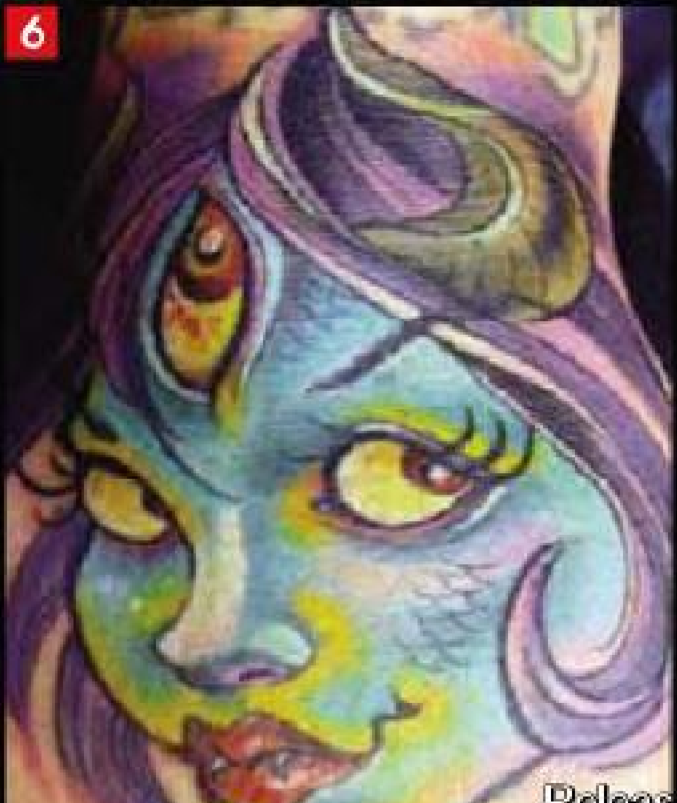
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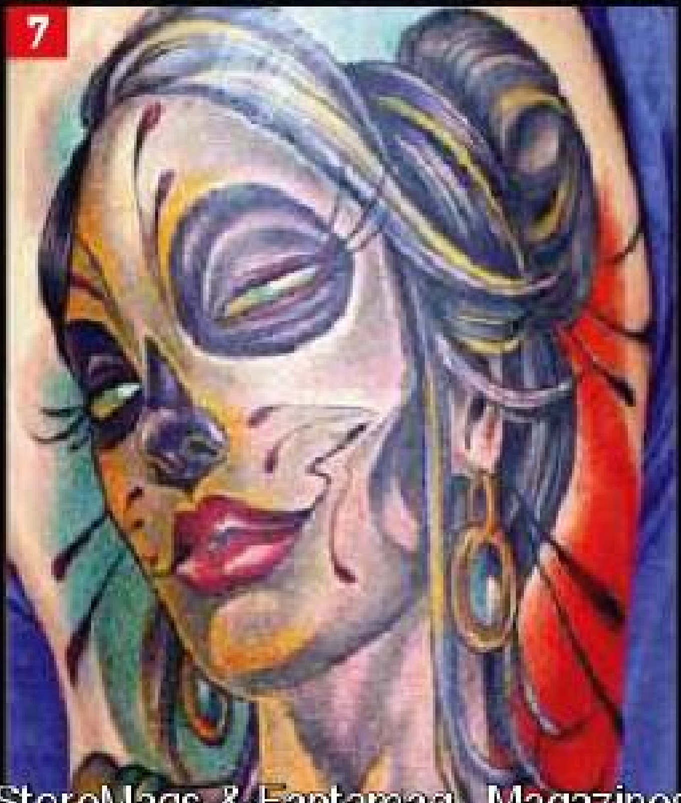
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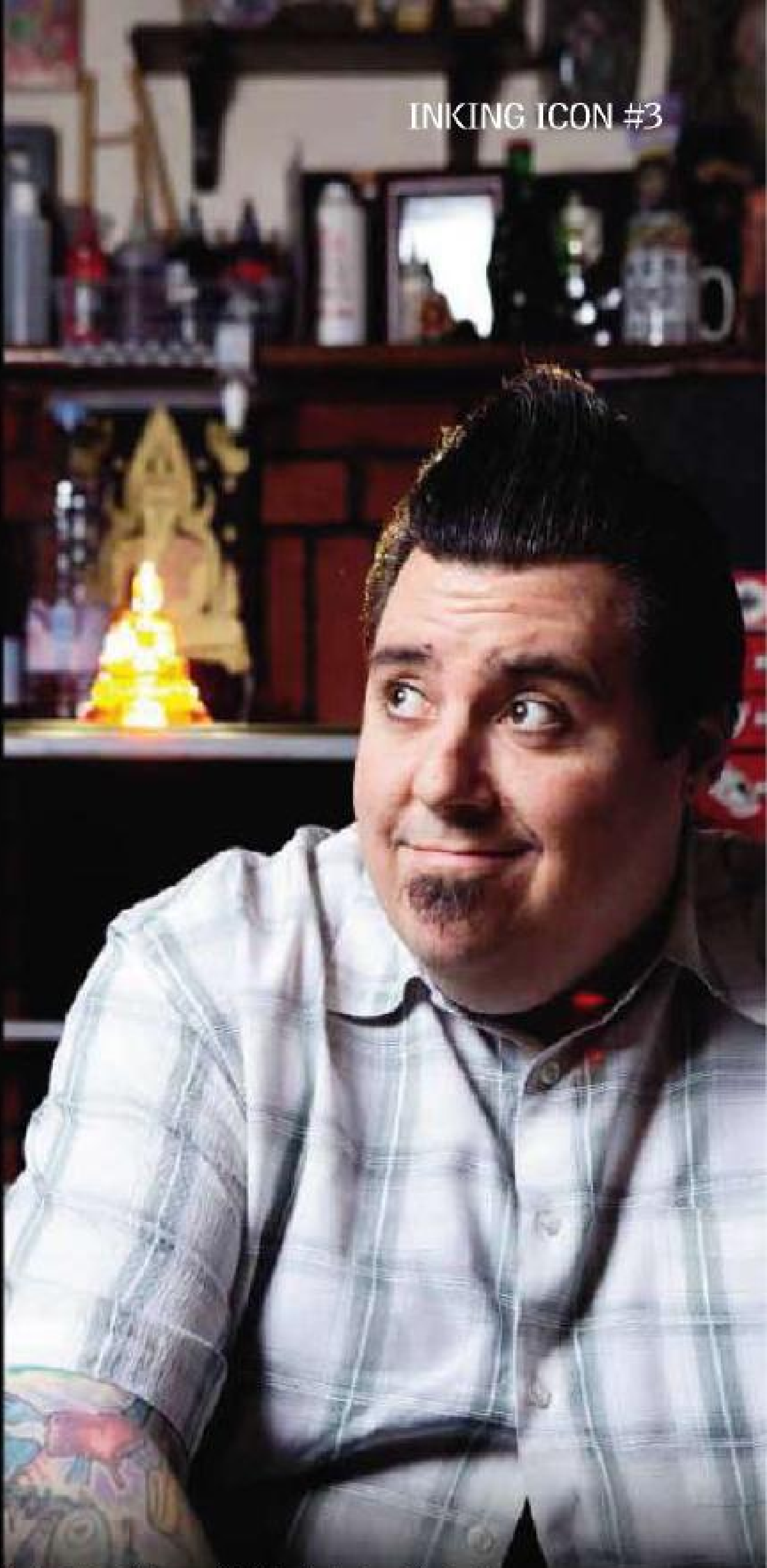


IRREGULAR JOE

Pore over the pin-up pioneer's most prized ink

1 NURSE

"Hellllooooo, nursie. Who doesn't dig a gal in a nurse's uniform? Who knows where this could lead?"

2 PIRATE

"Check out this pirate gal, protecting her booty! Pirates are one of my favourite themes."

3 VIKING

"One of my good friends asked me to do this super-fun little tattoo. It's a gal with horns and a weapon – I think I've got some issues to deal with!"

4 KAT

"This is another fun hand tattoo. I did it on a young British gal called Kat, while I was at the London Tattoo Convention in summer 2008."

5 HANDS

"This combines three of my favourite things: hand tattoos, which I dig doing, gals in uniform, and zombies! It's a trifecta of fun, all rolled into one!"

6 MONSTER

"This is a cute lil' monster gal. I think it's the third eye and scales that do it for me."

7 JERSEY DEAD

"The Mexican Day Of The Dead theme has been one of the most common requests over the past eight years. This is one of my favourites."

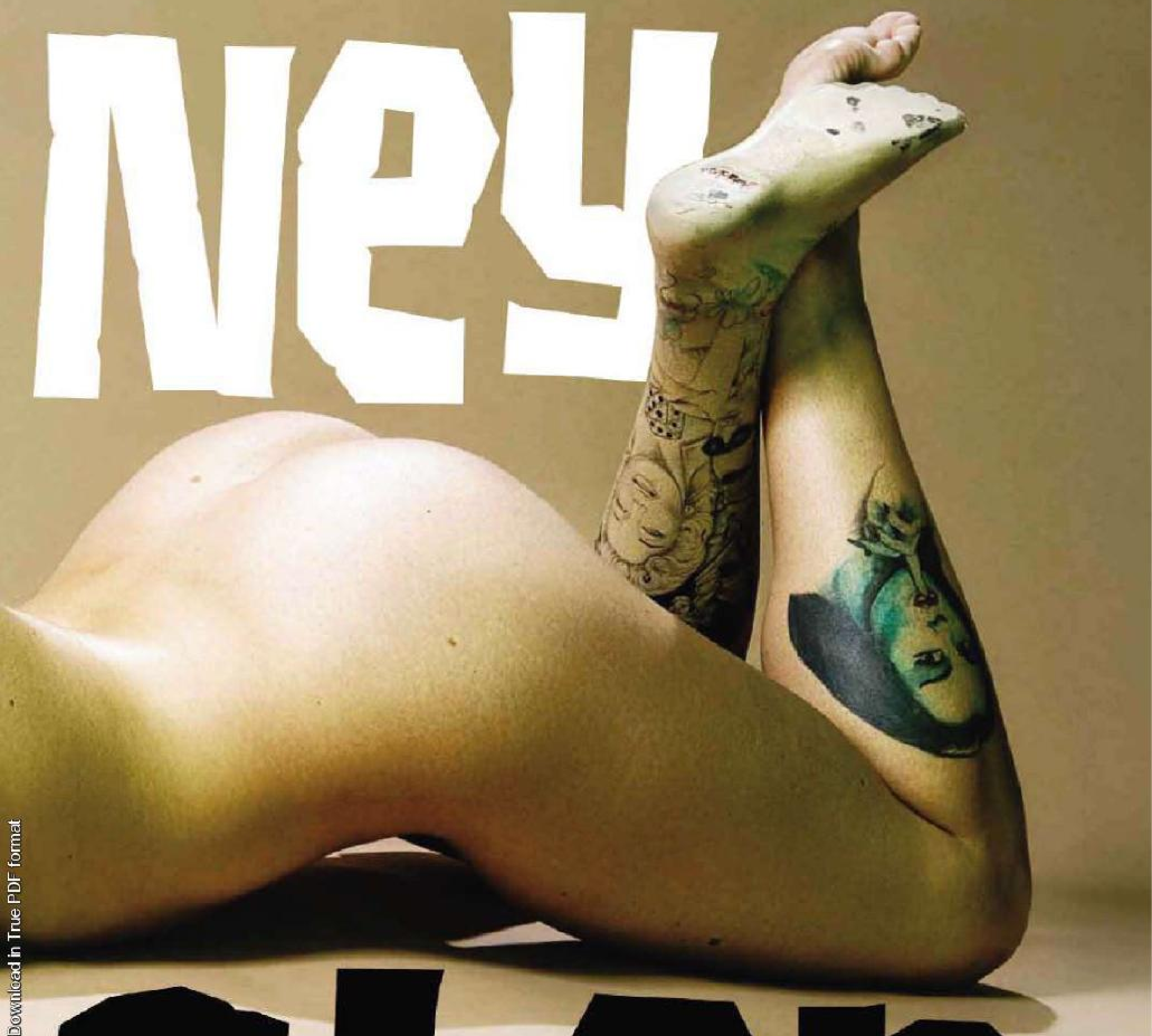
THE HO

WORDS **ALIX FOX**
PHOTOS **CHRISTIAN SAINT**

MUN

Tattooed model, actress and ice-hockey fanatic **Amina Munster** only has one leg…

Neyster



but she's anything but lame →

“THE BONE GREW THROUGH THE END OF MY STUMP, TWICE”

“I think Heather Mills is a disgusting human being who didn’t deserve all the money she made from her separation from Paul McCartney,” snaps alt.model Amina Munster. “Her being such a piece of shit hasn’t helped the profile of amputees because of all the jokes she spawned. I wouldn’t mind punching her in the face, actually. Or maybe hitting her with my leg…”

Amina has reason to be angry. The 28-year-old Las Vegas inked-up wild child has worked hard to build her career as a serious – and seriously sexy – alt.model, without facing prejudice. She began working for softcore website Suicide Girls in 2002, but didn’t reveal that she was missing her right leg and five fingertips until three years later. Before that, Ms Munster had engineered her poses to hide her missing parts.

After Amina’s brave move she received bags of fanmail, and she’s since flashed her gold-toothed grin (and her so-great-they’re-proof-God-and-good-surgeons-exist tits) on the covers of countless body art magazines, including *Skin Deep*, *Prick*, and *Tattoo Savage*.

FOOT LOOSE

Amina lost her leg and fingertips when she was just 17 months old. She was left in the care of a teenage babysitter, who invited her friends over for a pool party and failed to notice when Amina toddled out of her playroom, wandered into the garden, and fell into the outdoor Jacuzzi she’d been heating up.

“My sister found me floating face-down, and a neighbour fished me out after she heard my sis screaming her head off,” explains Amina, who doesn’t remember the accident. “I’d inhaled a lot of water and was inches away from death. The lack of oxygen in my blood damaged my leg so badly that doctors had to remove it, and although when they discharged me the fingertips of my right hand just looked blackened, over time they shrivelled up and dropped off. I’m also missing half of my right lung.”

Amina can’t recall what it feels like to have two legs, and had to adjust to numerous different fake limbs while she was growing up. “I had to get new prosthetics as I got taller, changed weight, or my leg shape altered,” she explains. “The bone grew right through the end of my stump twice when I was a kid. I frequently had to upgrade my prosthesis.”

As Amina got older, she swapped some of her baby fake legs for free tattoos from an artist who wanted them for his collection of curios. She also started wearing tattooed prostheses. As part of the TV show *Inked*, Amina had a false limb decorated with traditional Sailor Jerry-style motifs from a member of staff at one of the Hart & Huntington tatt parlours, which were co-founded by pop star Pink’s husband, motocross rider Carey Hart. Now, Amina wears a prosthetic leg covered in tattoo designs that were airbrushed on with car paint by an artist called Lue. But, it’s falling apart…

“I’ve hammered the hell out of it by playing ice hockey,” she laughs. “That’s my major passion. I’ve been a goalkeeper since I was 16, and although I don’t play in a competitive league, I’m not bad. I wear special skates. That hasn’t stopped my friends from nicknaming me ‘Sieve’ though, due to the number of pucks I allegedly let slide into the net!”

TRADEMARKED MARKS

Ink is a big part of Amina’s identity and she has a copyright order on a tattoo; her pirate-style ‘Dead Men Tell No Tales’ chestpiece, inked by Manhattan artist Tim Kern in 2003, is registered as an original work that cannot be duplicated. Amina made the decision after fans immediately started sending her photos of her design copied on to their chests and backs.

“They say imitation is the greatest form of flattery, but I found it strange that so many folk would have a blatant rip-off inked into their skin

forever," Amina explains. "However, I got the copyright order less to make a fuss about how *I* don't like being copied, and more to draw attention to that fact that stolen tattoo designs are plagiarism. By getting a cheap copy of a design, you're stealing from the talented artist who originally drew it, and negatively affecting their business."

Amina's also interested in the law and she got a degree in Administration Of Justice ten years ago. However, she doesn't agree with America's "sue-happy" culture. When Amina turned 18, she could've taken people to court over the loss of her leg, but chose not to. Similarly, she says she'd never actually prosecute anyone who copied her ink.

"I've made my point by successfully getting that copyright order, and publicising my views. That's as far as I want to take it," she says. "I kinda feel sorry for some of the copycats anyway, as so many of their imitation tattoos are utterly crappy! They look like they've been done by a blind prison inmate!"

The pirate piece is not the only tatt close to Amina's heart; the same artist inked an Elvis Presley 'Rubberneckin' design that runs around her jaw. "I love The King. I have over 5,000 Elvis songs on my iPod, and even though I'm not the type of girl who hoards memorabilia or stuff in general, I'd love an Elvis jumpsuit," she laughs. "I also have nostalgic affection for my very first bunch of tatts, which my then-boyfriend poked in with a safety pin when I was 15."

A LEG UP INTO MODELLING

Amina had thousands of fans who loved her work before she revealed she was missing a leg, but her amputeeism puts her in a unique position in the alt.modelling world – and there are some people who find it a turn-on. While Amina doesn't begrudge folk their fetishes, she finds it "creepy" when people get overexcited about stumps to the point of ignoring the rest of the person's body.

"Some people can see a beautiful woman flaunting her stunning female form, yet they're blind to anything but her amputation," she sighs. "And stump pornography goes *way* too far for me. I'd never even do straight, 'normal' porn, so I sure as hell wouldn't make grimy flicks where I stick my stump up some guy's asshole! And trust me, I get enough requests."

While Amina draws the line at adult movies, she's starred in *CSI* and the remake of horror flick *The Wizard Of Gore*. "We make good use of my fake leg in that film; it gets ripped off by a bear trap!" she laughs. "But the device that the props department made to tear off the prosthesis couldn't take my weight, even though I'm very light, so I had to stand on one leg for two hours during filming. Not glamorous."

The multi-talented Amina says she's not pursuing more movie work, but hopes to expand her belt-making business, Kill Yourself Or Die Trying. She's just moved house, and has a huge studio to work in. "I've made a few things for pro hockey players, which is cool – although I don't give a shit about two-bit 'celebrities' wearing my brand," she says.

But Amina won't be putting her alt.modelling career on hold. She's still enjoying it, and is unforgiving to those who moan about work. "It pisses me off when I hear girls complaining about how damn hard it is to pose for pictures – for Christ's sake, you're getting a paycheque and having to graft a lot less for it than most people," she says. "Yeah, you may be cold, or tired, or aching, but shut the fuck up and take it, bitch!"

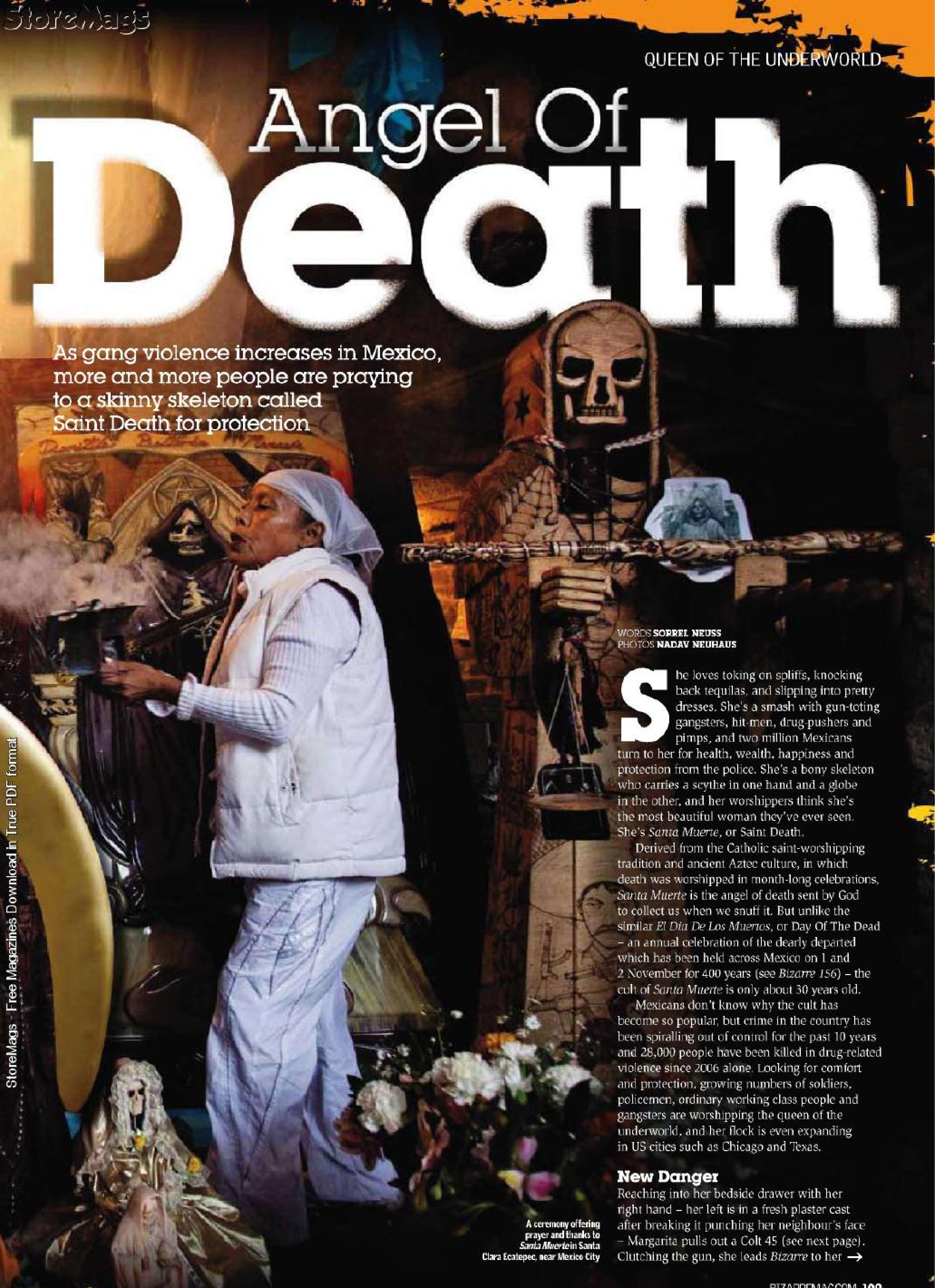
Buy Amina's belts at Kyodt.com

"STUMP PORNOGRAPHY GOES WAY TOO FAR FOR ME"

A woman brings her statue of Santa Muerte to a Catholic Church in Tepito, Mexico City

Angel Of Death

As gang violence increases in Mexico, more and more people are praying to a skinny skeleton called Saint Death for protection



A ceremony offering prayer and thanks to *Santa Muerte* in Santa Clara Ecatepec, near Mexico City

WORDS **SORREL NEUSS**
PHOTOS **NADAV NEUHAUS**

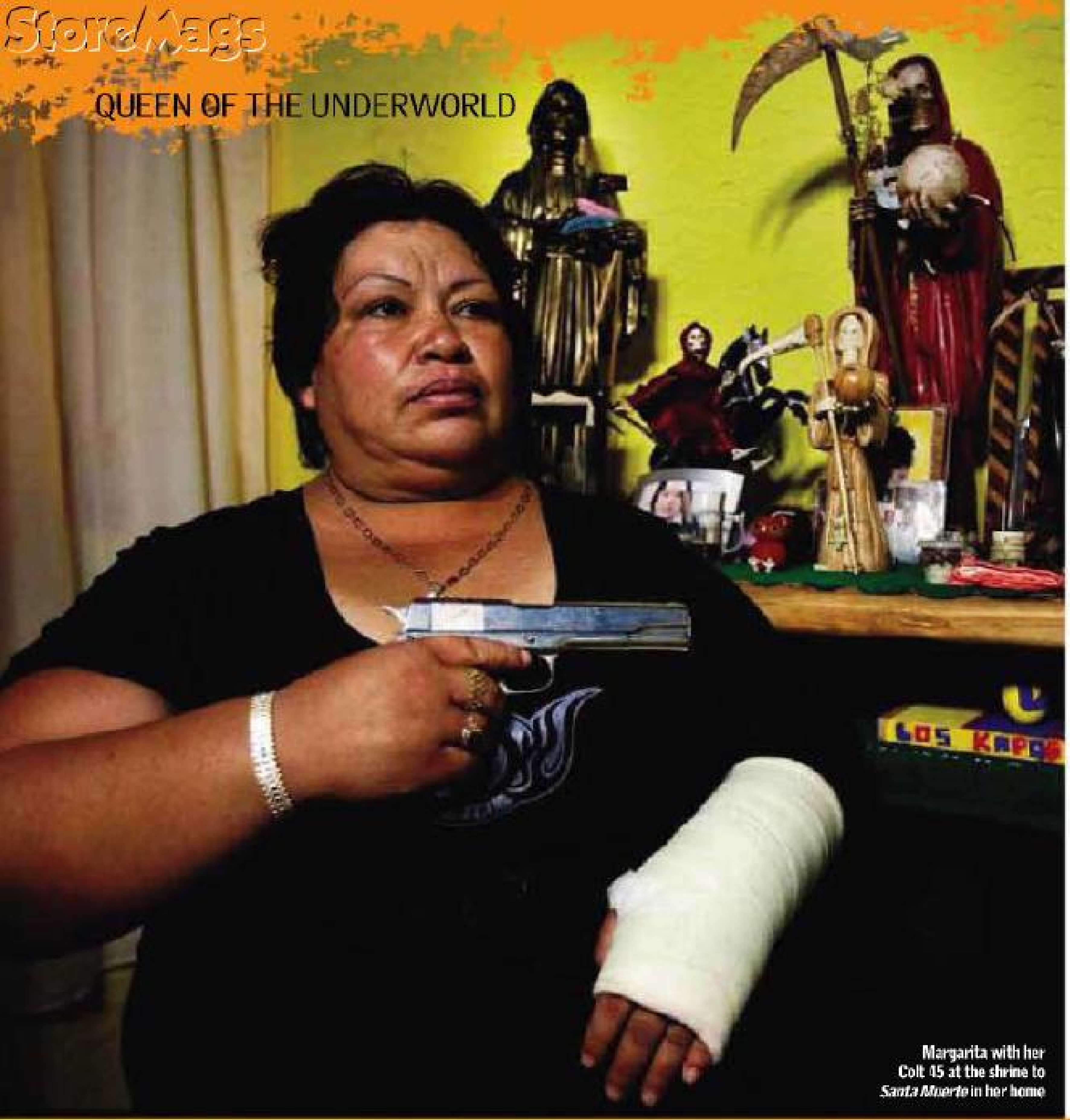
She loves toking on spliffs, knocking back tequilas, and slipping into pretty dresses. She's a smash with gun-toting gangsters, hit-men, drug-pushers and pimps, and two million Mexicans turn to her for health, wealth, happiness and protection from the police. She's a bony skeleton who carries a scythe in one hand and a globe in the other, and her worshippers think she's the most beautiful woman they've ever seen. She's *Santa Muerte*, or Saint Death.

Derived from the Catholic saint-worshipping tradition and ancient Aztec culture, in which death was worshipped in month-long celebrations, *Santa Muerte* is the angel of death sent by God to collect us when we snuff it. But unlike the similar *El Dia De Los Muertos*, or Day Of The Dead – an annual celebration of the dearly departed which has been held across Mexico on 1 and 2 November for 400 years (see *Bizarre 156*) – the cult of *Santa Muerte* is only about 30 years old.

Mexicans don't know why the cult has become so popular, but crime in the country has been spiralling out of control for the past 10 years and 28,000 people have been killed in drug-related violence since 2006 alone. Looking for comfort and protection, growing numbers of soldiers, policemen, ordinary working class people and gangsters are worshipping the queen of the underworld, and her flock is even expanding in US cities such as Chicago and Texas.

New Danger

Reaching into her bedside drawer with her right hand – her left is in a fresh plaster cast after breaking it punching her neighbour's face – Margarita pulls out a Colt 45 (see next page). Clutching the gun, she leads *Bizarre* to her →



Margarita with her Colt 45 at the shrine to *Santa Muerte* in her home

living room and fusses with photographs of her friends and family next to a red skeletal *Muerte* that she's affectionately nicknamed 'Silvana'. "I place photos of all of the people I love on my altar so that *Santa Muerte* can protect them," she says.

Muerte's protection is vital to Margarita. As the longest-standing resident of the suburb of Mexico City that she lives in, Margarita's the unofficial local mediator between gangs and other troublemakers. Her neighbours seek her help when they get into strife with the law and minor disputes are reasoned – or fought out – on Margarita's doorstep.

"When my boyfriend was accused of stealing a car, I asked *Santa Muerte* for help and the woman who made the accusation against him dropped the charges," she explains. "And when some friends of mine were in trouble and the police were everywhere – even inside their house – I asked *Santa Muerte* to make them go away; amazingly, they disappeared quickly." She also asks the saint to stave off death and, when her son had a heart attack, Margarita showered Silvana with offerings of wine, lit candles and prayers so that he'd live. He did.

Most believers, like Margarita, pay homage to *Santa Muerte* in their homes, but for the past 10 years Mexico's underbelly has been gathering to worship once a month on Alfareria Street in the capital's most dangerous district, Tepito. It's the important meeting place in the cult and celebrations are coordinated by the spiritual, yet shrewd, Enriqueta Romero Gomero.

> "When the police were everywhere I asked *Santa Muerte* to make them go away"

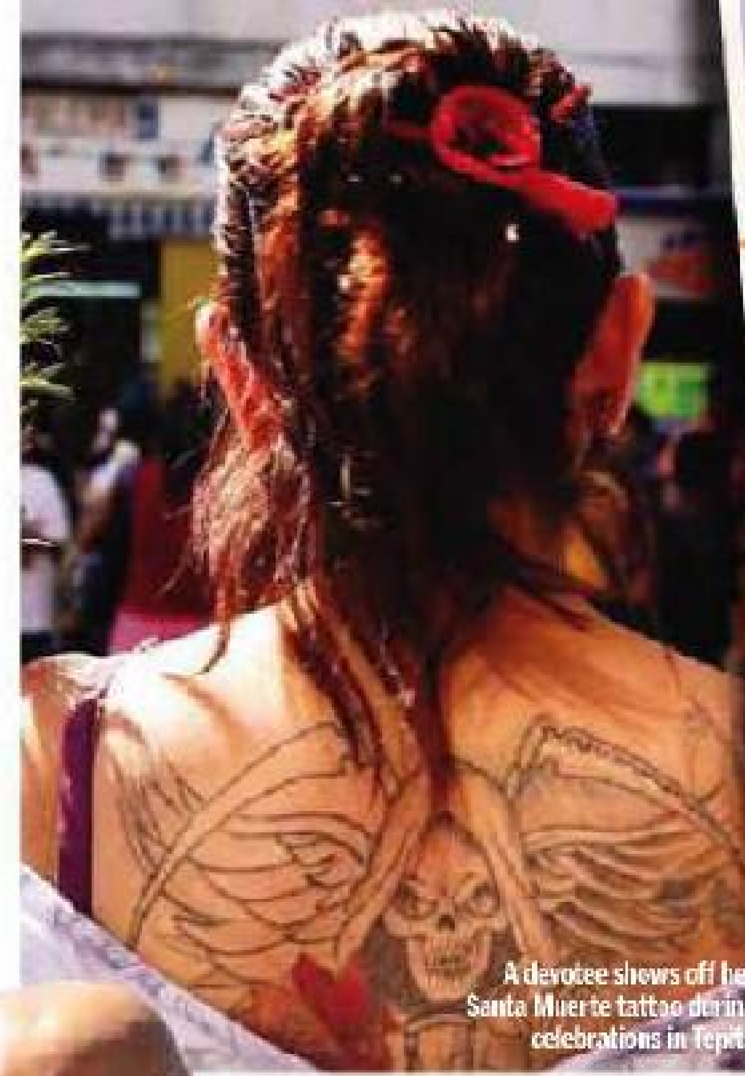
Enriqueta kisses her *Flaca*, or skinny one

Smoothing down a white shock of hair streaking through her curly black locks, Enriqueta looks lovingly at her icon – a 2m-high plastic skeleton dressed in a sumptuous, white bridal gown. "She cares for us, all of us – good people *and* bad. We are all her children," Enriqueta says. "I'm afraid of the living, but not death. When I die, I'm going to be just like *Santa Muerte*."

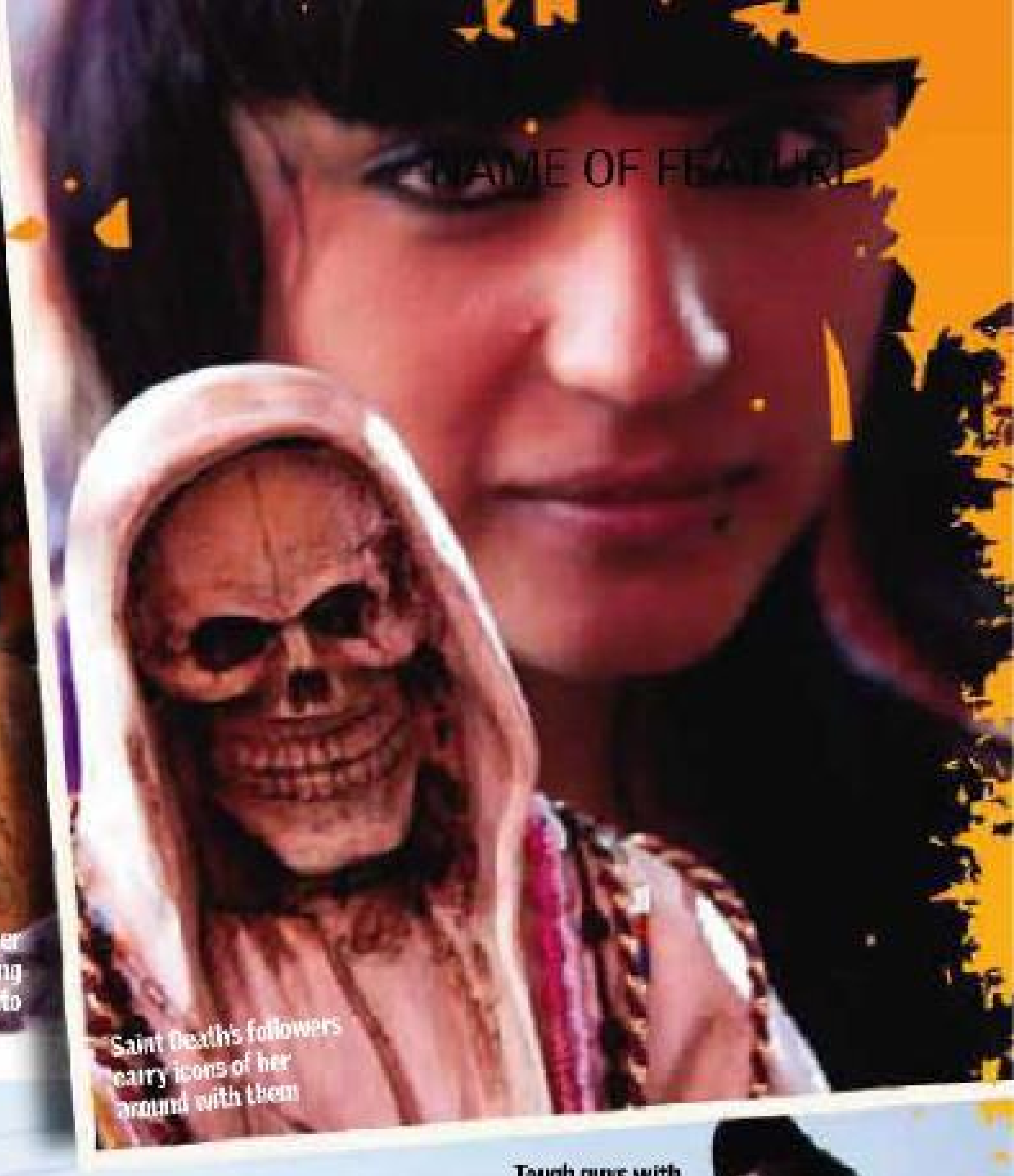
Enriqueta, now 64, is rumoured to be a tarot card reader for a local drug lord – although the truth is unknown – and she's worshipped *Santa Muerte* since she was 10. In 2000, the saint came to Enriqueta in a dream, asking her to erect a shrine, and the monthly ceremonies on Alfareria Street she helps coordinate now attract 5,000 devotees.

Enriqueta has a spiritual moment with the *Santa Muerte* shrine that she erected in Tepito, Mexico City, in 2000

A homeless person who makes money performing clown tricks arrives in Tepito for *Muerte*'s blessing



A devotee shows off her Santa Muerte tattoo during celebrations in Tepito



Saint Death's followers carry icons of her around with them

Tough guys with their *Blanca*, or white one, in Tepito

Gangster's Paradise

On the morning of this September's shindig, some of the people who've camped overnight in pick-up trucks in order to make the most of the celebrations crack open their first beers, snort a few lines of coke and roll four-skin joints to get in the mood. By 11am, convoys of new arrivals have filled the area, turning the road into a gangster's paradise. Unaccompanied street kids as young as 13 stand around blowing out thick clouds of weed smoke, while gangs of scarred criminals boisterously jibe each other in slang. Homeless clowns, who make money by performing tricks to car passengers stuck in traffic jams, turn up in their least tattered costumes and fresh make-up, and transvestites and prostitutes circulate excitedly, looking for friends.

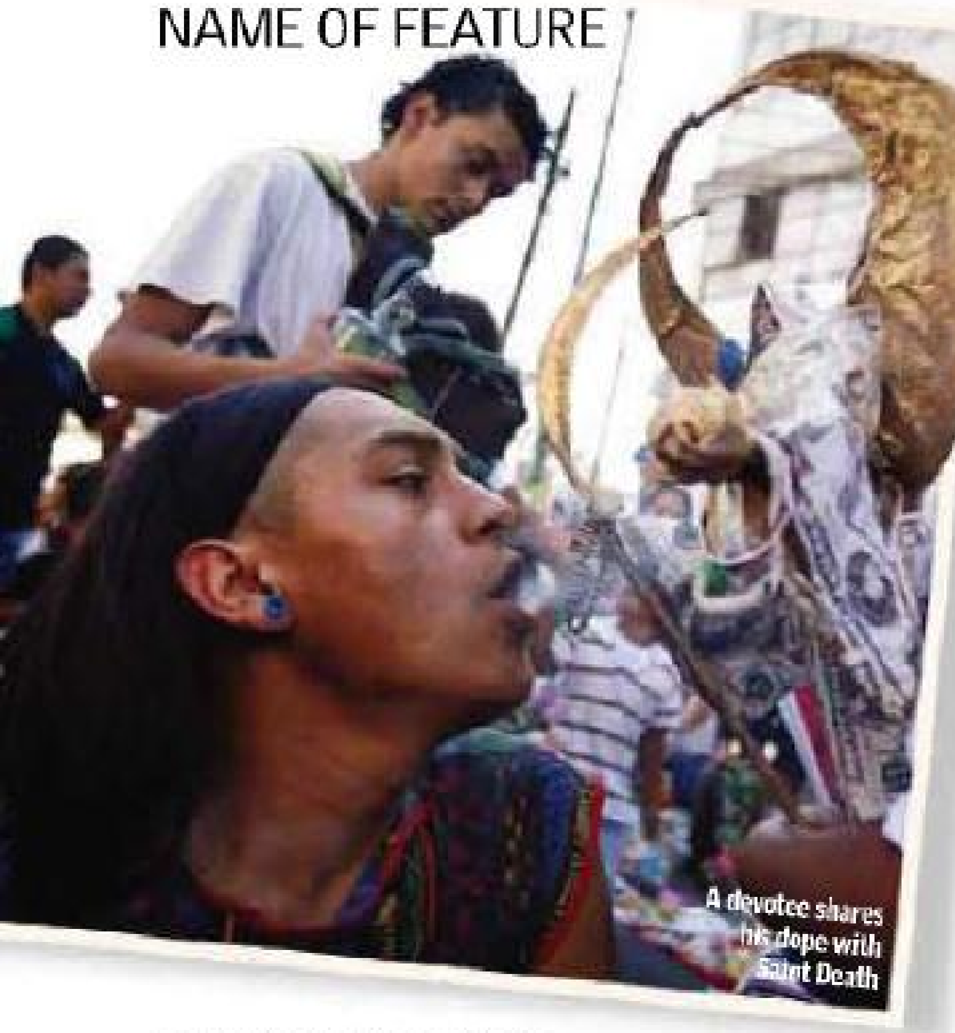
New members of gangs must murder someone and bring a cup of blood to Santa Muerte

The iconography of *Santa Muerte* is everywhere. Showing off full back tattoos of the Angel Of Death, and caressing silver pendants of her while joints droop between their fingers, bare-chested muscle-men carry around their own *Muerte* statues made from paper, wood, metal or plastic. Worshippers also bring roses and tropical flowers, which they place at an altar in the middle of the road, and within a few hours the street looks and smells like a florists.

As the throng thickens, people enter Enriqueta's covered shrine to give thanks to the beloved saint they call *Flaca* or *La Niña Blanca*, the skinny one or white girl. Those whose prayers have been answered roll up their jeans and approach the skeleton by shuffling along on bare knees. Bleeding from gritty scrapes, the men flinch but silently bear the pain for up to 15m before reaching the angel of death and reverently touching the glass that she sits behind.

Everyone brings offerings of debaucherous delights such as tequila, beer, cigarettes, lollipops and cash, which they leave for *Muerte*'s pleasure along with a lit candle, before blowing weed →

Devotees at Tepito wait for the sermon to start



A devotee shares his dope with Saint Death

smoke in her face. "At the altar, people receive spiritual peace of mind," explains Enriqueta. "It makes them feel good and they can ask for help with finding work or for the release of their imprisoned son. People come here when their hearts tells them to. It's not like church – with *Muerte*, there are no rules."

Public Enemies

But there *are* a few rules. It's said that new members of Mexico's largest gangs must murder someone and then bring a cup of their victim's blood to *Santa Muerte* before they can be properly initiated, and at Enriqueta's celebrations people must observe the pecking order. It's difficult to move through the packed street, but when Enriqueta or a well-dressed, well-connected godfather steps up to visit the shrine, the crowd calmly part to let them pass. But even though rival crims are in close quarters, the parade is peaceful. Far from erupting into a bloodbath, gangs who'd normally issue stern warnings to each another exchange sweeties and greet each another warmly with "Peace be with you," before banding together for the sermon.

Speaking through a microphone, a priest on a raised platform offers prayers and thanks to God, which the congregation repeat in parrot fashion. After the conversation has ended, everyone concentrates in silence for a few minutes before waving their *Santa Muerte* statues in the air, whooping for joy, and getting back to their booze and blunts. Apart from the macabre skeletons and vices, it's just like a Catholic service.

The Vatican refuses to recognise *Santa Muerte* as a bona fide saint, even though some churches hold services dedicated to her, and the Mexican government isn't keen on its rising popularity, either. Last year the authorities tried to squash its following and demolished 30 shrines in Nuevo Laredo, a city near the US border. Rev Humberto Robles, The Bishop of Nuevo Laredo, says, "We all need an interior sense of security and people who've pushed God out of the picture are clinging to this cult to feel secure."

However, believers assert that their guardian of death doesn't conflict with traditional Catholic beliefs. As Enriqueta explains, "If we want to ask something of *Santa Muerte*, first we must ask God. She is God's mandate."

To those outside of *Santa Muerte*'s love, she's a scary demon. But Margarita kisses the skeleton fondly on her nonexistent lips, before saying, "It annoys me when people say that she's Satanic, because she's a messenger from God. Everything I have achieved is thanks to her."

A man carries his offerings to the saint

> "It's not like church. With *Santa Muerte*, there are no rules"

A teenager blows weed smoke on to his *Santa Muerte* icon

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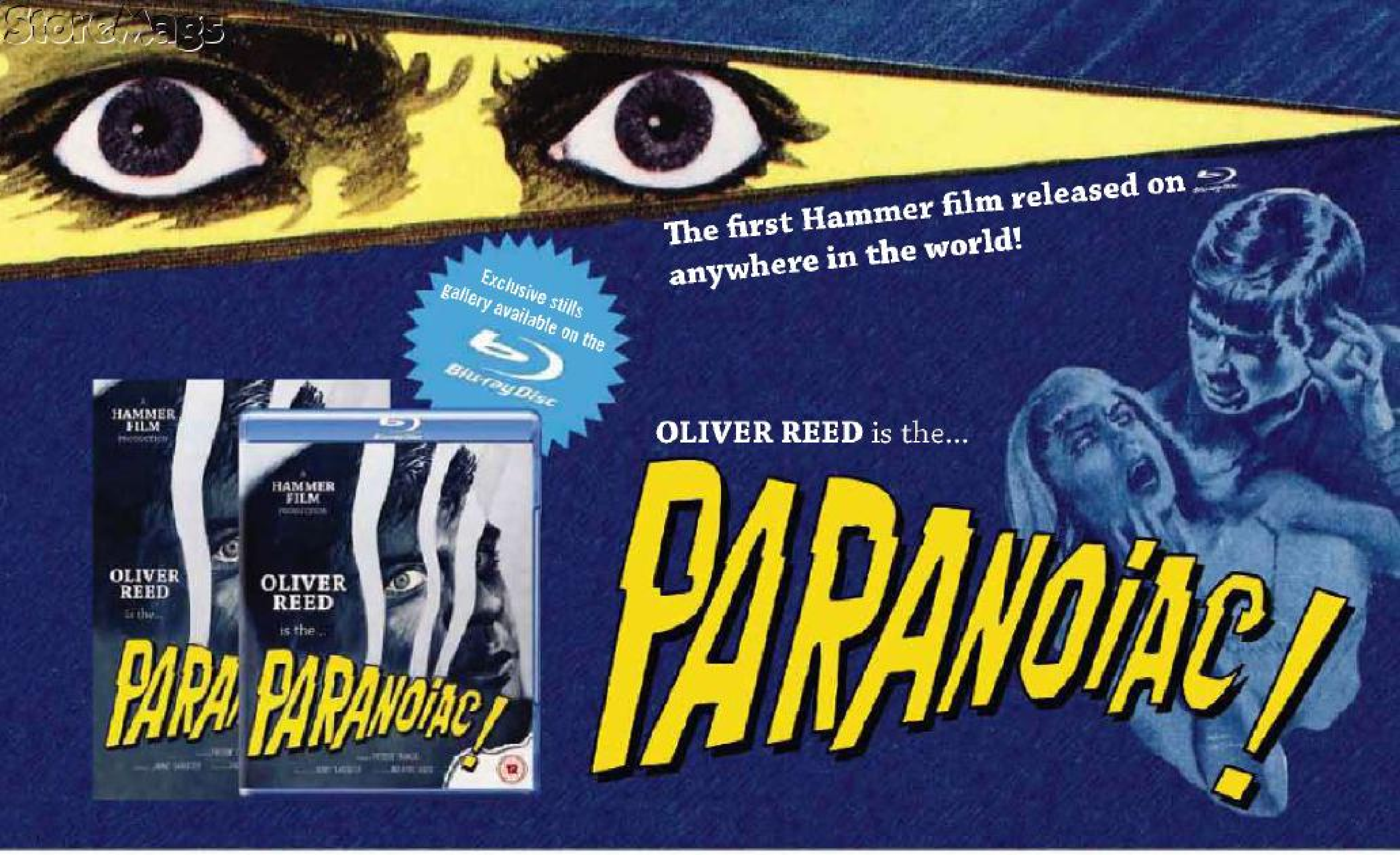
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WIZARDS

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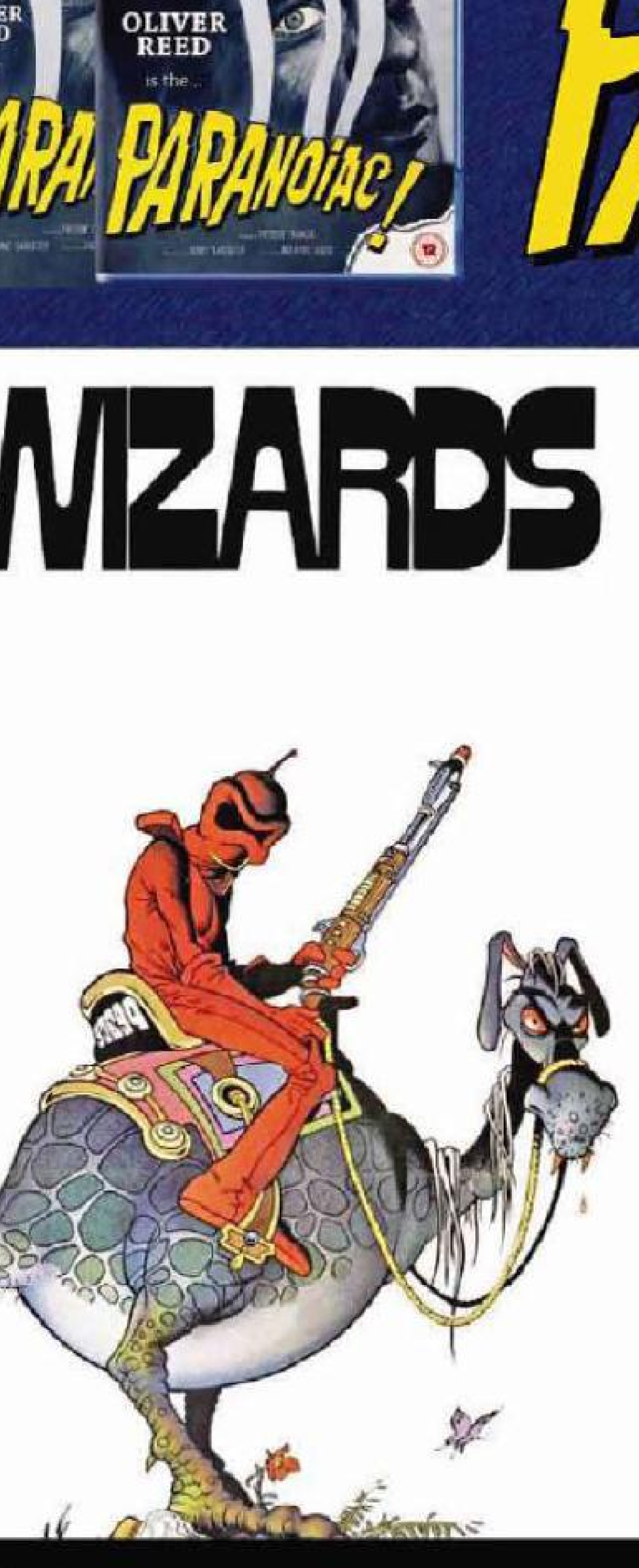
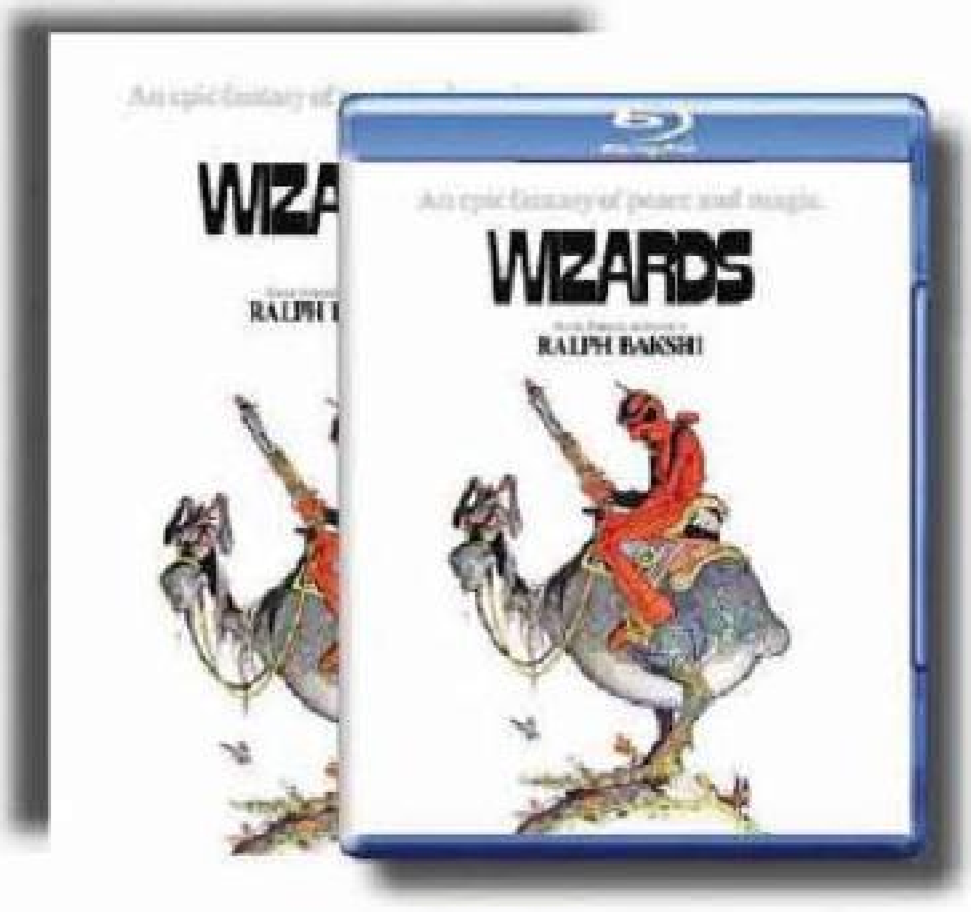
One of the most ambitious and inventive films from legendary animator Ralph Bakshi, Wizards is a dazzling fantasy adventure. Set on a post-apocalyptic Earth where technology has been outlawed after nuclear disaster, the film follows the story of Avatar, the kindly, eccentric sorcerer-ruler of Montagar, a rainbow paradise inhabited by elves and fairies.

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REVIEWS

118 **FILM** 122 **DVD** 130 **MUSIC** 134 **BOOKS** 136 **GAMES**

★★★★★ AWESOME! ★★★★ KILLER! ★★★ COOL! ★★ MEH! ★ SHITE!

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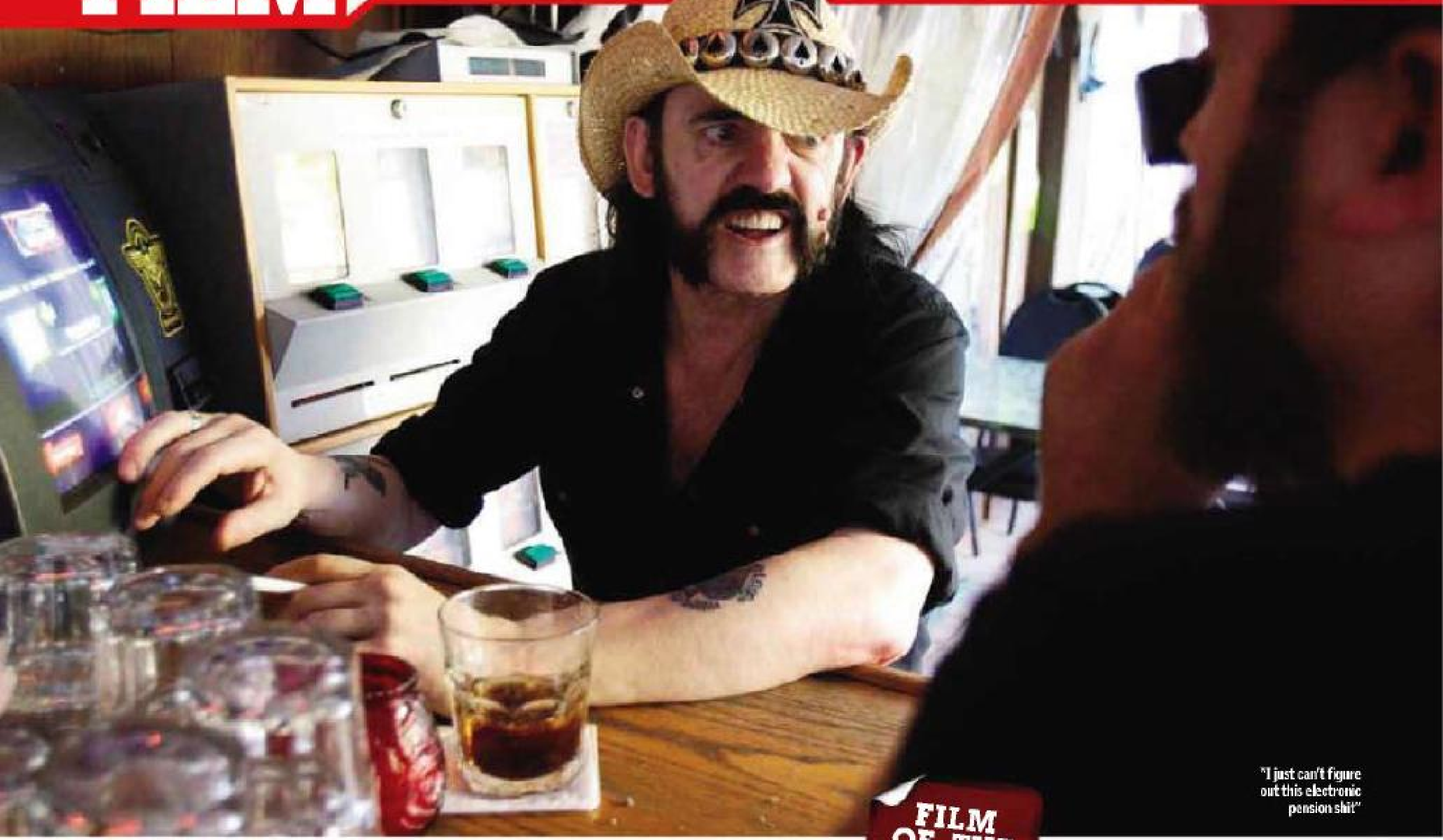
I SPIT ON YOUR GRAVE

The gruesome revenge classic is back! 120



"I just can't figure out this electronic pension shit"

FILM OF THE MONTH BIZARRE

LEMMY: THE MOVIE

Watch movie trailers at Bizarremag.com

The Ace Of Spades is On Parole and Hammered

SMOKING LIKE A CREMATORIUM, drinking like a trout, and snorting speed like it's going out of fashion isn't the kind of behaviour you'd expect from someone approaching their mid-sixties. Well, not unless they're legendary rock god Lemmy, who's fronted full-tilt noise-meisters Motörhead for the past 25 years.

Co-directed and produced by American duo Greg Olliver and Wes Orshoski, this killer documentary paints an unfettered portrait of the outspoken star. It's a three-year labour of love, which explores how Lemmy remains an unstoppable force, even though most men his age are looking forward to retirement.

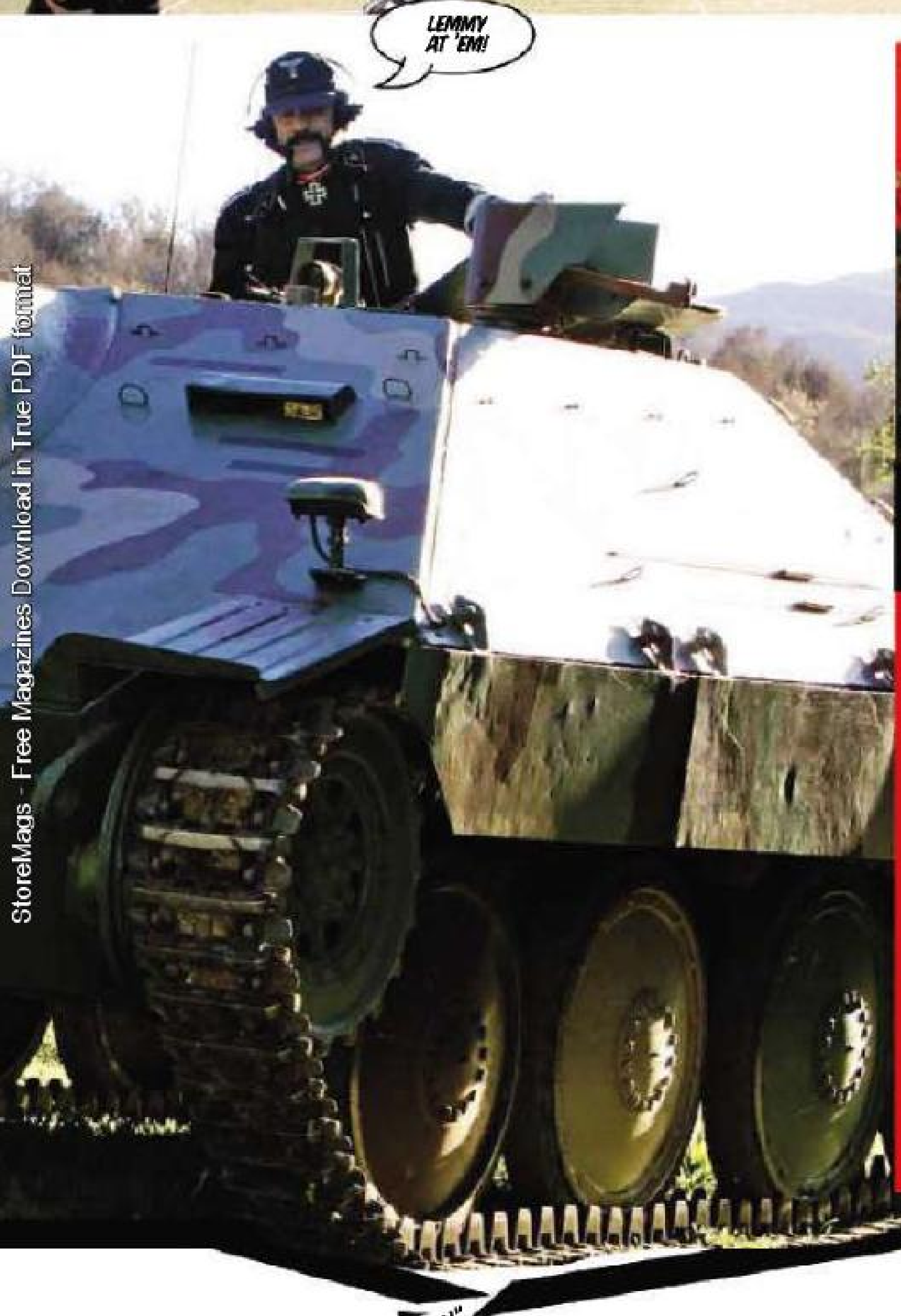
In addition to acres of concert footage and interviews featuring reverential, revealing anecdotes from fellow luminaries, such as Ozzy Osbourne and Foo Fighters' Dave Grohl, this doc has stunning behind-the-scenes moments. Funny, intimate scenes unveil sides of Lemmy's irreverent nature that we rarely see – for example, the rocker surrounds himself with Nazi memorabilia, even though he isn't a Hitlerite, and says, "I've had six black girlfriends, so if I'm a Nazi, I'm the worst one you've ever met."

This is an eye-opening doc that underlines what fans have always admired about Lemmy: that he doesn't give a damn what people think of him, and he does what he wants with music as his driving force. He's one of rock'n'roll's greatest ambassadors, and a perfect subject for the '*This Is Your Life*' treatment provided by this entertaining film. **Billy Chainsaw**

Orgasmatronic Snake Bite Love with rock'n'roll's wartiest eccentric ★★★★

PICTURES: JEFF YEAGER, WES

If you don't look at the audience, they can't see you


LEMMY AT 'EM!
"SNAP!"

Lemmy's got Greg and Wes over a barrel

Q+A Greg Olliver & Wes Orshoski

Co-Writers/Directors

Why did you want to make a film about Lemmy?

Wes Orshoski Greg and I were drinking in a pub in Dublin, trying to think of a project that we could co-direct and produce, and Lemmy was the first idea that came to me. I'd interviewed him for *Billboard* magazine a few months earlier and he's one of a kind – the last of a dying breed.

How did you approach Lemmy?

Greg Olliver We offered his management a win-win situation. We said we'd meet Lemmy and if he liked us we'd shoot some footage with him; and if he liked that we'd keep going, but if he didn't, they could have all the footage.

So you had to audition?

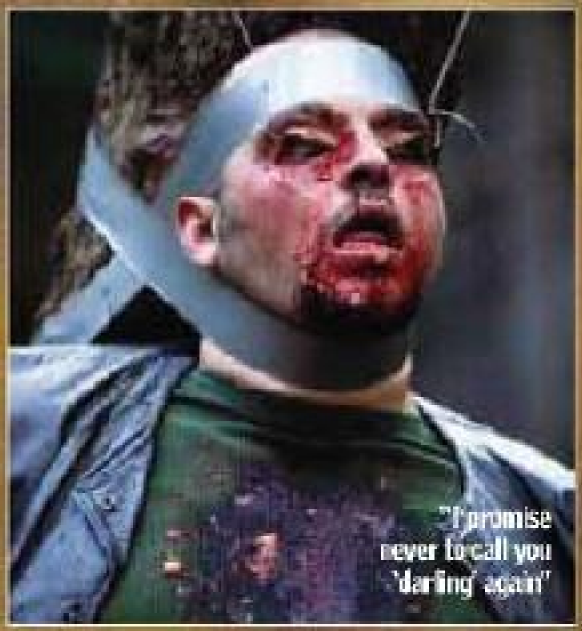
Greg Yeah, we went to a bar in Hollywood for a meeting with Lemmy. For two minutes we told him what we wanted to do and tried to convince him that we were good guys, then for the next couple of hours he told jokes and stories, while we all drank. His manager said it was the longest Lemmy had ever sat in a business meeting, so we were good to go.

When we interviewed Lemmy he chopped out a line of speed, then asked us to go with him to a strip bar. Did you get any offers like that?

Wes Dude, my wife's sitting right here! let's just say he hasn't changed.

I SPIT ON YOUR GRAVE

Novelist-haters beware, she's got a pen and a sword


"I promise never to call you 'darling' again"

THIS REMAKE OF ONE OF THE most controversial 'Video Nasties' ever made is so intense and harrowing, the faint-hearted should steer well clear.

A vast improvement on the 1978 film, it replaces the grubbiness of the original with a slicker look, which makes the film more palatable and engaging. While this approach failed miserably with the *Texas Chainsaw Massacre* reboots, it pays off here.

In this simple revenge tale, misogynistic, backwoods locals subject a young female novelist to a gruelling ordeal of mental torture, physical abuse and rape. Although the writer is left for dead, she survives and sets about getting her brutal retribution.

While the plot initially develops at a relaxed pace, the rape scene is drawn-out and challenging, and from then on it rockets along, delivering shock after crowd-pleasing shock with calculated, gruesome intent.

THIS FILM DELIVERS CROWD-PLEASING SHOCKS WITH GRUESOME INTENT

Director Steven Monroe is highly creative with the novelist's revenge and his use of fish hooks and gardening shears prove he has a real flair for full-on nastiness. **Billy Chainsaw**

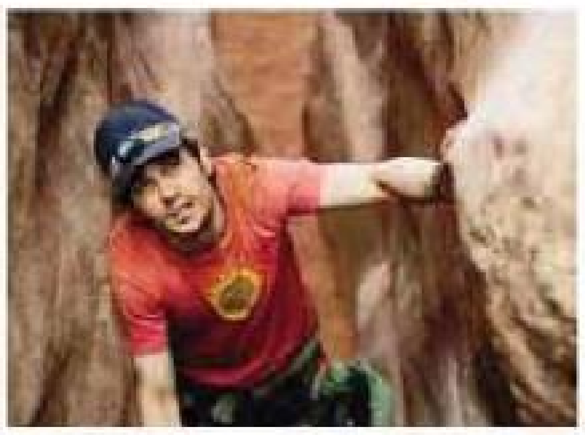
Sicker than a square teen who's just drunk her first bottle of wine ★★★★

"When are we gonna get to third base?"

Her grog-blossoms exploded after a month on the drink

MIDGETS VS. MASCOTS

This bad-taste mockumentary follows the title's two teams as they compete to get their hands on millions of dollars left by a dead midget porn star. Full of pratfalls and piss-taking, *Midgets Vs. Mascots* goes out of its way to shock, but while scenes such as a female 'little person' getting donkey-kicked across a bar will undoubtedly keep some people sweet, the film's finale is disappointingly wimpy. **BC** ★ ★



127 HOURS

This film about Aron Ralston, a mountain climber who got stuck in a hole for five days after his arm was crushed by a boulder, is director Danny Boyle's best since *Trainspotting*. James Franco (*Freaks And Geeks*) flexes his acting muscles as Aron, and the agony he portrays is exhausting to watch. Aron had to cut off his arm to survive and the gnarly self-operation is palpable. **AG** ★ ★ ★ ★

NEVER LET ME GO

In a Britain where cloning technology is widely used, three friends – created to be organ donors – must face their mortality. Like a highbrow version of *The Island*, director Mark Romanek (*One Hour Photo*) opts for relationship melodrama over sci-fi action, but while rising star Andrew Garfield (the new big-screen *Spider-Man*) is impressive, the film lacks the emotional punch of Kazuo Ishiguro's novel. **PN** ★ ★ ★

CATFISH

Cynical critics are crying foul about this documentary. Everyone in it speaks so candidly and is so happy to reveal their weaknesses that it's hard to believe it's authentic. Either way, it's an exquisite, bonkers, captivating film, which explores the complexity and insanity of human beings. It's best not to read anything else about this film before you see it. **AG** ★ ★ ★ ★

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***BIZARRE* FILM EDITOR**

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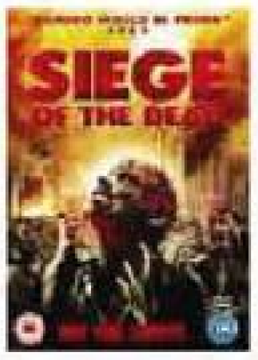
SIEGE OF THE DEAD

A terrifying game of zombie hide-and-seek

DVD OF THE MONTH BIZARRE



THE CINEMATIC war between vampires and zombies may still be raging, but for serious horror freaks it's the living dead who win hands down when it comes to delivering the creepy-assed goods. And this German addition to the undead genre takes a similar premise to Gallic seat-edger *The Horde*, then milks it for every last drop of adrenalised mayhem.

As with the most successful zombie features, the emphasis falls firmly on a clutch of survivors – here headed up by a spurned lover who goes to return his ex's flat keys, then finds himself trapped in an apartment block besieged by frothy-mouthed flesh-munchers.

Presented as a tense tale of hide-and-seek, director Marvin Kren throws himself into the project with 110 per cent conviction. The expected zombie grossness and brutality come thick-and-fast, but what's unusual here is that the undead invasion serves as an atmosphere-enhancing backdrop for a twisted story of love, loss and betrayal. And as everything's depicted with bare-bone realism, you'll be immediately sucked into the carnage and held transfixed right up to the downbeat, almost poignant, finale.

As for the key ingredient – the zombies – they're of the fast, ferocious and frightening *28 Days Later* variety. So although their cadaverous make-up is minimal (consisting of scabby faces and white-eyed contact lenses), they convey terror through their sheer animalistic physicality. Add to that a super-compact running time – barely an hour – and you've got an efficient fright flick that never outstays its welcome.

Billy Chainsaw

Short and sweet German zombie smasher ★★★★

GETTING BATTERED

What's in a name?

The original German title *Rammbock* (which translates as 'battering ram') was based on the scene where the hero builds said device to escape from zombies by smashing through a wall and fleeing into the neighbouring flat.

Ram it in, baby!

"Heeeere's zombie!"

Zombies: Surprisingly affectionate

THE ZOMBIES ARE FAST, FEROCIOUS AND FRIGHTENING

The end of the world: Not a good time for quality knitwear

DARK SKIES

Evil aliens and conspiracy theories abound in this imaginative TV sci-fi show that falls somewhere between *The X-Files* and *Taken*. Set in the 1960s, the 18-part drama follows a 'history as we know it is a lie' plot, as the US government's cover-up of extraterrestrials on Earth backfires. After a slow-burning start, the plot becomes action-led and loony – which makes for addictive viewing. **BC** ★★★

CHERRY TREE LANE

The story of a clash between a sleepy middle-class family and drug-addled delinquents, *Cherry Tree Hill* will appeal to fans of 'hoodie horrors' such as *Eden Lake*. But while the tension is ramped up to unbearable levels and a sharp sense of realism makes the tale gritty and nasty, in the end it's a shallow and vacuous experience that plugs into urban paranoia for easy chills, rather working hard to deliver genuine scares. **DMcC** ★★★

NOT LIKE OTHERS

Another month, another vampire movie – but thankfully it *isn't* like the others. Two bloodsucking sisters go on the run one night after killing the leader of a biker gang, and are forced to confront their differences. Instead of relying on gore, the film is driven through shadows and sound as the gang's motorbikes sputter through the streets of Stockholm. Remove the vamp concept and you'd still be left with a moving tale. **EG** ★★★★

HAPPY TREE FRIENDS: SEASON ONE

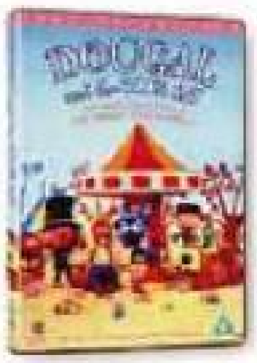
Mutilation, murder and mayhem abound in this gore-drenched cartoon series that takes *Itchy & Scratchy*-style carnage to new extremes. Each maniacal episode on the four-disc release follows a group of cute creatures as they indulge their passion for sadistic ultra-violence. The resulting antics are twisted, stupid and addictive; perfect for anyone with a sick sense of humour. **BC** ★★★★

ARE YOU A ZOMBIE ADDICT? FIND OUT WHAT *REALLY* HAPPENS WHEN YOU POP YOUR CLOGS ON **P83**

"You should've seen the one that got away," said Zebedee. "It was *this* big!"

DOUGAL AND THE BLUE CAT

Like taking a deep puff on a Camberwell Carrot



THE PHRASE 'a trip down memory lane' takes on a whole new meaning in this oddball spin-off from the animated 1960s kids' series *The Magic Roundabout*.

For the uninitiated, the original show was a gentle slice of teatime telly that revolved around a bunch of cutesy, stop-motion characters who enjoyed innocuous adventures in an enchanted garden. Yet while the colourful and offbeat TV show was firmly aimed at nippers, this feature-length version plays to the fact that adults dug it too by delivering a darker nightmarish vision.

Events unfold at a leisurely pace that perfectly complements the rambling and increasingly weird storyline, where the megalomaniacal feline of the title attempts to take over the world and turn everything blue. And with everyone else imprisoned in a sinister castle, it's left to sugar-addicted dog Dougal to save the day.

Loaded with vibrant visuals and nonsensical – verging on the surreal – shenanigans, it's easy to see why *Dougal And The Blue Cat* has gained cult status over the years. And while the film looks tame beside *Bizarre*'s favourite stop-motion flick *The Nightmare Before Christmas*, it'll still appeal to acid casualties and those in need of a retina-sizzling nostalgia fix.

Billy Chainsaw

A twee, utterly charming tale that makes perfect sense if you're stoned ★★★

Brian and Dylan: Ripped off their tits

A big-boobed chainsaw frenzy

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BIG TITS ZOMBIE

Does exactly what it says on the box

IT'S HARD TO decide what we like best about *Big Tits Zombie*. Maybe it's the outrageous story that sees a group of red-hot strippers battling reanimated corpses in an isolated Japanese town, and is so full of gaping holes that it may as well be a porn star convention. Or perhaps it's the outrageous set-pieces that punctuate the plot, including an undead ping-pong match, an attack by zombie sushi, and a woman channelling the roaring flames of hell through her poontang. But mostly it's the impossibly cute porn star Sora Aoi, who wears miniscule costumes and has no problem flashing the G-cup whoppers that made her a media darling in her homeland, ably backed by a top-heavy gaggle of actresses who press every Asian fetish button in the book, from gothic Lolita to kung fu sexpot.

The DVD features a handful of 3-D sequences where you don old school red-and-green glasses to see the girls pop out of your TV screen. However, these cruddy 3-D sequences can't match the quality of recent big screen escapades into the third dimension, and spoil an otherwise delicious cheese-fest. **DMcC**

Silly, senseless and sizzlingly sexy ★★★★

WORDS: DEN OF GEEK

THE MOVIE MOLE

Digging up the best film gossip

Paranormal Activity: Spooky and kooky

The Thing: Icy and nicey

Mole has work to do. Nobody seems to be saying much about who'll be fighting Batman in the upcoming movie, **The Dark Knight Rises**, and thus it's taken extra-deep burrowing to come up with the latest speculation. Namely, that *Bronson*'s Tom Hardy will be appearing in the film, and he's likely to be the foe of the piece. Current favourite for the super villain he'll be playing? Hugo Strange. That'd be a nice, unusual choice.

Less surprising is the news that a third **Paranormal Activity** is on the way. The second, which was surprisingly good, once again managed to destroy *Saw* at the box office, and so we expect the third outing next October. But what else is there to go bump in the night?

Early word on the new prequel to **The Thing** had been surprisingly positive, given that Mole, and many others, were smelling a cheap cash-in from a mile off. But the film has been yanked from the schedules, with extra shooting being ordered. Don't expect to see it in early 2011, as originally planned. Bah.

With **X-Men: First Class** now nearing the end of production, another X- spin-off is heading to the runway ahead of its 2011 release. It'll be the follow-up to **X-Men Origins: Wolverine**, which will see Hugh Jackman back in the title role. More interestingly, though, this isn't going to be a straight sequel, and Darren Aronofsky has signed up to direct. The name of the film? **The Wolverine**. You read it here last.

Mole's covered Batman, so it seems apt to pick up the latest rumours surrounding the **Spider-Man** reboot, too. The newest addition to the cast is Denis Leary, who'll be playing Gwen Stacy's father, while the terrific Zooey Deschanel has now been linked with a role in the film, too. The shoot starts any minute now.

DEN OF GEEK!

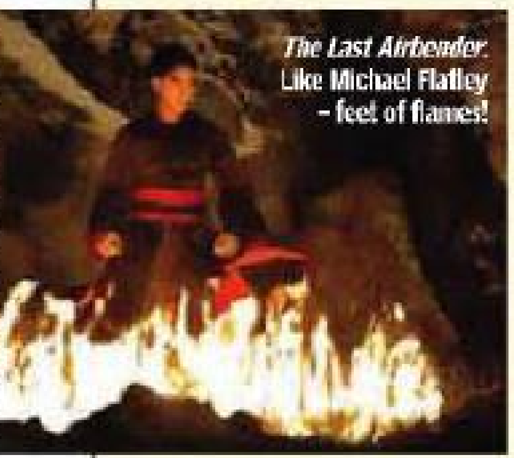
The square-eyed experts at Denofgeek.com look at the rest of this month's DVD releases

Scott Pilgrim and the gang: Easily distracted

Bags of nerdy joys await anyone who picks up a copy of **Scott Pilgrim Vs The World** (★★★★), Edgar Wright's astonishingly confident comicbook adaptation. It plays to its target audience, and if you're not a geeky child of the 1980s or 1990s you might struggle with it. But if you are, it might just be your new favourite film.

What won't be your favourite film is M Night Shyamalan's disastrous take on **The Last Airbender** (★). An inexplicably massive hit, the film is a turgid mess from start to finish, with occasional relief provided by unintentionally funny dialogue. A sequel beckons – but if all concerned have any sense, M Night will quietly be paid off first.

In the world of television, the stunning conclusion to **Season 4** of serial killer drama **Dexter** (★★★★★) inevitably dominates most discussion about the series. Yet this remains one of the finest scripted television shows on the planet. It keeps its episode count modest, and with the addition of John Lithgow to the cast, this is a season where it finds a whole lot more in the tank. Stunning television.



The Last Airbender: Like Michael Flatley – feet of flames!

The Expendables: "Wow, check out that Dexter review!"

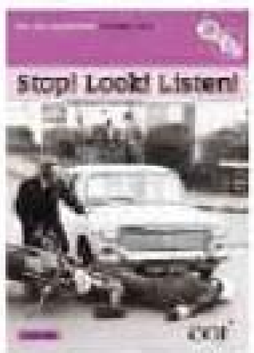
The end of the year brings with it a whole host of stand-up comedy discs to enjoy. This year's finest? Try **Lee Mack: Going Out** (★★★★), **Dara O Briain: This Is The Show** (★★★★) and **Rhod Gilbert And The Cat That Looks Like Nicholas Lyndhurst** (★★★★). There isn't a crappy Peter Kay joke in sight in any of these.

Mindless violence, next, and lots of it. **The Expendables** (★★★) is a fairly poor and brilliant film in the same package, assuming you're a paid-up fan of 1980s action mayhem. If you're not, then the procession of once-big action stars gets boring after a while.

To find out what's going on in TV and movieland, and for plenty of nerdy ranting, go to Denofgeek.com

THE COI COLLECTION: STOP! LOOK! LISTEN!

Unintentionally hilarious warnings from history



PAEDOPHILES, pyromaniacs and countless blood-spattered, mangled corpses: while these may sound like components of a sick exploitation flick, they're a hint at the grisly delights contained in this collection of vintage Central Office Of Information shorts.

As the title suggests, these are safety films once shown in schools and during TV ad breaks, designed to keep Joe Public from an early grave. And although the warnings included here were produced between 1940 and 1990, some of them have gained cult status courtesy of YouTube, such as the truly disturbing kiddie-fiddler flick *Never Go With Strangers*, and *Apaches*, in which a gang of youngsters all meet their demise while playing on farmland. The most notorious, though, is the Grim Reaper-starring *Lonely Water*. Aimed at school kids, it highlights the perils of playing near rivers and lakes, and actually made it into Channel 4's *100 Greatest Scary Moments* list show 30 years after it was first broadcast. And while there are moments of light relief – cue the animated antics of *Joe And Petunia: Coastguard*, and a driving skit featuring *Monty Python*'s Michael Palin – these are few and far between.

Overall, this highly entertaining mix of the macabre and unintentionally funny makes for perfect viewing after a night down the boozer. **Billy Chainsaw**

Laughs and chills in equal measure ★★★

He's behind you!

SENGOKU BASARA: SAMURAI KINGS

The anime adaptation of a videogame few people actually played, *Sengoku Basara* is a dizzying blend of sci-fi and fantasy staged in feudal Japan, where robot warlords and mystical ninjas rule the land. But while the typically shouty, outrageous Manga-scrapping is light on plot, the action is frantic and fun, with slick visuals that'll keep you gripped until the final episode. **DMcG** ★★★★

PREDATORS

In this latest addition to the *Predator* franchise, *Splice*'s Adrien Brody is one of the armed bad-asses who become the human quarry on an extraterrestrial game reserve. Okay, so the hunter-as-the-hunted concept is hardly original, and there are several glaring plot-holes; but thankfully testosterone-fuelled humour and gory set-pieces compensate for these flaws and keep things rocking apace. **BC** ★★★

LIKE *THE EXPENDABLES*? SEE SOMEONE GETTING THE TATT FROM THE MOVIE ON **P22**

DOMINATION

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45p/min 0908 141 2016

JUST LISTEN 0909 534 8636 60p/min

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LIVE SISSY CHAT

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0908 141 2021

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GIRLS OF SIN

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T18

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T18

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LIVE 1-2-1

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1-2-1 WITH MISTRESS

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PRIVATE LIVE DOMINATION

T18

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HI BOYS

LIVE 1-2-1

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SLIP INTO MY WARM PANTIES

YOU FILTHY LITTLE SLUT

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THE BIG INTERVIEW

Takeshi Kitano

The sword-wielding director and star of *Zatoichi* talks underworld crims and hippy rebellion

PICTURES: CORBIS OUTLINE, ALAMY, RONALD GRANT ARCHIVE, KOBAL

JAPAN'S ONE-MAN CARNAGE KING, director Takeshi Kitano, splattered on to the Eastern extreme movie scene with the 1989 gangster blockbuster *Violent Cop*, which he followed up with *Boiling Point* (1990), *Sonatine* (1993) and *Brother* (2000). Kitano's also starred in several of his own movies, developing a cult following as the slice-happy blind swordsman in *Zatoichi* (2003) and the bonkers head teacher in *Battle Royale* (2000). With so many severed limbs on his conscience, it's surprising that he's also made romantic weepies, such as *A Scene At The Sea* (1991) and *Kid's Return* (1996). But thankfully his latest flick, *Outrage*, is a return to form: breaking necks first and asking questions later.

Why is *Outrage* the first violent gangster movie you've made since *Brother*, in 2000?
I haven't deliberately avoided making another gangster movie, but I did so many of them that journalists kept asking me, "Why are your movies so violent? Do you have violent fantasies?" I got fed up with those questions, so I put violence aside for a while and moved on to different films, including romantic movies such as *Kids Return* and *Dolls*. The critics in Japan used to complain about the violence in my movies, but my softer films failed miserably at the box office, so what does that tell you?

But why *do* you like violent flicks?
It isn't a commercial choice, it's an artistic one. When I make movies about *yakuza*, members of Japan's organised crime syndicates, I *have* to broach the subject of violence. I also like thinking about it. I always come up with ideas for violent scenes first – sometimes just by looking through newspapers and reading stories about crime and murder – and those scenes form the skeletons for my scripts. I like going out for a walk and thinking up ways of shocking people. Thinking of unique ways in which to hurt people isn't easy.

> "THINKING OF UNIQUE WAYS IN WHICH TO HURT PEOPLE ISN'T EASY"

What's *Outrage* about?
Old school gangsters with old school attitudes who are challenged by younger, hungrier, guys. This kind of thing happens in corporate culture as well as the underworld and *Outrage* focuses on the fact that new ways of doing things are making some people afraid of their jobs.

At Cannes, people walked out of a screening of *Outrage* during the first 10 minutes. How far can you take violence before it goes *too* far?
Some people couldn't handle the film because it begins with loads of →

With those pumps, Takeshi's always ready to do a runner death and spurting blood. But although I like to see how far I can go, then push it a little further in the next film, I think I know where to draw the line. I can sleep at night with a clear conscience.

Did you base any of the action in *Outrage* on real *yakuza* crime?

No, I'm not that knowledgeable about the organised crime scene in Japan. All I can say is that, based on what I've read in newspapers, they don't seem to kill as many people as they used to. I believe that in the past, *yakuza* who made mistakes had one of their fingers cut off, but now I think they just get cash taken off them. But my films aren't that close to real life; they're meant to be entertainment.

Nevertheless, do you think your earlier splatter-fests glamourise organised crime?

Not at all. They're pessimistic films; like my take on the world in general. The characters in those movies are always doomed. It frustrates me that violence in cinema gets the blame for society's problems. People always ask me if I worry about whether viewers will copy scenes from my movies and their question makes me laugh. There are countless politically incorrect, loathsome, wishy-washy, tear-jerking romantic films out there, but have they made the world a safer place? Not at all; if anything, the world's becoming even more violent: Iraq, Afghanistan... we're still killing people even though the cinemas are full of romantic comedies.

What shocks you?

The news. The most shocking image I've ever seen was taken in the 1960s, during the Vietnam war. A Vietnamese prisoner is being shot through the head by a policeman who doesn't show any emotion. That image made me ask, "How can someone be emotionally detached enough to do that?" When you see someone die for real it's nothing like it's portrayed in the movies.

"MY UNIVERSITY KICKED ME OUT FOR CAUSING TROUBLE AND BEING A HIPPY"

Takeshi practices his Bond pout in *Battle Royale*

"Violent Cop? Moi?"

Gang grimace in *Sonatine*

Did you protest against the Vietnam War at that time?

Yeah, I was kicked out of university because I joined an anti-Vietnam demonstration. I wanted to be a car engineer back then, but it didn't happen because they kicked me out. They didn't want politics on campus and they thought I was causing trouble and being a hippy.

Will there be a sequel to *Violent Cop*?

I keep hearing rumours about a sequel, and every so often I ask my producers if they have the money for it, but it's not on the cards at the moment.

Will you ever make a film about a female gangster?

Who knows? I'm interested in female characters but I can't write good roles for women. I've been writing a script involving a female gangster for years and I'm still struggling with it. Men struggle to understand women!

Will you make a Hollywood movie?

If every part of a Hollywood movie has to be spoken in English then I'm not interested, because I don't speak the language very well. If I was directing one I wouldn't even be able to tell if the actors were doing a good job or not. I like to put personal experiences and some of my own life lessons into my movies, and I can only do that by making Japanese stories... and hurting Japanese characters!

Outrage is out on DVD now

Takeshis' takes all!

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KYUSS LIVES

Q+A John Garcia *Singer*

Nope, they didn't die in the desert...

SEE THEM LIVE

Catch Kyuss Lives on tour in Europe 11-29 March, and across the UK 31 March-6 April. Check MySpace.com/kyusslives for details

You're reforming Kyuss under the name 'Kyuss Lives', with the original line-up apart from Josh Homme, 15 years after the band split up. Why now?
Well, obviously it's a big deal, but on the other hand it's not quite as big a deal as it would've been if Mr Homme had joined in. I didn't ask Josh to do it because I knew he'd say, 'fuck off'. It's not a full-on reunion, but when Nick, Brant and myself played at Hellfest in France last summer it felt great, so I want to mirror that feeling. I also want to promote my solo record, *Garcia Vs Garcia*.

You started off playing at 'generator parties' in the middle of the desert. What were they like?
People put generator parties on a pedestal, and they think about what a magical experience it must have been to play in the middle of the desert, but we did them out of sheer boredom. When you're young, and at high school, necessity is the mother of invention. You can't play at a club, because you're underage, you can't play at someone's house because the cops will bust you, so we'd go to the middle of the desert. I guess in hindsight, I'm lucky to have lived through that. Were people tripping on peyote and LSD? Sure they were. But *I* was smoking weed in the back of the truck with my buddies, listening to Yawning Man or Unsound playing.

Did the people who were high on drugs do anything strange?
No, it was peaceful. People were tripping and skating, and sometimes we'd play an old, deserted nudist colony with a pool, called the Nude Bowl. There were no guns or knives, or gang-bangers... it was just a great time to go out and be a kid.

What's the strangest place you've ever played?
We once played a place with the Melvins, and it got so hot that we were literally boiling. The walls were starting to sweat, and the roof was beginning to sag and drip from a lack of oxygen. I've already paid my dues when it comes to playing shit-hole clubs, and I won't do that anymore.

Tell us about *Garcia Vs Garcia*.
It's a rock record, made up of short stories about life – about being a dad and husband. I'm working on a song called 'Arglaben', which is my wife's maiden name, and it tells the story of all the shit we went through to get where we are now. There's a lot of heart and emotion in it.

You're a qualified vet. Are you still treating animals?
I've put that on hold to concentrate on *Garcia Vs Garcia*, but I love working with animals. I can't save them all, but I do my best. My sister has a little ranch down the street from me, and she called last weekend to say that one of her goats had died and she needed help burying it. I went down there, dug a hole, picked up the goat, and put him in it. Her friend was crying because she'd fallen in love with the animal, and I said, "Look, people pass; animals pass – you can't save them all." But saving one and seeing it walk out of the door makes me happy. **Eleanor Goodman**

It's Movember all year round for these cheerful chappies

JSBE see Robert Smith in the mirror every morning

JON SPENCER BLUES EXPLOSION

Reigniting old flames that are so hot, they're blue

RE-ISSUES

NINETEEN NOISY years since the band unleashed their filthy blues sound on the grunge and metal masses, Jon Spencer Blues Explosion have returned with a set of lavish re-issues covering their entire 1990s output. Each album has been enhanced with a bonus disc of extras, extensive liner notes and unseen band photos. But the real joy of these re-issues is rediscovering the seminal influence of Jon Spencer Blues Explosion, from the lascivious howling early work on *Year One* to the wild genre experimentation of *Orange*. Messy yet meticulous, sprawling but focused; these records showcased the raw, wide-eyed power of blues rock a full decade before Jack and The White Stripes popularised it.

Ciaran McCauley

Incredible re-issues that'll change your life ★★★★★

Q+A Jon Spencer *singer/guitarist*

The reissues are all albums released in the 1990s. Why did you re-release this material now?
When we started in the early 1990s there was a lack of imagination in music, and it seems to be the same now. There are a lot of dreary bands making the same-sounding shit from when I was a kid in the 1970s. Back then, rock'n'roll was terrible – awful bands like Led Zeppelin, Aerosmith and Boston. It didn't appeal, but I discovered a wealth of fantastic music and found out that *real* rock'n'roll is tremendously exciting. It's full of life, sexy and dangerous. And the Blues Explosion have tried to do rock'n'roll proud; we wanted to surprise, shock and confront people in the great tradition of entertainment and showmanship.

Gathering all the material for the re-issues must've been hard work. Are you relieved it's over?
Very much so. It was a huge project. For each album we made, we wrote, recorded and mixed two or three albums-worth of songs. The band owns the entire catalogue, so I had to locate everything and work out what every tape was. My memory isn't good, so it was like a giant jigsaw puzzle that took nine months. It was a huge job, but once I'd started, it consumed me.

You've said the band were misunderstood in the 1990s. Do you think people appreciate the Blues Explosion more now?
I don't have high hopes, but some of the re-issue reviews have been nice. But at the same time, some people – and some are the same writers who were slagging us off 15 years ago – are writing the same nonsense. We're still misunderstood.

You're touring again now, but are you also working on new stuff?
We're kicking the idea around and debating who we could work with in the studio. We haven't broken any ground on it yet, but it's a possibility.

HERE I AM HUMAN!

THE TIGER LILLIES

Tiger Lillies

The stars of the London Bizarre Ball are back, with more twisted tales of debauchery, shocking sex and grisly murder, delivered in their unique gypsy, cabaret style. It's brilliant stuff, especially the song about a family living in the singer's mouth, pissing on his gums and shitting on his teeth. **DMcC** ★★★★

MOTÖRHEAD

THE WÖRLD IS YOURS

Motörhead are 35 years old, and they've moved on since 'The Ace Of Spades'. Yes, Lemmy still snarls whiskey-soaked clichés about the Devil and music, but there's a new heaviness from double-kick drumming and louder bass. *The World Is Yours* is another testament to their unfailing love of rock'n'roll. **EG** ★★★★

FROM THE BOGS OF AUGHISKA

FROM THE BOGS OF AUGHISKA

This ambient noise is designed to make you feel as though you're standing atop Ireland's Cliffs Of Moher, and while they'll be unknown to most who listen, the music induces a sense of uncanny isolation. It's wordless, apart from an eerie oral history of a banshee myth. Brilliantly unsettling. **EG** ★★★★

PSYCHO

PAIN ADDICT PIGS

Psycho's gigs include vomiting girls and pig's blood, but they're based in Singapore so you'll have to make do with their debut album. It's a death metal horror feast, with a song named after Rob Zombie's Dr Satan, and another named after Dario Argento's *Mother Of Tears*. You'll feel defiled after listening to it. **EG** ★★★

DEATH

SPIRITUAL, MENTAL, PHYSICAL

Not to be confused with the late Chuck Schuldiner's metal band Death, this trio of African-American brothers made a spaced-out, proto-punk racket in the 1970s, then reformed in 2009. This compilation of raw demo-takes from their original stint flits from Hendrix-y space travel to thrashy flurries. It's fascinating stuff. **SD** ★★★★

MACABRE

Serial killing in the name

GRIM SCARY TALES

Delivering squeaky, nails-on-chalkboard nursery rhyme rhythms and primitive kick drum abuse, this Illinois 'murder metal' trio are gods to the first generation of death metal/grindcore bands, but largely unknown elsewhere. This latest album, their first since 2003, won't change that – but the serial-killer inspired tracks are demented, and sound like bombastic playground taunting at a high school for sociopaths. **James Hoare**

Die-hard childlike insanity ★★★

Gearing up for an inter-course paws

Q+A Corporate Death *singer/guitarist*

What's your new album, *Grim Scary Tales* about?
Serial killers from the past. I started with the earliest recorded killers, from Nero's time in Ancient Rome, and went through them in chronological order, finishing somewhere around WWI. We went with Vlad Tepes, or Vlad the Impaler, for the cover, which features him dining on chicken and wine while bodies are being impaled around him.

Has it got *anything* to do with fairytales?
Many of the rhymes in kids' books, such as *Hansel And Gretel* and *Little Red Riding Hood*, are based on real stories. When they were written there were guys out there ripping kids apart, so real events went into these gruesome kids' stories. That's why we called it *Grim Scary Tales*, not *Fairytales*. It's the real deal.

How did you research the killers you put in the album?
I read a lot. I've got a whole bunch of books containing digestible information about these guys. Once I'd looked at them and wanted to know more about a particular killer, I searched the internet or whatever. But mostly, I used books; I'm an old fashioned guy. I read *Human Monsters* by David Everitt and *The A To Z Encyclopedia Of Serial Killers* by Harold Schechter and David Everitt, and another Harold Schechter one – he's really good – called *The Serial Killer Files*. He even mentions us in one of his books.

There are some pictures online of you with John Wayne Gacy, AKA The Killer Clown. How did you meet him?
I visited him on death row three times and was able to meet with him for four or five hours at a time. I had a friend from Florida, who sells and collects murderabilia and writes to over 100 different killers, who was in touch with Gacy and acquiring his paintings. I wanted to get a couple of paintings myself, so I wrote to him and then Gacy started calling me. I said, "I'd like to come meetcha" and he was like, "OK, no problem".

Before Gacy was executed in 1994, he was on death row at Menard Correctional Center in Chester, Illinois. What was it like there?
The visiting section has eight different cells so you can see different death row inmates with their visitors. They charge you a dollar to get a photograph with the crims, which is taken by a guard with a Polaroid camera. The prisoners could walk in and out of each other's cells, but they were handcuffed. Even so, Gacy was like, "I could kill you right now if I wanted to. I could take this pencil and stick it in your eye or stick it in your neck," and I was like, "Gacy, I'd beat the shit out of you." He laughed.

Did you visit him alone?
I took my mom and her friend with me once, which was kinda weird. He called me afterwards and said, "I like your mom, she's hot," and I told him to "Shut up!" I also went with my mom to the Jeffrey Dahmer trial. We sat five feet away from him.

A deadly son of a gun

PICTURES: MICHELLE MARGAUX

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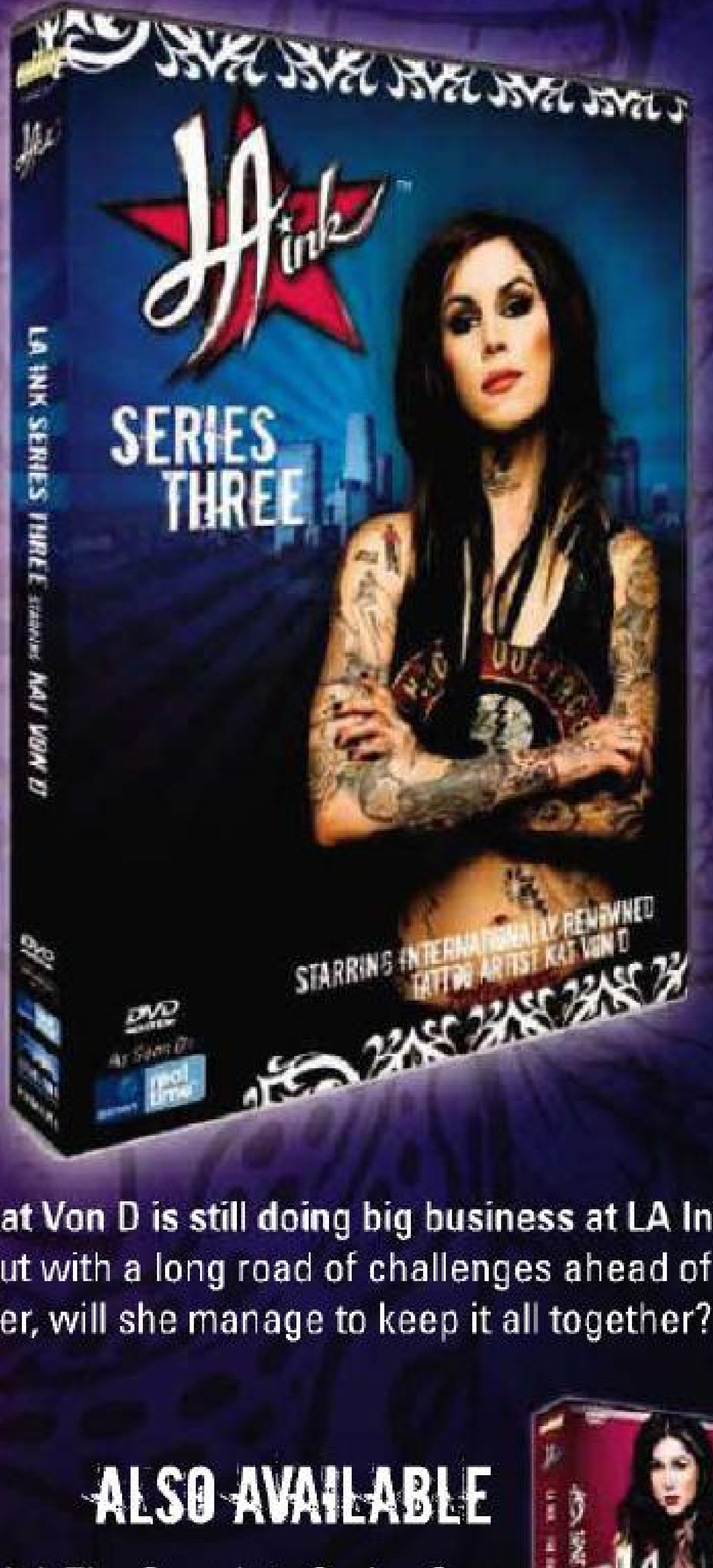
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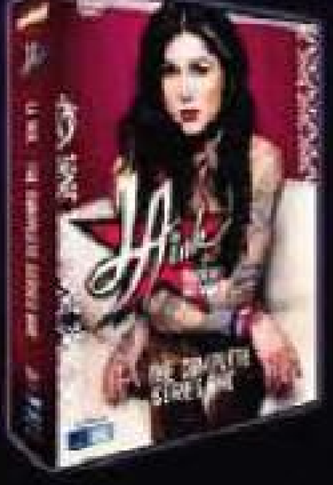

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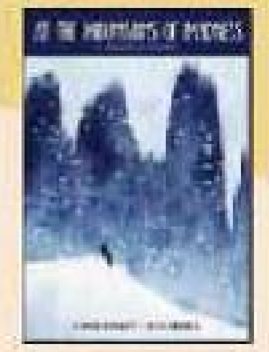
AT THE MOUNTAINS OF MADNESS

Lovecraft's classic gets a cartoon overhaul

HP LOVECRAFT, ILLUSTRATED BY INJ CULBARD



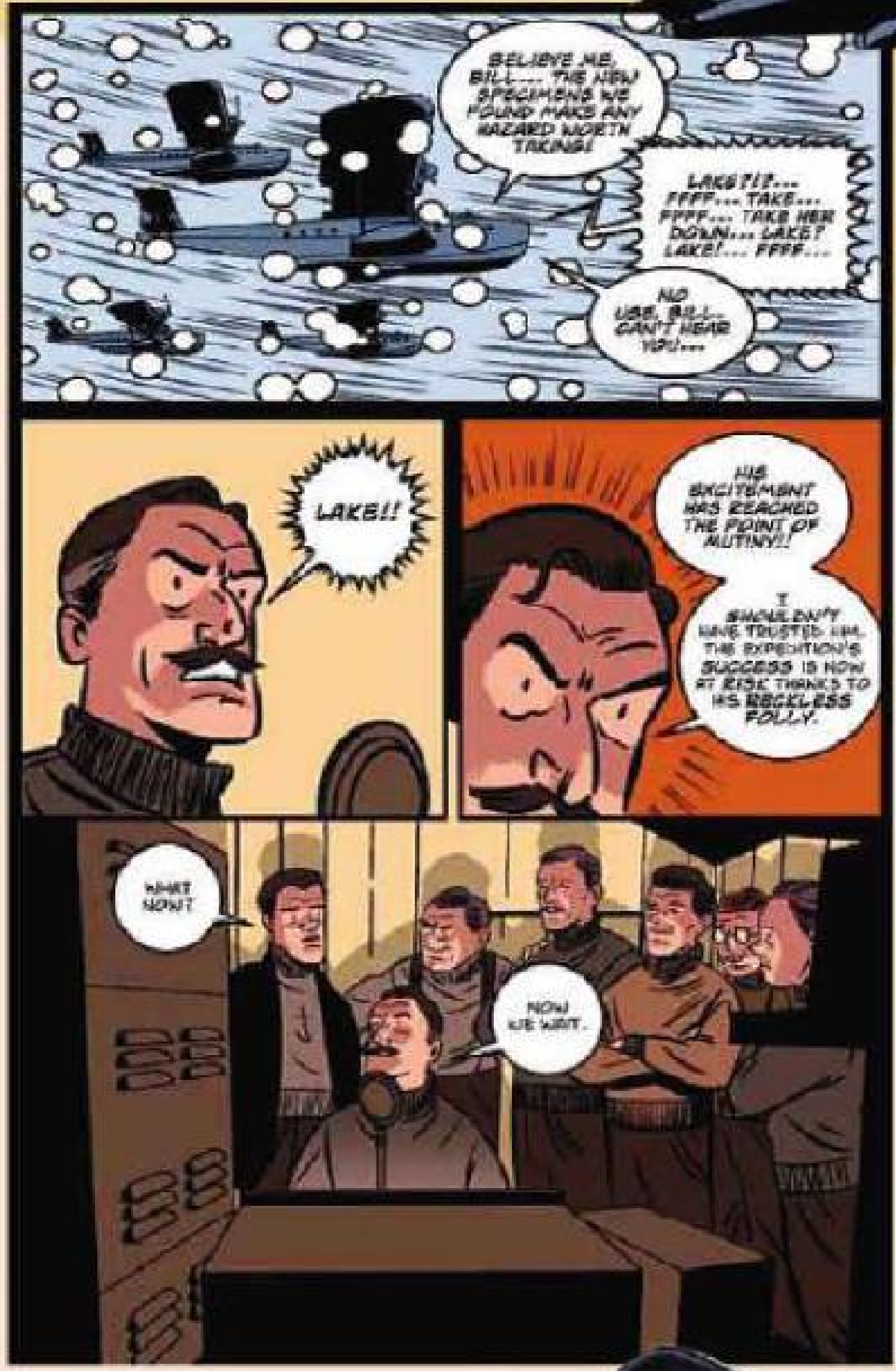
***AT THE MOUNTAINS** Of Madness* may be one of HP Lovecraft's most engaging tales of sci-fi terror, but his elaborate prose can be tough going – even for die-hard horror fans and anyone who appreciates abstruse adjectives. Thank Azathoth, then, for INJ Culbard's luscious graphic novel, which brings Lovecraft's frosty tale screaming to life for a brand new audience.

The story of a doomed scientific expedition to Antarctica, *At The Mountains Of Madness* was written in 1936 and tapped into public fascination with the polar escapades of real-life swashbucklers such as Scott, Shackleton and Amundsen. And while many of Lovecraft's references are outdated, the sprawling Antarctic is still a sublimely eerie backdrop for the writer's eldritch horrors, where total isolation makes the pervasive sense of dread more chilling.

But the main joy of this adaptation is Culbard's illustrations. Bearing a passing resemblance to Hergé's artwork from the Tintin books – albeit it with added blood, cyclopean architecture and unspeakable monsters – the story is perfectly paced. And with careful use of colour that hurts your eyes when the heroes emerge from the oppressive green of subterranean vaults into the white sunlight of a polar morning, Culbard's illustrations bring extra energy to the tale, making this the friendliest way to crib-up on Lovecraft's classic before Guillermo Del Toro's movie adaptation hits the big screen. **DMcC**

A perfect intro to Lovecraft's cosmic terrors ★★★★★

By jove, it's a disaster waiting to happen...


BELIEVE ME, BILL.... THE NEW SPECIMENS WE FOUND MAKE ANY HAZARD WORTH TAKING!
LAKE?!?... FFFF... TAKE... FFFF... TAKE HER DOWN... LAKE? LAKE!... FFFF...
NO USE, BILL... CAN'T HEAR YOU...
LAKE!!
HIS EXCITEMENT HAS REACHED THE POINT OF MUTINY!!
I SHOULDN'T HAVE TRUSTED HIM. THE EXPEDITION'S SUCCESS IS NOW AT RISK THANKS TO HIS RECKLESS FOLLY.
WHAT NOW?
NOW WE WAIT.

WIN ART!

LOVE LOVECRAFT? THEN you're gonna freak for this competition! We've teamed up with the publishers of *At The Mountains Of Madness* to offer one of you the chance to win a copy of the book, signed by illustrator INJ Culbard – and he'll even do a sketch of your favourite HP Lovecraft monster to boot! So whether you want a zoog, ghast, ghoul, gug or even that old rascal Cthulhu, don't miss this opportunity to own the book and an original piece of comic art.

HOW TO ENTER

Take a trip to Bizarremag.com and seek out the competition section. All terms, conditions and closing dates are listed online.

TOO SOON?

Famous faces stretched out of shape

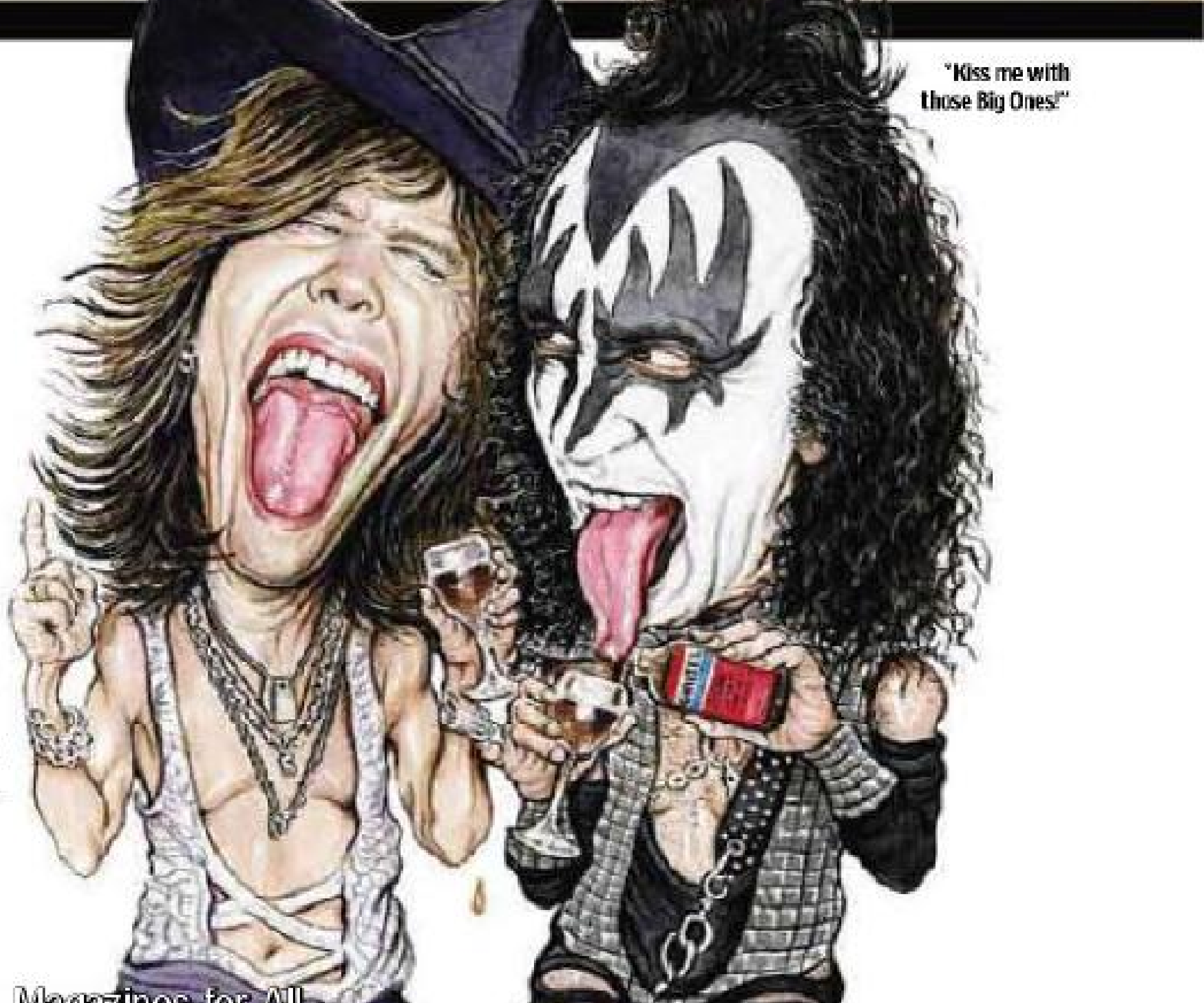
DREW FRIEDMAN

DREW FRIEDMAN is adored and feared in equal measure by Stateside celebrities. An American cartoonist and illustrator whose often shockingly cruel caricatures have featured in *MAD* magazine and *The New York Times*, Drew splits his time between lampooning political figures and Hollywood stars, and has earned a reputation for creating artwork that's simultaneously realistic and preposterous, delicate and vulgar.

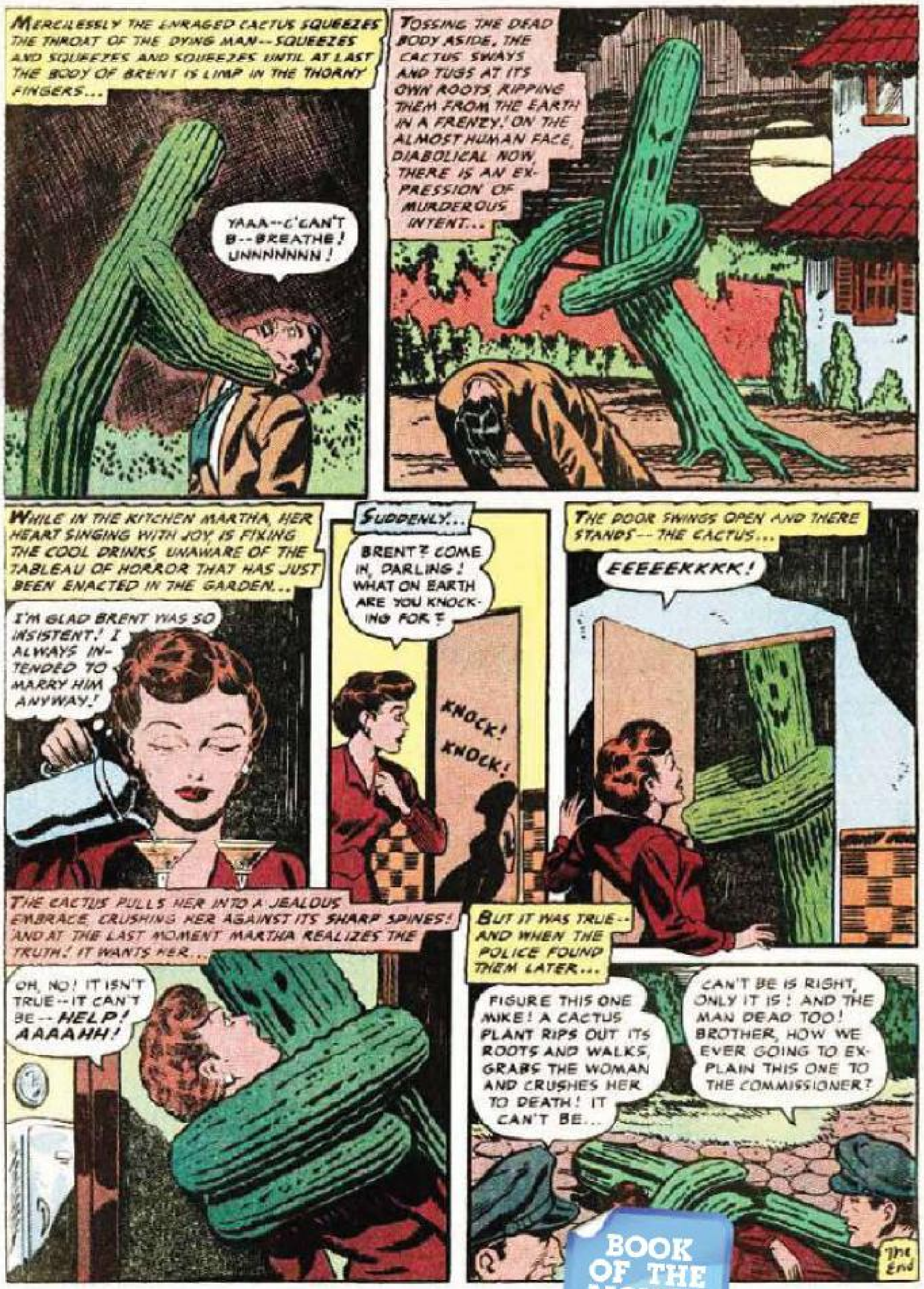
This is the first collection of Drew's illustrations and showcases his finest work, both in his pen-and-ink style where thousands of black marks are used to mimic the look of a photograph, and his stunning paintings that capture every liver-spot on his renowned targets.

But while this is a stunning collection, many of the stars he ridicules will be unfamiliar to a British audience, and for every Michael Jackson there's a gurning US politician or TV star that you probably won't give a monkey's about. **David McComb**

Cruel celeb caricatures for Americophiles ★★★



"Kiss me with those Big Ones!"


MERCILESSLY THE ENRAGED CACTUS SQUEEZES THE THROAT OF THE DYING MAN--SQUEEZES AND SQUEEZES AND SQUEEZES UNTIL AT LAST THE BODY OF BRENT IS LIMP IN THE THORNY FINGERS...
YAAA--C'CAN'T B--BREATHE! UNNNNNNN!
TOSSING THE DEAD BODY ASIDE, THE CACTUS SWAYS AND TUGS AT ITS OWN ROOTS, RIPPING THEM FROM THE EARTH IN A FRENZY! ON THE ALMOST HUMAN FACE, DIABOLICAL NOW, THERE IS AN EXPRESSION OF MURDEROUS INTENT...
WHILE IN THE KITCHEN MARTHA, HER HEART SINGING WITH JOY, IS FIXING THE COOL DRINKS UNAWARE OF THE TABLEAU OF HORROR THAT HAS JUST BEEN ENACTED IN THE GARDEN...
I'M GLAD BRENT WAS SO INSISTENT! I ALWAYS INTENDED TO MARRY HIM ANYWAY!
SUDDENLY...
BRENT? COME IN, DARLING! WHAT ON EARTH ARE YOU KNOCKING FOR?
KNOCK! KNOCK!
THE DOOR SWINGS OPEN AND THERE STANDS--THE CACTUS...
EEEEEKKKK!
THE CACTUS PULLS HER INTO A JEALOUS EMBRACE, CRUSHING HER AGAINST ITS SHARP SPINES! AND AT THE LAST MOMENT MARTHA REALIZES THE TRUTH! IT WANTS HER...
OH, NO! IT ISN'T TRUE--IT CAN'T BE--HELP! AAAAHH!
BUT IT WAS TRUE--AND WHEN THE POLICE FOUND THEM LATER...
FIGURE THIS ONE MIKE! A CACTUS PLANT RIPS OUT ITS ROOTS AND WALKS, GRABS THE WOMAN AND CRUSHES HER TO DEATH! IT CAN'T BE...
CAN'T BE IS RIGHT, ONLY IT IS! AND THE MAN DEAD TOO! BROTHER, HOW WE EVER GOING TO EXPLAIN THIS ONE TO THE COMMISSIONER?
THE END

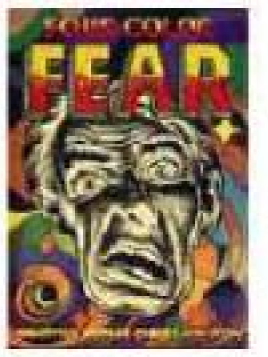
Watch out for that prickly bastard!

BOOK OF THE MONTH
BIZARRE

FOUR COLOR FEAR

Gore-soaked classic comics from the 1950s

EDITED BY GREG SADOWSKI AND JOHN BENSON



IN THE YEARS preceding the foundation of the Comics Code Authority in 1954, US newsstands were flooded with cheap horror strips that revelled in blood, gore and sexual innuendo, causing a wave of outrage. And while the heavy-handed censorship of the CCA stemmed the tide of horror cartoons and almost destroyed a dark industry, thousands of creepy comics were already being circulated in playgrounds across the States, inspiring moviemakers including George A Romero, bands such as The Cramps, and dozens of writers who went on to become the architects of modern horror, most notably Stephen King.

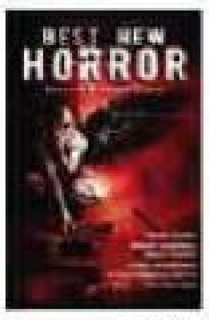
Four Color Fear is a delicious selection of strips from the finest 1950s horror comics, shirking more familiar EC Comics titles such as *Tales From The Crypt*. And while this heady selection of terror tales is brimming with the usual greedy ghouls, and malicious mystics, a selection of weird stories featuring killer cacti and walls of man-eating human flesh make this a spooky, horrifying, gruesome delight from cover to cover.

As a bonus, this book contains a glossy centre section that showcases the finest covers from the era, each featuring the gratuitous images that inspired nightmarish thoughts in juvenile imaginations. A huge, densely packed section at the back also gives background on the comics, artists and horror strip business, making this an indispensable guide to the whimsical tales of terror that time forgot. **David McComb**

A haunting, horrific and often hilarious treat ★★★★★

BEST NEW HORROR

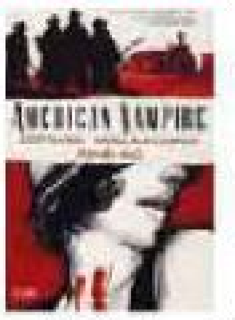
STEPHEN JONES



This is the latest in a long line of short story collections by orc lookalike Stephen Jones. He introduces each story with a brief explanation of the author's life and career, which is all very interesting, but then unfortunately you're presented with the stories. Some go on too long and most fail to interest, let alone create suspense. My advice? Skip to *Throttle*, the first collaboration between Stephen King, and his son Joe Hill. **RM** ★★★

AMERICAN VAMPIRE

SCOTT SNYDER, RAFAEL ALBUQUERQUE AND STEPHEN KING



The American West and twisted 1920s Hollywood decadence collide in Snyder and King's intertwined vampire stories, and the characters are deliciously adult. Meet aspiring actress Pearl, a hideous band of aristocratic European vampires, and the villain of the piece – Skinner Sweet, one of a new breed of daylight-resistant bloodsuckers. But forget sparkling in the sun; these vamps are violent and their exploits are documented in rich scarlet stains. **EG** ★★★★

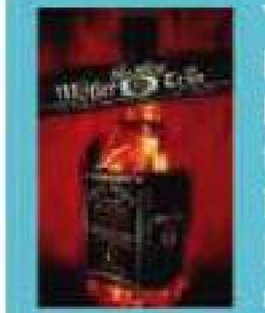
My favourite book

By Fae Raven

Flame-haired *Bizarre* Cover Star competition co-winner

THE DIRT – MÖTLEY CRÜE

NEIL STRAUSS AND TOMMY LEE



"I know this might be a typical choice, but it really is my favourite book. I can't help it! I first read it on holiday a few years back, and I can't remember anything about the holiday except that book. I couldn't put it down, much to the annoyance of everyone around me.

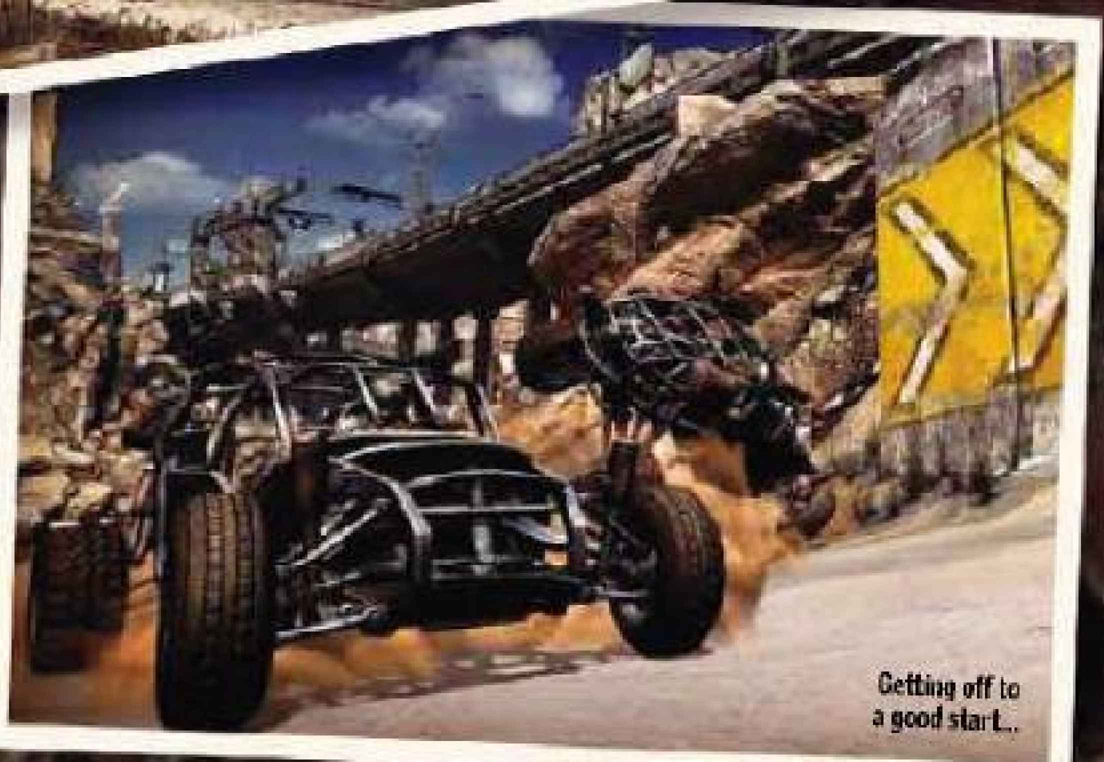
"Now it's in bits, with pages missing, because I've eye-raped it so many times. It's disturbing, disgusting, drug-fuelled and insane, and I'd recommend it to anyone... even my nan."

BIZARRE 2011 GAMES PREVIEW!

If you've spunked all your cash on the biggest Christmas games, here are some treasures to look forward to next year…

SADLY, 2010 WON'T BE remembered as a great year for games. In the face of global recession, many big titles were canned and game development houses closed, leaving the shelves bereft of killer titles (aside from the glorious *Halo: Reach*, of course). Fortunately, 2011 is looking rosier for all you gaming geeks, and here are some of the titles that'll be blistering *Bizarre*'s thumbs in the New Year.

She'd kill for a coke



Getting off to a good start…

Out in September

RAGE

Another post-apocalyptic world… full of hate

PC, Xbox 360, PS3

Developed by id Software, the nutcases behind classic blasters *Wolfenstein*, *Doom* and *Quake*, *Rage* has the pedigree to be one of 2011's most brutal games. And while its blend of racing, shooting and role-playing in a post apocalyptic landscape may sound familiar, with id at the helm this is sure to be a modern classic with its own unique twists.

Out in February

TWISTED METAL

PS3

This PlayStation stalwart has been in suspended animation for a few years, but *Twisted Metal* on the PS3 is set to reinvent the series' explosive vehicle combat for a new generation. And with the promise of a chaotic 16-player mode featuring a blitzkreig of cars, helicopters and motorcycles, this is one of the 2011 PS3 titles that *Bizarre*'s most looking forward to getting its hands on.

Out in February

BULLETSTORM

PC, Xbox 360, PS3

Shirking any sense of storytelling or character development in favour of balls-out blasting with heavy weaponry, *Bulletstorm* is designed to be a breath of fresh air in the crowded shooting genre by refusing to take itself too seriously. Rewarding players who slaughter their rivals in the most imaginative ways possible, this dramatic actioneer in a futuristic setting promises to be fast, frantic and deeply disturbing.

Out in March

DEUS EX: HUMAN REVOLUTION

PC, Xbox 360, PS3

A big game with big themes, *Human Revolution* will deal with the concept of transhumanism, and how mechanical body mods will shape a future that's unpredictable, frightening and dangerous. Like previous *Deus Ex* games, the adventure will also allow players approach challenges in multiple ways, meaning that everyone who plays the game will have a different experience.

Out in January

DEAD SPACE 2

Mutants, and aliens, and toads beware!

PC, Xbox 360, PS3

Another exercise in interstellar isolation and terror that'll blend the atmosphere of Ridley Scott's *Alien* with the pyrotechnics of James Cameron's rollicking sequel, *Dead Space 2* is set to be 2011's scariest sci-fi sizzler. New this time will be a creepy multiplayer mode, which will allow two players to work together and share the scares on a stricken space station crawling with nightmarish alien creatures.

Dismember me this way...

Out in March

STAR WARS: THE OLD REPUBLIC

Use the Force to choose your own adventure

PC

A massively multiplayer online game in the *World Of Warcraft* mould, *The Old Republic* is set in the *Star Wars* universe, thousands of years before the rise of Darth Vader, when a war between the Old Republic and Sith Empire divided the galaxy. And while there will be loads of fighting, exploration and character creation to keep you busy, this massively multiplayer game will also feature a strong story element, courtesy of the ace developers at BioWare.

Out in March

CRYSIS 2

PC, Xbox 360, PS3

Moving away from the jungle environments of the original game, *Crysis 2* is set in New York City in 2023, and will serve up a sprawling game world that's perfect for rampant gunplay. A natty new Nanosuit for the hero will add extra strategy to the experience, as you can develop their powers to suit your style of combat, helping players to tackle the bipedal war machines that stalk the ravaged city streets.

Out in April

GEARS OF WAR 3

Xbox 360

Guaranteed to be next year's biggest Xbox 360 release, *Gears Of War 3* won't mess with the macho formula too much. It'll still be gun-toting', alien-blastin', Locust-smashin' nirvana from start to gore-soaked finish, but with plenty of new co-operative and head-to-head multiplayer modes to keep your trigger finger pumping long after all the interstellar interlopers have been crushed to death.

Out in TBC

THE LEGEND OF ZELDA: SKYWARD SWORD

Wii

Oh, Zelda, how we love you. As one of the few adventure games that's never let fans down, we're super-excited about playing *Skyward Sword* and using the Wii MotionPlus for precise control over Link's swashbuckling, puzzle solving and exploration. And the snazzy new graphics look better than anything else currently available on the Wii. Want. It. Now!

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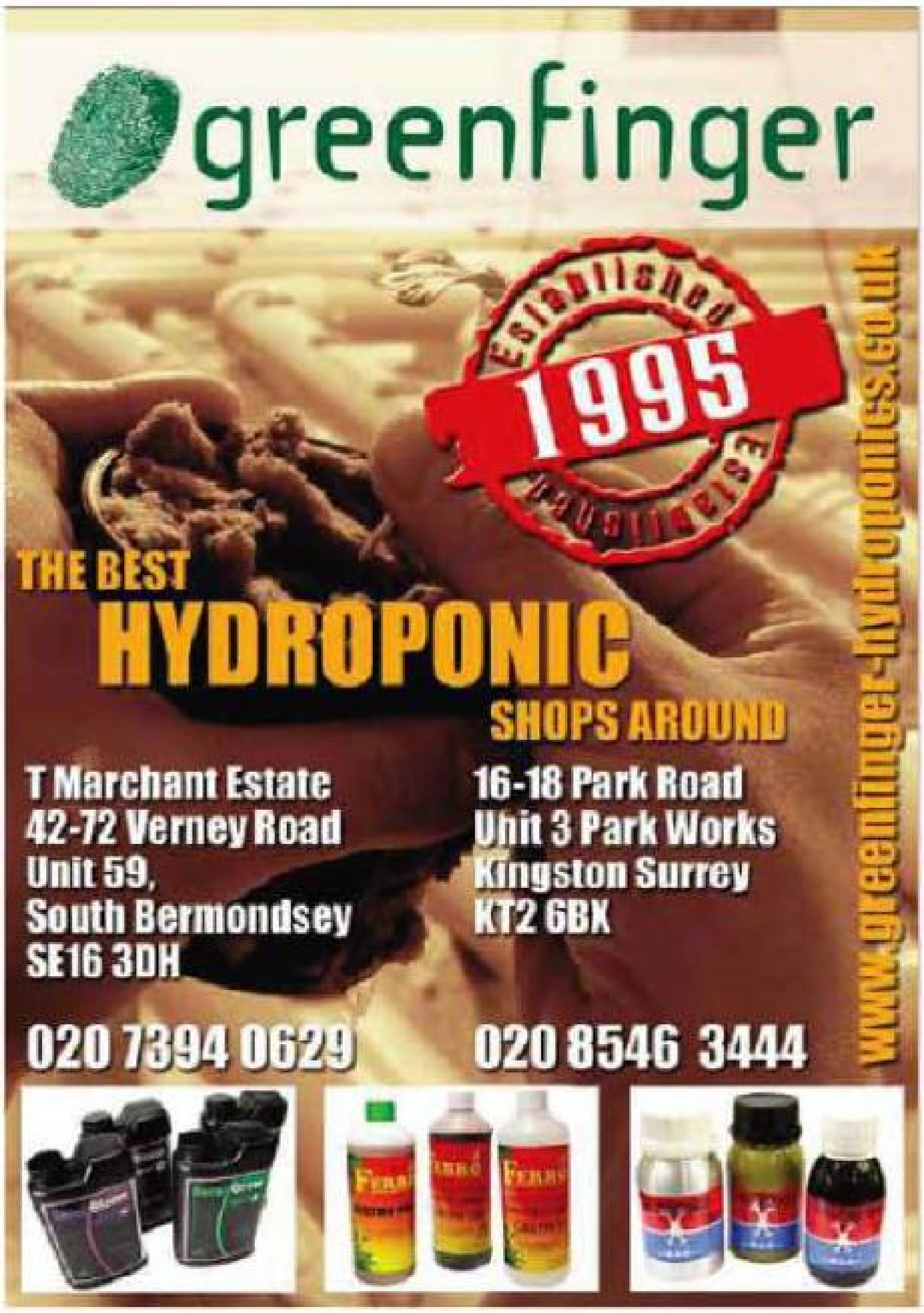

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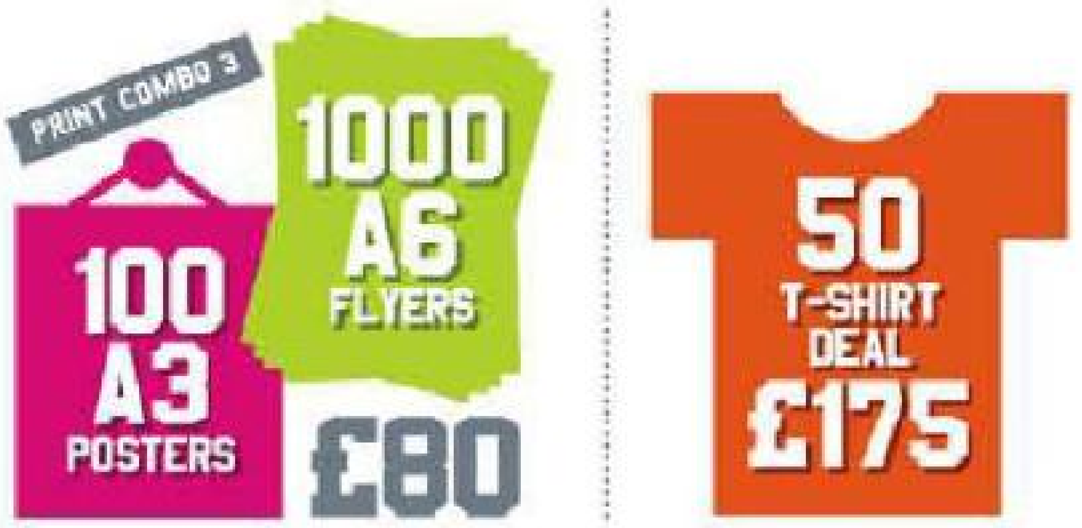

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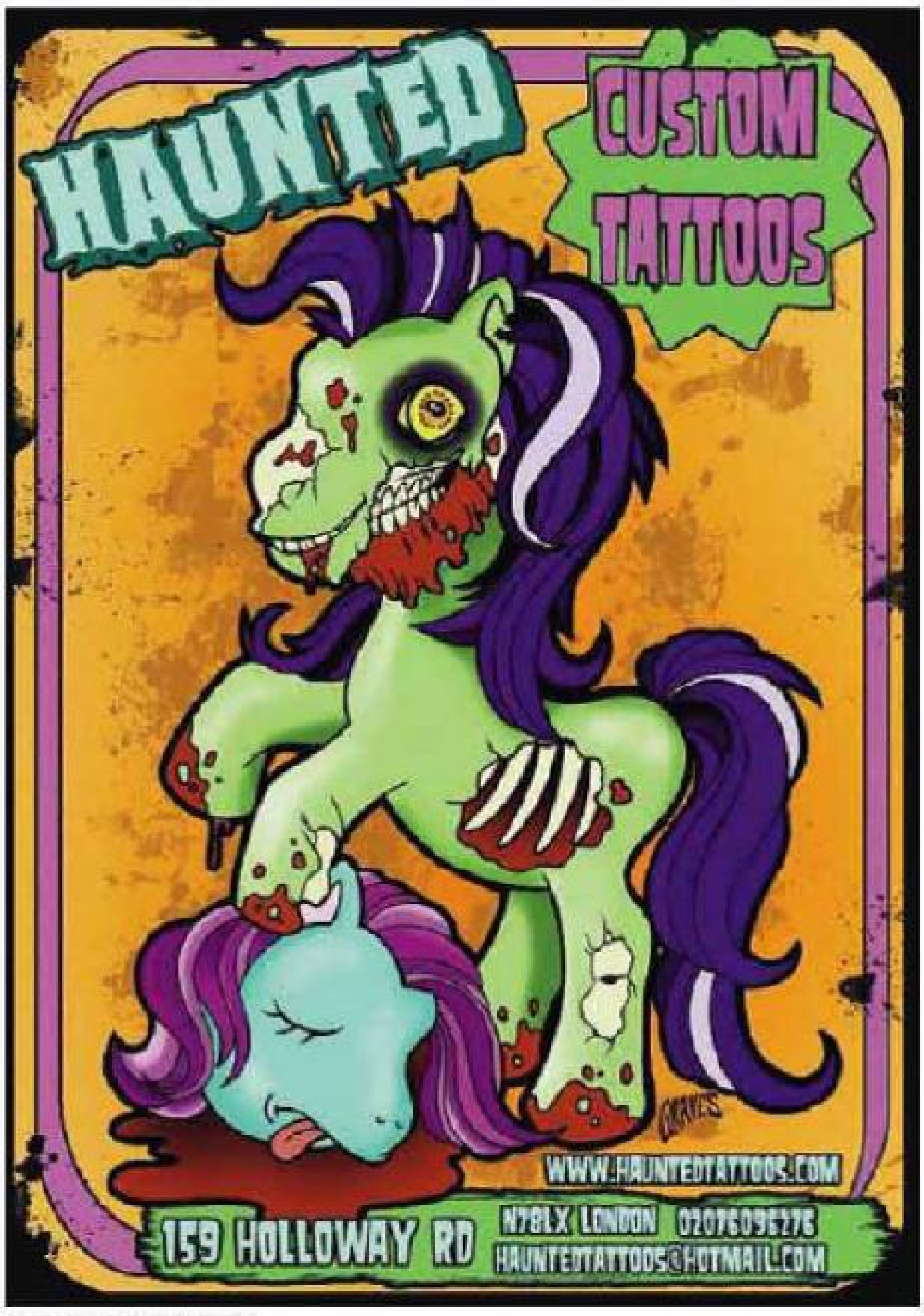

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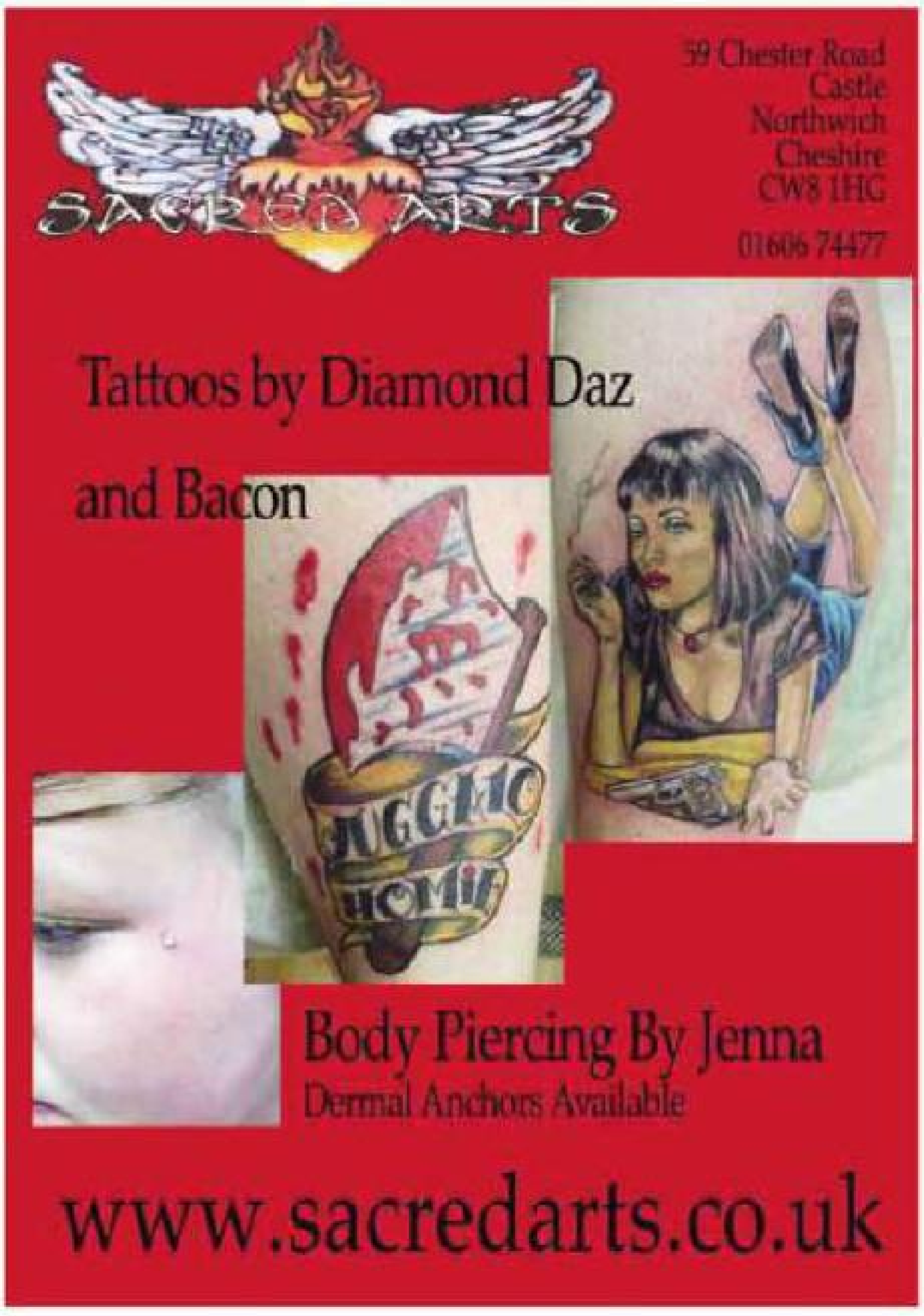

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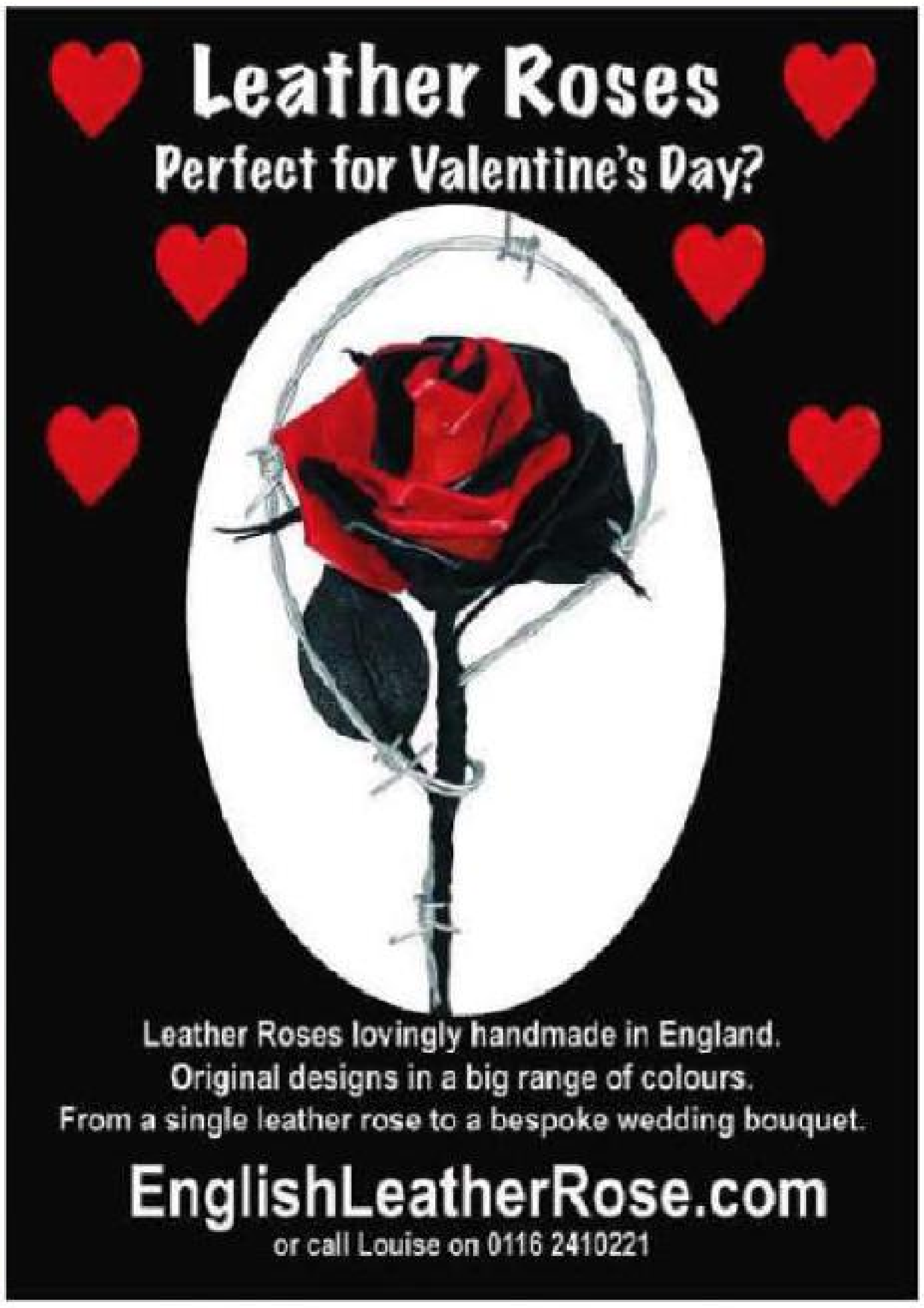
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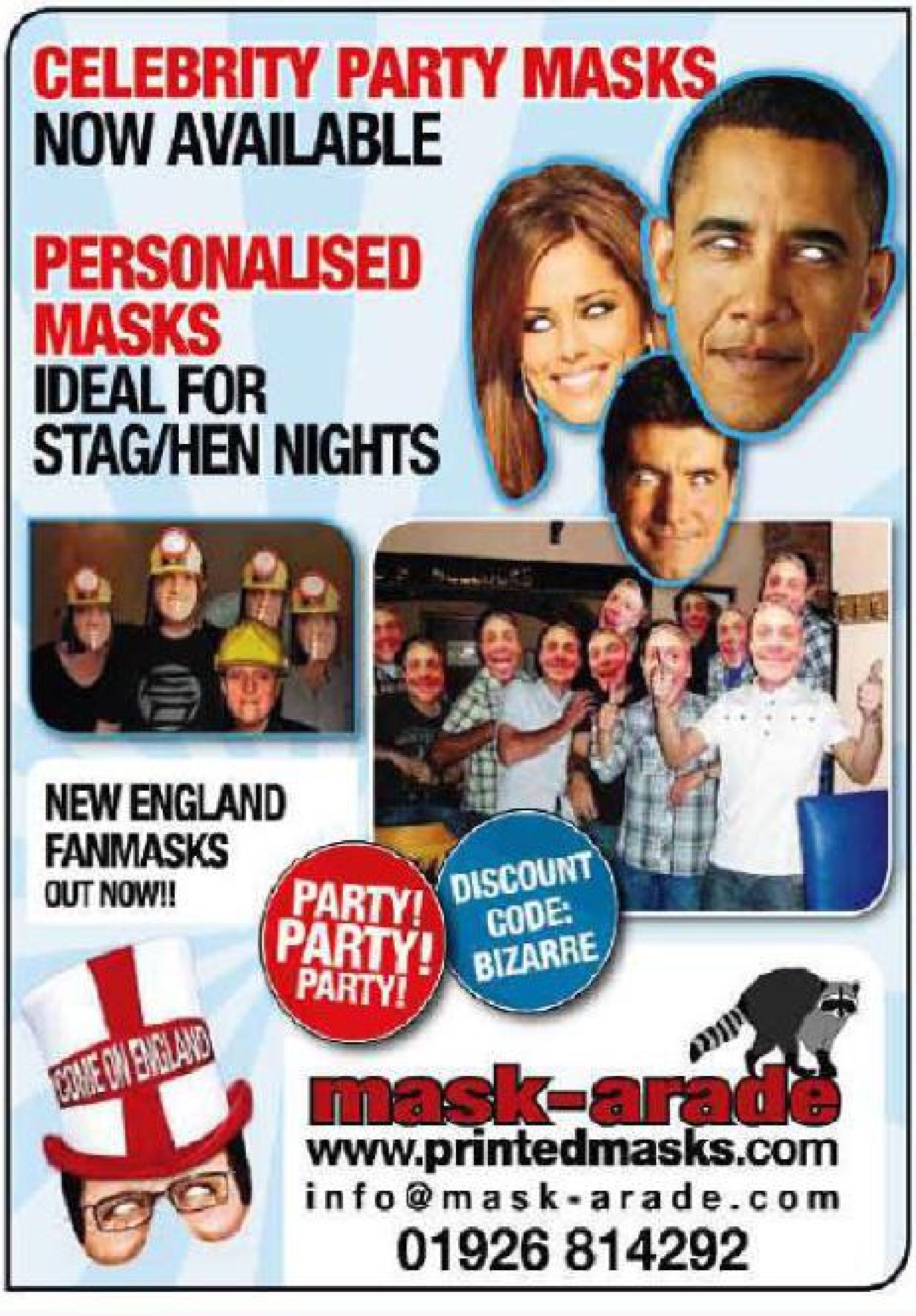
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HORNY NYMPHO MILF LIVE 1-2-1 0909 534 1097

CHAT TO GRANNY DIVA 0909 534 1098

HOT AND HORNY BABES 0909 534 1099

SWEET EIGHTEEN LIVE 0909 534 1579

KINKY FETISH SEX LIVE 1-2-1 0908 141 2413

GRANNY NEEDS YOU! 0908 141 2623

DARK SERPENTS ANYTHING GOES 0908 141 2809

TWO FILTHY GIRLS WANT A THREESOME LISTEN TO THEM 0909 534 8641

PERVERTED REDHEAD WANTS A RIDE 0908 141 2448

LIVE 1-2-1 WITH GRANNY 0908 141 2625

TIGHT AND FRESH QUICK JERK OFF! 0908 141 2810

LISTEN TO OUR HOTTEST LESBIANS 0909 534 8642

DRESSING UP SISSY'S 0908 141 2621

STICK IT IN DEEP! 0908 141 2624

HORNY MILF WANTS TO SIT ON YOUR C*** 0908 141 2812

LISTEN TO CHEATING WIVES 0909 534 8643

DARK FETISH DESIRES 0908 141 2622

GRANNY NEEDS A FRESH C*** 0908 141 2808

LONELY WIVES NEED YOU 0908 141 2813

FOOT FETISH BABES EAVESDROP NOW! 0909 534 8644

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ANY HORNY XXX FANTASIES? SHARE THEM HERE TEXT BZ141 TO 89990 £1.50/msg

SISSY SLUT TRAINING TEXT BZ142 TO 89990 £1.50/msg

NEED SOME RUBBER SPANKING? TEXT BZ143 TO 89990 £1.50/msg

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HUMILIATE THESE SUBMISSIVES, PAIN IS THEIR PLEASURE TEXT BZ147 TO 89990 £1.50/msg

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PUNISHMENT NATION TEXT 1-2-1 WITH DOM TEXT BZ150 TO 89990 £1.50/msg

KINKY FOOT FETISH? TEXT BZ148 TO 89990 £1.50/msg

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BLONDES HAVE MORE FUN 0845 601 9837

FILTHY MILFS NEED THEIR MOUTHS FILLING 0845 601 9838

BRUNETTE BABES, HELP YOURSELF 0845 601 9839

NAUGHTY TEEN 18+ WANTS SOME FUN 0845 601 9840

HOT PLUMPER BABES 0845 601 9841

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60P/MIN

CHAT TO LOCAL GIRLS IN YOUR AREA

FOR LONDON BABES CALL 0909 534 1090
FOR MIDLANDS BABES CALL 0909 534 1091
FOR NORTH EAST BABES CALL 0909 534 1092
FOR NORTH WEST BABES CALL 0909 534 1093
FOR SCOTTISH BABES CALL 0909 534 1094
FOR WELSH BABES CALL 0909 534 1095
FOR SOUTH WEST BABES CALL 0909 534 1096

For even more babes in your area visit: www.chat2chicks.com/bizarre

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DOMINATION

DEPRAVED DOMINATION
45p/min
0908 141 2010

I'M GOING TO TRAIN YOU
ORAL! AN**! COSTUME PLAY
0908 141 2013
45p/min

OBEY WHEN YOU CALL
0908 141 2011
45p/min

DARK FETISH BABES
0908 141 2014

CREDIT CARDS ONLY

MasterCard VISA Maestro VISA

High Heels and chains Sex Call live now! 0845 601 9842 *(from 50p/min)*

Whipped to please, bend over! 0845 601 9843 *(from 50p/min)*

Dominatrix ready to tie your hands 0845 601 9844 *(from 50p/min)*

Spread face down you virgin! 0845 601 9845 *(from 50p/min)*

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private live DOMINATION
JUST U and me 1-2-1
0908 141 2015
45p/min

45p/min
PUNISHMENT DAY
CALL AND ENTER LE DUNGEON
BANNED BUT BACK ONLY IN HERE!
0908 141 2012

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GRANNIES

45p/min
Grateful Granny
OLD BUT STILL LOVES TO FU*K
CALL NOW AND C*M ON HER OLD FACE!
0908 141 2816

45p/min
PERVERTED XXX GRANS
0908 141 2842

CALL LIVE NOW FOR HOT GRANNY CHAT
45p/min
0908 141 2924

CREDIT CARDS ONLY

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Granny will take C**k all day long! 0845 601 9846 *(from 50p/min)*

Mature M*ff to stuff! 0845 601 9847 *(from 50p/main)*

Granny has years of sexperience 0845 601 9848 *(from 50p/min)*

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FILL THIS OLD P*SSY
0908 141 2932
45p/min

SISSY SLUTS

JUST A SISSY SL*T
0908 141 2815
45p/min

45p/min
SLIP INTO MY WARM PANTIES
0908 141 2814

SUBMISSIVES

60p/min
I'M ALL YOURS CALL LIVE!
0909 534 6809

CREDIT CARDS ONLY

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Humiliate these fetish fanatics 0845 601 9849 *(from 50p/min)*

Perverted slaves waiting for you 0845 601 9850 *(from 50p/min)*

Whip the slave live 1-2-1 0845 601 9851 *(from 50p/min)*

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60p/min
SUB IN THE DUNGEON C*M ON HER
0909 534 6751

WIVES

0909 534 6749
60p/min
MARRIED BUT LOVES A STRANGERS COCK

60p/min
LISTEN TO OUR HARDCORE WIVES
0909 534 8645

CREDIT CARDS ONLY

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Desperate housewives soaking wet 0845 601 9852 *(from 50p/min)*

Lonely Wives in latex, all xxx 0845 601 9853 *(from 50p/min)*

Husband has gone to work, do you need a w*nk? 0845 601 9854 *(from 50p/min)*

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COSTUME XXX TEXT BZ41 TO 89990

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HAT FETISHES TEXT BZ43 TO 89990

MILF XXX UR MUM IS DIRTY PERVERTED TXT CHAT SEND BZ106 TO 89990

IM ON THE TOILET TEXT BZ102 TO 89990

MATURE 40+ AND PERVERTED GET STRAIGHT IN - TXT NOW SEND BZ105 TO 89990

DEMANDING MISTRESS! ENTER SLAVES! TEXT NOW BZ107 TO 89990

NAUGHTY BUT NICE - GET STRAIGHT INTO THE ACTION!

COVER MY HOT WET LIPS WITH S***K	TEXT BZ53 TO 89990 (£1.50/msg)
GAPING BROWN HOLES WANT C**K	TEXT BZ72 TO 89990 (£1.50/msg)
MY CATSUIT ZIP IS OPEN F**K ME!	TEXT BZ74 TO 89990 (£1.50/msg)
SLAVE LICKS GIRLS FEET	TEXT BZ80 TO 89990 (£1.50/msg)

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60p/min WORSHIP MY FEET SUCK MY TOES 0909 534 0999

DIRTY MILFS LIVE 60p/min 0909 534 6846

FETISH ZONE CALL FOR HUMILIATION 0909 534 6759 60p/min

60p/min JERK OFF IN MY MOUTH 0909 534 6861

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Chatbook Chatbook helps you chat to hot xxx Babes in your area!

Northern Special Top news

Horny Milf needs your c*m in Leeds.

Call - Live - 0909 534 9032 60p/min

Mature Wife wants to do the dirty in Darlington

Call - Live - 0909 534 9033 60p/min

18+ Teen in Bolton gagging for your c*ck

Call - Live - 0909 534 9034 60p/min

Local Liverpool babe wants Serious Lesbian xxx chat

Call - Live - 0909 534 9035 60p/min

Kinky Newcastle Fetish Fanatic wants to dominate

Call - Live - 0909 534 9036 60p/min

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BONUS SERVICES from 50p/min

SPANKED AND SLAPPED 0845 601 9855

LIVE GRANNY SEX 01223 554 180

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CHAT TO BABES WITH SEXPERIENCE LIVE 1-2-1

ORAL FANATIC I WILL SUCK YOU OFF! CONTACT ME NOW LIVE & WAITING! 60p/min 0909 534 6755

C*** HUNGRY GRANNY MATURE AND HORNY £1/min LIVE 0909 102 9011

DO ME W**** ON MY BIG TITS LIVE FATTY SEX 0909 534 6839 60p/min

LET ME PISS IN YOUR MOUTH I WANT TO WET MY PANTIES BEFORE YOU FUCK ME! 60p/min 0909 534 6931 LIVE GOLDEN SHOWERS

£1/min LISTEN TO 18+ TEENAGE DIRTBAG GAGGING FOR C*** 0909 934 4427

SUCKED AND SPANKED! THEY DEGRADED ME NOW I WILL DO IT TO YOU LIVE 60p/min 0909 534 6808

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TELL ME YOUR FAVOURITE PART OF THE FOOT?

TOES / SOLES / ANKLES / HEELS / I'M SAT HERE WAITING FOR A FOOT SPANK

60p/min 0909 534 0992

FOOT FETISH TARTS

ALL FOOT FANTASIES LIVE 1-2-1

0909 534 0993 60p/min

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GIRLS MASKED, GAGGED AND ABUSED!
THEN F****D! TELL THEM WHAT YOU'RE GOING TO DO TO THEM THEY CAN'T MOVE!
0908 141 1934
45p/min

BDSM RUBBER BI*CHES
WORKING THE NIGHT SHIFT AT THE RUB CLUB HELP ME GET THESE RUBBER PANTS ON
0908 141 1933
45p/min

DOMINATION COUNCIL
CALL FOR NURTURING, HARSH, STRICT, DEGRADING AND SADISTIC SERVICES
0908 141 1943
45p/min

STRAPPED TO THE SUSPENSION FRAME AND SPANKED
YOU WILL OBEY WHAT I SAY! LIVE DOM 1-2-1
0909 534 1512
60p/min

SISSIFICATION LIVE
LIVE FEMINIZATION TRAINING
0908 141 1946
45p/min

INTRODUCE YOURSELF
THE FIRST STEPS FOR NEW SISSIES! CALL NOW! SISSY MAIDS & CROSS DRESSING ALL WELCOME
0909 102 9017
£1/min

MADAM WILL TAKE YOU WHERE YOU NEED TO GO
EXPLAIN THEN SHUT UP. NOVICE AND EXPERIENCED SUBMISSIVES WELCOME
0909 102 9015
£1/min

PANTY BOY SISSIES
JOIN THE SISSY SLUTS FOR LIVE ACTION! WE OFFER SISSY TRAINING! STRAP ON MADAM ALSO AVAILABLE
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45p/min

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(60p/min)

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SISSY SCHOOL CHAT ROOM	0909 534 6750
HITCH HIKER TEENAGER SEX 18+	0909 534 1674
NOVICE SUBMISSIVE JUST LEGAL	0909 534 1671
ENTER THE RUBBER NEST	0909 534 1594
RUBBERIST LIVE HARDCORE	0909 534 6776
USA CHEERLEADERS – LEGAL & WAITING	0909 534 0983
CUM AND PLAY AT THE RUBBER PLAYGROUND	0909 534 0982
P****D IN MY TIGHT WHITE SPORTS KNICKERS	0909 534 0984
I'M SLIPPING MY FEET INTO STRAPPY SANDALS	0909 534 0985
CHEATING WIVES IN PANTYHOSES AND HEELS	0909 534 0986
SMOKING DOMINATION COMMANDS YOU CALL	0909 534 0987
GRANNY CALLS YOU A SISSY AND WILL W*** YOU OFF	0909 534 0988
HOVER OVER MY FACE AND START P*****G	0909 534 0989
DEGRADING COSTUME ROLE PLAY	0909 534 0994
DUNGEON OF ROLE PLAY IN UNIFORMS	0909 534 0995

ALL LIVE 60p/min

OR LISTEN IN AT DUNGEON ESK WITH MISTRESS KANNA DO NOT TALK – JUST LISTEN TO THE PAIN DISHED OUT 0909 934 4515 (£1/min)

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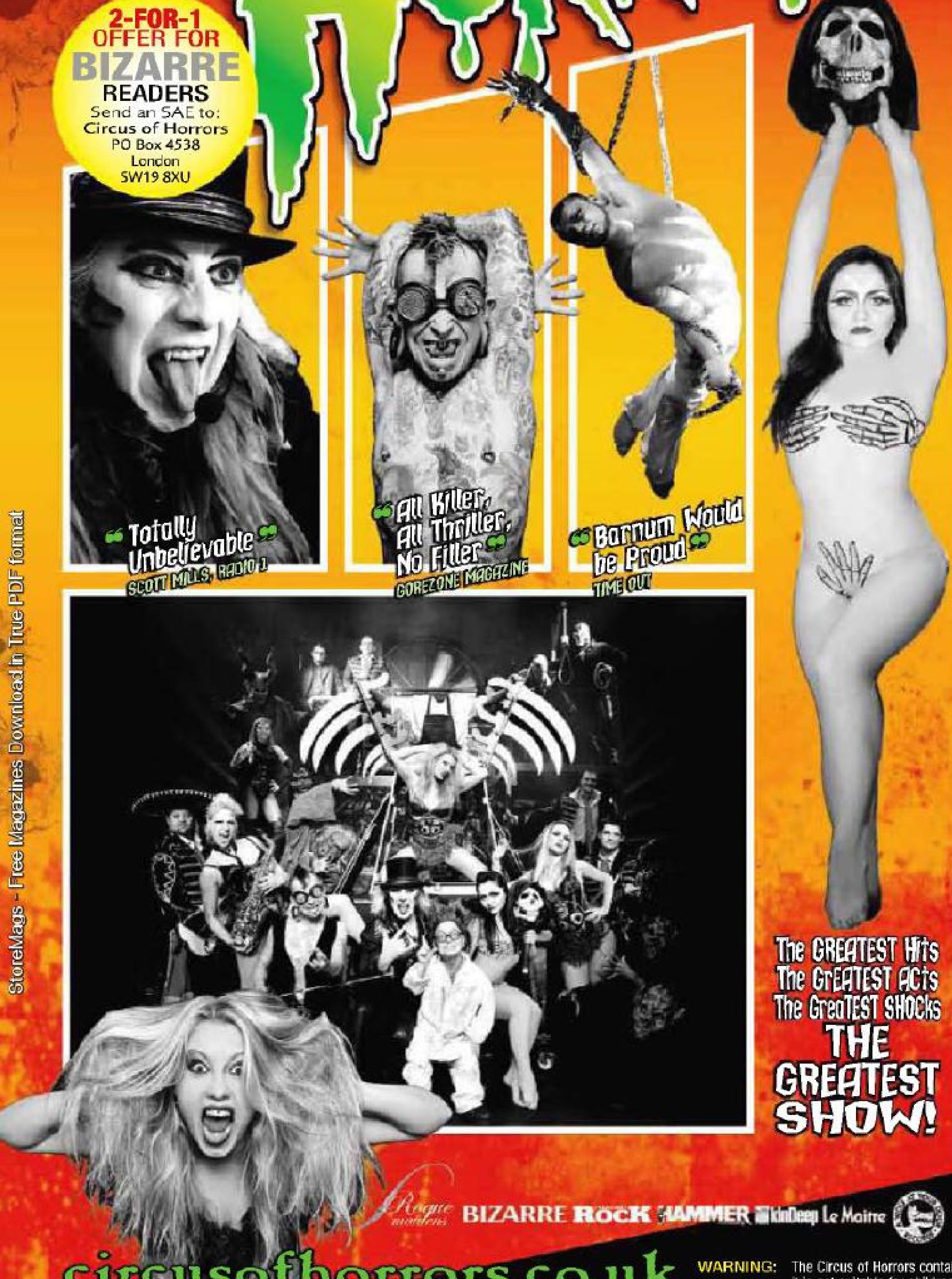
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READING, Hexagon	Sun 16 JAN	01189606060	www.readingarts.com
HORNCHURCH, Queens Theatre	Mon 17 & Tue 18 JAN	01708443333	www.queens-theatre.co.uk
BRIGHTON, Theatre Royal	Wed 19 JAN	08448 717 650	www.ambassadortickets.com/brighton
DUNSTABLE, Grove Theatre	Thu 20 JAN	01582602080	www.grovetheatre.co.uk
LICHFIELD, Garrick theatre	Fri 21 JAN	01543412121	www.lichfieldgarrick.com
RETFORD, Majestic Theatre	Sat 22 JAN	01777706866	www.majestictheatre.co.uk
PRESTON, Guild Hall	Sun 23 JAN	0845 344 2012	www.prestonguildhall.com
SUNDERLAND, Empire	Mon 24 JAN	08448472499	www.sunderlandempire.org.uk
WINDSFORD, Lifestyle Centre	Tue 25 JAN	01606 550700	www.cheshirewestandchester.gov.uk
LLANDUDNO, Venue cymru	Wed 26 JAN	01492872000	www.venuecymru.co.uk
LIVERPOOL, Empire	Thu 27 JAN	0844 847 2525	www.liverpoolempire.org.uk
SHEFFIELD, City Hall	Fri 28 JAN	01142789789	www.sheffieldcityhall.co.uk
STOKE, Victoria Hall	Sat 29 JAN	08448717615	www.ambassadortickets.com/Victoria-Hall
HEREFORD, Courtyard Theatre	Sun 30 JAN	01432340555	www.courtyard.org.uk
SOUTHEND, Palace Theatre	Tue 1 FEB	01702351135	www.thecliffspavilion.co.uk
STREET, Strode theatre	Wed 2 FEB	01458442846	www.strodetheatre.co.uk
CARDIFF, New Theatre	Thu 3, Fri 4, Sat 5 FEB	02920878889	www.newtheatrecardiff.co.uk
ROTHERHAM, Civic Theatre	Mon 7 FEB	01709 823621	www.rotherham.gov.uk/theatres
BIRMINGHAM, Alexandra Theatre	Tue 8 FEB	08448472293	www.alexandratheatre.org.uk
OXFORD, New Theatre	Wed 9 FEB	0844 847 1585	www.newtheatreoxford.org.uk
BURNLEY, Mechanics,	Thu 10 FEB	0128 2664400	www.burnleymechanics.co.uk
DUMFRIES, DG One	Fri 11 FEB	01387 243 550	www.dgcommunity.net
HALIFAX, Victoria theatre	Sat 12 FEB	01422351158	www.victoriatheatre.co.uk
WHITLEY BAY, The Playhouse	Sun 13 FEB	08442772771	www.playhousewhitleybay.co.uk

A VALENTINES DAY MASSACRE

ABERDEEN, Music Hall	Mon 14 FEB	01224 641122	www.boxofficeaberdeen.com
KILMARNOCK, The Palace	Wed 16 FEB	01563554900	www.east-ayrshire.gov.uk/comser/theatre/programme.asp
FALKIRK, Town Hall	Thu 17 FEB	01324 506850	www.falkirk.gov.uk/cultural
GLENROTHES, Rothes Halls	Fri 18 FEB	01592 611101	www.fifedirect.org.uk/attfife
DUNDEE, Whitehall Theatre	Sat 19 FEB	08717 029 486	www.whitehalldundee.co.uk
GREENOCK, Arts Guild Theatre	Sun 20 FEB	01475 723038	www.artsguildtheatre.co.uk
EDINBURGH, Playhouse Theatre	Mon 21 FEB	0844 847 1660	www.edinburghplayhouse.org.uk
SCARBOROUGH, Futurist Theatre	Wed 23 FEB	01723 365789	www.futuristtheatre.co.uk
SKEGNESS, Embassy Theatre	Thu 24 FEB	08456740505	www.embassytheatre.co.uk
BOLTON, Albert Halls	Fri 25 FEB	01204 334400	www.alberthalls-bolton.co.uk
DARLINGTON, Civic Theatre	Sat 26 FEB	01325486555	www.darlington.gov.uk/Culture/arts
BLACKPOOL, Grand Theatre	Sun 27 FEB	01253 290190	www.blackpoolgrand.co.uk
MANCHESTER, Palace Theatre	Mon 28 FEB	0844 847 2484	www.manchesterpalace.org.uk
NEW BRIGHTON, Floral Pavilion Theatre	Tue 1 MAR	0151 666 0000	www.floralpavilion.com
BRECON, Theatr Brycheiniog	Wed 2 MAR	01874 611622	www.brycheiniog.co.uk
SWANSEA, Grand Theatre	Thu 3 MAR	01792 475715	www.swansea.gov.uk
CHELTENHAM, Town Hall	Fri 4 MAR	0844 576 2210	www.cheltenhamtownhall.org.uk
TORQUAY, Princess Theatre	Sat 5 MAR	0844 847 2315	www.princesstheatre.org.uk
BOURNEMOUTH, Pavilion	Sun 6 MAR	0844 576 3000	www.bic.co.uk
New WIMBLEDON Theatre	Mon 7 MAR	0844 871 7646	www.ambassadortickets.com
CHELMESFORD, Civic Theatre	Tue 8 MAR	01245 606505	www.chelmesford.gov.uk
WORTHING, Pavilion	Wed 9 MAR	01903 206206	www.worthingtheatres.co.uk
HORSHAM, Capitol Theatre	Thu 10 MAR	01403 750220	www.thecapitolhorsham.com
FOLKESTONE, Leas Cliff Hall	Fri 11 MAR	0844 847 1776	www.leascliffhall.co.uk
MARGATE, Winter Gardens	Sat 12 MAR	01843 296111	www.margatewintergardens.co.uk
SWINDON, Wyvern Theatre	Sun 13 MAR	01793 524 481	www.wyverntheatre.org.uk
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HARLOW, Playhouse	Wed 16 & Thu 17 MAR	01279431945	www.playhouseharlow.com
IPSWICH, Playhouse	Fri 18 MAR	01473 433100	www.ipswichregent.com
CLACTON, Princes Theatre	Sat 19 MAR	01255 686633	www.essex-live.co.uk
DARTFORD, Orchard Theatre	Sun 20 MAR	01322 220000	www.orchardtheatre.co.uk
SOUTHSEA, Kings Theatre	Mon 21 MAR	02392828282	www.kings-southsea.com
ST ALBANS, Alban Arena	Tue 22 MAR	01727 844488	www.alban-arena.co.uk
NORTHAMPTON, Royal and Derngate	Wed 23 MAR	01604624811	www.royalandderngate.co.uk
KING'S LYNN, Corn Exchange	Thu 24 MAR	01553764864	www.kingslynncornexchange.co.uk
WOLVERHAMPTON, Grand Theatre	Fri 25 MAR	01902429212	www.grandtheatre.co.uk

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WARNING: The Circus of Horrors contains some nudity & language of an adult nature, it is not suitable for children, sissies or chavs. This show contains nuts!